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GROWTH OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

The characteristic of the foreign relations of the United States at the outbreak of the late Spanish war was isolation. The policy was traditional, originating at the very birth of the Republic. It had received the sanction of its founders — of Washington preëminently — had been endorsed by most if not all of the leading statesmen of the country, and had come to be regarded with almost as much respect as if incorporated in the text of the Constitution itself. What the policy enjoined in substance was aloofness from the political affairs of the civilized world in general and a strict limitation of the political activities of the United States to the concerns of the American continents. It had been distinguished by two salient features which, if not due to it as their sole or chief cause, had certainly been its natural accompaniments. One of them was the Monroe doctrine, so-called, directly affecting our relations with foreign Powers. The other was a high protective tariff aimed at sequestering the home market for the benefit of home industries and, though legally speaking of merely domestic concern, in practical results operating as the most effectual of obstacles to intercourse with foreign peoples.

While the Monroe doctrine and a protective tariff may be regarded as the distinguishing manifestations of our foreign policy prior to the late Spanish war, our "international isolation" has had other important consequences which should be briefly adverted to. The isolation policy and practice have tended to belittle the national character, have led to a species of provincialism and to narrow views of our duties and functions as a nation. They have caused us to ignore the importance of sea power and to look with equanimity upon the decay of our navy and the ruin of our merchant marine. They have made us content with a diplomatic service always inadequate and often positively detrimental to our interests. They have induced in the people at large an illiberal and unintelligent attitude towards foreigners constantly shown in the disparagement of other peoples, in boastings of our own superiority, and in a sense of complete irresponsibility for anything uttered or written to their injury. This attitude of the people at large has naturally been reflected in their representatives in public life, while in officials brought in direct contact with foreign affairs it has often been even greatly intensified. Apparently, in their anxiety not to fall below the pitch of popular sentiment, they have been led to strike a note altogether beyond it. Hence have come, only too frequently and on but slight pretexts, violent diatribes against foreign governments and gross abuse of their peoples and institutions, not merely on the hustings, but on the floor of the senate or house; not merely by unknown solicitors of votes but by public officials in stations so prominent as to give to their utterances an air of

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real significance. The bad taste and worse manners of such utterances from such sources, whether in the past or in the future, need not be enlarged upon. The difference for the future is that they can no longer be made with impunity nor be excused by any professed belief in their harmlessness. The cheapest politician, the most arrant demagogue, can not fail to realize both that, after joining the international family of European states, the United States can not afford to flout its associates, and that foreign governments and peoples can not be expected to discriminate between the American people and those who represent them in appearance however much they may misrepresent them in fact.

Though historians will probably assign the abandonment of the isolation policy of the United States to the time when this country and Spain went to war over Cuba, and though the abandonment may have been precipitated by that contest, the change was inevitable, had been long preparing, and could not have been long delayed. The American people were fast opening their eyes to the fact that they were one of the foremost Powers of the earth and should play a commensurately great part in its affairs. Recognizing force to be the final arbiter between states as between individuals, and merit however conspicuous and well-founded in international law to be of small avail unless supported by adequate force, they were growing dissatisfied with an unreadiness for the use of their strength which made our representatives abroad less regarded than those of many a second or third class state, and left American lives and property in foreign countries comparatively defenseless. They had come to resent a policy and a condition of things which disabled the nation from asserting itself beyond the bounds of the American continents, no matter how urgently such assertion might be demanded in the interests of civilization and humanity, and no matter how clearly selfish interests might coincide with generous impulses and with what might even be claimed to be moral obligations. They had begun to realize that their industrial and commercial development should not be checked by limitation to the demands of the home market but must be furthered by free access to all markets; that to secure such access the nation must be formidable not merely in its wants and wishes and latent capabilities but in the means at hand wherewith to readily exert and enforce them; and, as it could not hope to compass its ends without a sympathizer or friend among the nations, that it was imperative the United States should be ready to take any concerted action with other nations which its own special interests might require. In short, when our troubles with Spain came to a head, it had, it is believed, already dawned upon the American mind that the international policy suitable to our infancy and our weakness was unworthy of our maturity and our strength; that the traditional rules regulating our relations to Europe, almost a necessity of the conditions prevailing a century ago, were inapplicable to the changed conditions of the present day; and that both duty and interest required us to take our true position in the European family and to both reap all the advantages and assume all the burdens incident to that position. Therefore, while the Spanish war of 1898 is synchronous with the abandonment of its isolation policy by the United States, it was not the cause of such abandonment and at the most only hastened it by an inconsiderable period. So, while the Spanish war ended in the acquisition of Cuba by the United States, that result was neither unnatural nor surprising, but something sure to occur, if not in the year 1898, before many years, and if without war, then by a cession from Spain more or less compulsory in character. It may be thought at first

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blush that to speak of "the acquisition of Cuba by the United States" as a fact accomplished is inaccurate. But the objection is technical and the expression conveys the substantial truth, notwithstanding a resolution of Congress which, ill-advised and futile at the time of its passage, if now influential at all, is simply prejudicing the interests of Cuba and the United States alike. No such resolution can refute the logic of the undisputed facts or should be allowed to impede the natural march of events. To any satisfactory solution of the Cuban problem it is vital that Cuba's political conditions should be permanently settled. The spectacle now exhibited of a President and his Cabinet sitting in Washington with an appointee and sort of imitation President sitting with his Cabinet in the Antilles must have an end, the sooner the better, and will end when Congress ceases to ignore its functions and makes Cuba in point of law what she already is in point of fact, namely, United States territory. Were there to be a plebiscite on the subject, such a consummation would be favored by practically the entire body of the intelligence and wealth of the Island. Until it is reached, capital will hesitate to go there, emigration from this country will be insignificant, and Cuba will fail to enter upon that new era of progress and development, industrial, political, and social, which is relied upon to justify and ought to justify the substitution of American for Spanish control.

If our peculiar relations to Cuba be borne in mind — if it be remembered that the United States has always treated that Island as part of the American continents, and, by reason of its proximity to our shores and its command of the Gulf of Mexico, as essential to our security against foreign aggression — if it be realized that during our entire national existence foreign Powers have had clear notice that, while Spain would be allowed to play out her hand in the Island, no other Power than the United States would be permitted to absorb it, it will be at once admitted that neither the Spanish war nor its inevitable result, our acquisition of Cuba, compelled or is responsible for the relinquishment by the United States of its isolation policy. That relinquishment — the substitution of international fellowship — the change from passive and perfunctory membership of the society of civilized states to real and active membership — is to be ascribed not only to the various causes already enumerated, but above all to that instinct and impulse in the line of national growth and expansion whose absence would be a sure symptom of our national deterioration. For it is true of states as of individuals — they never stand still, and if not going forward, are surely retrogressing. This evolution of the United States as one of the great Powers among the nations has, however, been accompanied by another departure radical in character and far-reaching in consequences. The United States has come out of its shell and ceased to be a hermit among the nations, naturally and properly. What was not necessary and is certainly of the most doubtful expediency is that it should at the same time become a colonizing Power on an immense scale. The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands need not now be taken into account and is to be justified, if at all, on peculiar grounds not possible to exist in any other case. But why do we find ourselves laboring under the huge incubus of the Philippines? There has always been a popular impression that we drifted into the Philippines — that we acquired them without being able to help ourselves and almost without knowing it. But that theory — however in accord with the probabilities of the case — that theory, with all excuses and palliations founded upon it, is in truth an entire mistake. It is certain and has recently been declared by the highest authority that, hav-

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ing acquired by our arms nothing but a military occupation of the port and city of Manila, we voluntarily purchased the entire Philippine archipelago for twenty millions of dollars. The power of the government to buy — to acquire territory in that way — may be, indeed probably should be and must be admitted. Its exercise, however, must be justified by something more than the fact of its possession. Such exercise must be shown to have been demanded by either the interests or the duty of the United States. What duty did the United States have in the premises? The question of duty comes first — because, if there were any, it might be incumbent on us to undertake its performance even at the sacrifice of our interests. What, then, was the call of duty that coerced us to take over the Philippine archipelago — that compelled us to assume the enormous burden of introducing order and civilization and good government into uncounted, if not uncountable, tropical islands lying thousands of miles from our coasts — that bound us to enter upon the herculean task of leading into the paths of "sweetness and light" many millions of people of all colors from the deepest black to the lightest yellow, of tongues as numerous and hopelessly diverse as those of the builders of the tower of Babel, and of all stages of enlightenment or non-enlightenment between the absolutely barbarous and the semi-civilized? It used to be said that our honor was involved — that having forcibly overthrown the sovereignty of Spain in the archipelago, we were bound in honor not to leave it derelict. But, as already noted, that proposition is completely disposed of by the official admission that we never held by conquest anything more than the city and harbor of Manila and that our title to everything else rests on purchase. The same admission disposes of the specious argument, a cheap resource of demagogy, that where the flag has once been hoisted it must never be taken down. But if, as now authoritatively declared, it had never been hoisted over more than the city and port of Manila, no removal of it from the rest of the archipelago was possible in the nature of things. If not bound in honor to buy the Philippines, how otherwise were we bound? A distinguished senator, on his return from England last summer, being asked what was thought there of our Philippine imbroglio, is said to have answered that the English were laughing in their sleeves at us. They were not laughing, it may be assumed, at our disasters. They were not merry, unquestionably, over our waste of millions of treasure and over our sacrifice through battle and disease of thousands of valuable lives. They would naturally rather applaud than scoff at our ambitions in the line of territorial extension. But British risibles, not too easily excited under any circumstances, must indeed have been of adamant not to be moved by the justifications for our predicament vociferously urged by politicians and office-holders now especially prominent before the public. Does it appear or is it argued that the Spanish war was unnecessary — that the pear was ripe and ready to fall into our laps, without war and the killing of the reconcentrados, could we only have kept our heads and our tempers — that with a fair degree of tact and patience and common sense the Philippines might have been pacified — the astonishing answer is declamation about the beauties of the "strenuous life," the latest euphemism for war! Does it appear or is it claimed that no trade we are likely to have with the Philippines and China together is likely to compensate us for the enormous cost of first subjugating and afterwards defending and governing the Islands — an equally remarkable reply is that any such objections are shameful and unworthy; that we have a duty in the premises; and that whatever our wishes, or our interests, or our sacrifices, we are under solemn

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obligation to carry the blessings of good government and civilization to the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago! It is not easy to conceive of anything more baseless and more fantastic. As if war, under whatever alias, were not still the "hell" it was declared to be not by any apprentice to the trade but by one of the great commanders of the age; as if charity should not begin at home and he who fails to make those of his own house his first care were not worse than the heathen; as if New York and Boston and all our cities did not have their slums and the country at large its millions of suffering and deserving poor whose welfare is of infinitely greater importance to us than that of the Kanakas and Malays of the Orient, and whose relief would readily absorb all the energies and all the funds the United States can well spare for humane enterprises. No wonder our British kinsmen guffaw at such extraordinary justifications of our Philippine policy. The Britisher himself is as far as possible from indulging in any such sickly sentimentality. He quite understands that the first and paramount duty of his government is to himself and his fellow-subjects; that, as regards all outside of the British pale, whatever his government may do in the line of benevolence and charity is simply incidental and subsidiary. He fully realizes that if territory is annexed or control assumed of an alien race, it must be justified to the British nation by its promotion of the interests of the British Empire. If the transaction can be justified to the world at large as also in the interest of a progressive civilization — and it must be admitted that it often can be — so much the better. But the British policy is first and last and always one of selfishness, however superior in point of enlightenment that selfishness may be. It is so of necessity and in the nature of things — as must be the policy of every other great Power. None can afford not to attend strictly to its own business and not to make the welfare of its own people its primary object — none can afford to regard itself as a sort of missionary nation charged with the rectification of errors and the redress of wrongs the world over. Were the United States to enter upon its new international rôle with the serious purpose of carrying out any such theory, it would not merely be laughed at but voted a nuisance by all other nations — and treated accordingly.

If not bound to buy the Philippines by any considerations of honor and duty, was it our interest to buy them?

Colonies may be greatly for the advantage of a nation. If it have a limited home territory and a redundant population, distant dependencies may afford just the outlet required for its surplus inhabitants and for the increase and diversification of its industries. It is manifest that no considerations of that sort are applicable in the case of the United States and the Philippines. Were our population ever so dense, it could not be drained off to the Philippines where the white laborer can not live. But the United States, far from having a crowded population to dispose of, has an enormous area of vacant land which for generations to come will be more than adequate to all the wants of its people. Our purchase of the Philippines can be justified, then, if at all, only by its effect in creating or extending trade and commerce with the Philippines and with China. What can be said for the purchase from that point of view?

On this subject the thick and thin supporters of the administration seek to dazzle our eyes with the most glowing visions. A soil as fertile as any on the globe needs but to be tickled with the hoe — to use Douglas Jerrold's figure — to laugh with abundant harvests of all the most desired tropical fruits. Minerals of all kinds are declared to abound everywhere — virgin forests of the choicest woods to be almost limitless in

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extent — while as for coal, it is solemnly asserted to be even dropping out of the tops of mountains. Nothing, in short, is too good or too strong for the defenders of the Philippine purchase to say of the natural resources of the Philippines, and with declamation on that single point, they usually make haste to drop the subject. They do not stop to tell us what we are to sell to a community whose members live on the spontaneous growth of their mother earth, and clothe themselves very much as did our first parents after the expulsion from Eden. They fail to tell us, further, with what labor the vaunted resources of the Islands are to be exploited, since the white laborer can not work there and the native will not. Shall we take the ground that what is bad for the United States is yet good enough for the Philippines and so legalize coolie immigration from China? Or, being just recovered from the bloodiest war of our time waged for the national life but caused and inspired by hatred of negro slavery, shall we now follow up our Philippine investment by adopting the system of quasi-slavery known as "Indentured Labor" and hire "black-birders," as they are called in Samoa, to "recruit" laborers in India or to steal or cajole negroes from among the outlying islands of the Pacific? Upon these as upon all the other difficulties which lead, not orators nor politicians, but business men and experts on the subject to declare that the Philippine trade will never repay the cost of acquisition, the friends of the Philippine purchase are discreetly silent. They do not, however, rest their case wholly, nor as a rule, even to any great extent, on the Philippine trade alone. They point to China — to its swarming millions and the immense markets which the breaking down of Chinese traditional barriers will afford to the nations of the West — and they triumphantly assert that here is to be found the more than sufficient justification for the Philippine purchase. The claim would be much exaggerated even if the Philippines could give us the entire Chinese market instead of simply letting us join in a neck and neck race for a share of it with every country of Europe. Be it assumed, however, that all that is said about the value of commerce with China — be it assumed, indeed, for present purposes that all that is said about the value of both the Philippine and the China trade — is fully borne out by the facts — what follows? That we were compelled to buy the Philippines in order to get our share? That is so far from being evident — is indeed so far from what seems to be the plain truth — that it is not too much to assert quite positively that we should have been in a better position to command our share of the Philippine and Chinese trade without the Philippines than with them. Chinese territory, it may be taken for granted, is not coveted by the most advanced of American jingoes. What they may come to in the future no one can predict, of course, but as yet no party and no section of any party in this country claims that, for the purposes of trade with China or for any other purpose, we should be one of the Powers to demand and extort territory or territorial rights in China. The efforts of the United States are limited — and wisely limited — to seeking for its ships and its merchants equal opportunities in China — to promoting in Chinese waters and on Chinese soil the policy known as the "open door." Is, then, the position of the United States, as insisting upon the "open door" in China, strengthened or weakened by its having the Philippine Islands on its hands? The administration has apparently memorialized European Powers on the ground of our legal rights to the "open door" under our treaties with China. But, if those Powers have been rightly appealed to, it must be because they have become paramount in China — because by conquest

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or unrestricted cession they have displaced China's sovereignty and substituted their own — in which case any observance by them of our treaty stipulations with China becomes matter of grace and favor purely. Our appeals are said to have brought satisfactory "assurances." But such "assurances" can hardly be regarded as definite obligations, nor as more than expressions of present views and intentions, nor as being more unchangeable than the views and intentions themselves. In these commercial days, governments do not give something for nothing — if they accord trade privileges, it is for value received or expected — and the official representative of the Czar in this country has already risen to explain as follows: "The extraordinary privileges for the importation of machinery and breadstuffs into Russia will of course not last forever. Americans understand the principle of the protective tariff too well to make lengthy explanation necessary. When Russian industries reach a stage where reasonable encouragement will produce good results, of course the necessary protection will be extended." We should indeed be credulous if we were to believe that, when the time comes which the Russian Ambassador anticipates, either any "assurances" now given will prevent such customs regulations by Russia as her own interest requires, or will lead her to distinguish for our benefit between her Chinese possessions and her territory generally. We can count upon the maintenance of the "open door" in China, therefore, only if we can influence the Powers concerned in one of two ways — by making it their interest to grant it through reciprocal concessions on our own part or by a manifest readiness to back our demand for it by such physical force as they will not care to encounter. To the successful use of the first method, our Philippine possessions are a serious drawback if not an insuperable obstacle. If we claim the "open door" of the Powers dominating China, how are we to deny it to them in our own dependencies and especially in the Philippines? One inconsiderate foreign office is already said to have answered us by asking our intentions as to the Philippines, and might, in view of the alleged vast extent of the Chinese markets, have not impertinently inquired if some other American territory would not also be opened to free trade. If the Philippines rather embarrass than help us in securing the "open door" in China by amicable arrangement, what is to be said upon the point of their enabling or aiding us to enforce it? We are told that they place us in the "front door-yard" of the "Orient" and, from that graphic figure of speech, are desired to infer and believe that the entire Philippine archipelago was and is necessary to our possession of power and authority in the Pacific. But it might as well be claimed that Gibraltar did not suffice for England's control of the Mediterranean and that for that purpose she ought to have in addition a large slice of Africa or of Spain. Assume to be true all that is said of the value of trade with China — assume that, if we can not get our share in any other way, we ought to be in a position to get it by force — assume that, to use such force or be prepared to use it, we must have a large navy which must be enabled to supply itself with coal — assume all this — and there is still no satisfactory proof that we had any occasion to buy the entire Philippine archipelago. Nothing, indeed, follows except that it would have been wise for us to acquire such part of the Philippines as was necessary to give us proper coaling stations and an adequate naval base. If that and that only had been done, we should have been in a better position to secure and protect our interests in trade with China than we are with the Philippine load on our backs. We should have been more likely to reach our end by friendly negotia-

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tions because we should have seemed less aggressive; should have excited to a less degree the jealousies and the rivalries of foreign peoples; and should have had less difficulty with our anomalous attitude in demanding free trade with the dependencies of other countries while hampering free trade with our own by the severest restrictions. We should also have been stronger for accomplishing our object by force because, as compared with a proper naval base in the Philippines adequately supplied, fortified, and garrisoned, our possession of the entire Philippine group is a source of weakness rather than of strength. The Islands offer innumerable points of attack to any Power with a hostile animus. Yet we must always be prepared to defend each and all of them at all hazards and with all our resources — the Islands are ours as much as Massachusetts or Illinois — and not to maintain the integrity of American soil everywhere and against all comers, would deservedly expose us to universal contempt and derision. It follows, that whereas our trade with China would have been amply secured and protected by the enlarged navy we must and should have under any circumstances supplemented by an adequate naval base and coaling stations in the Philippines, the taking over of the whole archipelago enfeebles us for all purposes — by the immense, remote, and peculiarly vulnerable area we must defend; by the large permanent army we must transport and maintain, not merely to prevent and deter aggression from without, but to hold down a native population thoroughly disaffected and resentful of the tactless and brutal policy hitherto pursued towards it; and by the tremendous drain on our resources which the civil and military administration of the Islands will inevitably entail.

Thus, adequate grounds for the purchase of the Philippines by the United States, for considering it to be demanded by duty, or honor, or interest, are not apparent. Nevertheless, however bad the blunder, the possession of sufficient legal power to commit us on the part of those in charge of the government for the time being must be conceded. Whether we want the Philippines or not, and whether we ought to have them or not, that we have got them is something not to be denied. They are our "old man of the sea" — with this difference in favor of Sindbad, that by intoxicating his monster he managed to get rid of him. It is tolerably certain there is no such way out for us, and that if intoxication is any element in the case at all, it must have supervened at the time our "old man of the sea" was foisted upon us.

The thing is done. We were an American Empire purely — and the United States, in taking its seat at the international council table and joining in the deliberations of civilized states, might have been in an ideal position, combining the height of authority and prestige with complete independence and with a liberty of action which would enable us to always make our own interests our first care and yet allow us, when permitted by those interests, to say a timely word or do a timely deed wherever and whenever the cause of civilization seemed to require. This possible — this natural — ideal position, an exercise of the treaty power by the national executive and senate has deprived us of. We are no longer an American Empire simply — we are become an Asiatic Empire also, environed by all the rivalries, jealousies, embarrassments, and perils attaching to every Power now struggling for commercial and political supremacy in the East, and starting the second century of national existence with all our energies and resources, which have proved no more than adequate to the good government and civilization of the white and black races of North America, pledged and mortgaged for the like services to be rendered by us to seven or eight millions of the brown men of the tropics.

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Nevertheless, as already stated, we are committed — the Philippines are ours — how we shall deal with them is a domestic question simply — so that, in this connection and at this time, what remains to be considered is the effect of this exact situation upon the future of our foreign relations. The United States now asserting itself not only as one of the great Powers of the world but as a Power with very large Asiatic dependencies — what consequent changes in respect of its foreign relations must reasonably be anticipated?

It goes without saying that the United States cannot play the part in the world's affairs it has just assumed without equipping itself for the part with all the instrumentalities necessary to make its will felt either through pacific intercourse and negotiation or through force. Its diplomatic agencies must, therefore, be greatly enlarged, strengthened, and improved, while a powerful navy up to date in all points of construction, armament, general efficiency and readiness for instant service, becomes of equal necessity. Our Philippine possessions will not merely emphasize the urgent occasion for such innovations. They will make the innovations greater and more burdensome while at the same time compelling others which we could have done without. The Philippines inevitably make our navy larger than it would have to be without them — they inevitably enhance the extent and the quality and the cost of the diplomatic establishment with which we must provide ourselves. But besides aggravating the weight and the expense of the necessary burdens involved in our assuming our true place among the nations, the Philippines add burdens of their own. There will be no respectable government of the Islands until they are furnished with a large force of highly educated and trained administrators. Further, as already observed, were it not for the Philippines, we might have escaped the curse of any very large additions to our regular standing army. But the equipment required for our new international rôle need not be discussed at any length. We must have it — the need will be forced upon us by facts the logic of which will be irresistible — and however slow to move or indisposed to face the facts, the national government must sooner or later provide it. It is more important as well as interesting to inquire how the new phase of our foreign relations will affect the principles regulating our policy and conduct towards foreign states.

In dealing with that topic, it should be kept in mind that membership of the society of civilized states does not mean that each member has the same rights and duties as respects every subject-matter. On the contrary, the immediate interests of a nation often give it rights and charge it with duties which do not attach to any other. By common consent, for example, the right and duty of stopping the Spanish-Cuban hostilities were deemed to be in the United States on account of a special interest arising from Cuba's proximity to the United States and from the intimate relations of all sorts inevitably growing out of that proximity. So, though England is an insular Power, her home territory lies so near the European continent that the internal affairs of the European states directly interest her almost as much as if the English Channel were solid land. On the other hand, while the United States as regards Europe in general may also be regarded as an insular Power, its remoteness and separation from Europe by a great expanse of ocean make its interest in the internal affairs of European states almost altogether speculative and sentimental. Abstention from interference in any such affairs — in changes of dynasty, forms of government, alterations of boundaries and social and domestic institutions — should be and must be the rule of the United States for the future as it has been in the past.

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Again, as between itself and the states of Europe, the primacy of the United States as respects the affairs of the American continents is a principle of its foreign policy which will no doubt hold good and be as firmly asserted in the future as in the past. A particular application and illustration of the principle are found in what is known as the Monroe doctrine, which will be as important in the future as in the past; our uncompromising adherence to which we have lately proclaimed to all the world; and which may and should command general acquiescence since it requires of Europe to abstain from doing in America nothing more than we should and must abstain from doing in Europe.

It is to be remembered, however, that no rule of policy is so inflexible as not to bend to the force of extraordinary and anomalous conditions. During the Napoleonic wars, the United States wisely though with the utmost difficulty preserved a strict neutrality. But our weakness, not our will consented — we were the passive prey of both belligerents — publicly and privately we suffered the extreme of humiliation and indignity — and it is safe to say that were the career of the first Napoleon to approach or even threaten repetition, not merely sentiment and sympathy but the strongest considerations of self-preservation and self-defense might drive us to take sides. It is hardly necessary to add that the status of the United States as an Asiatic Power must have some tendency to qualify the attitude which, as a strictly American Power, the United States has hitherto successfully maintained towards the states of Europe. They are Asiatic Powers as well as ourselves — we shall be brought in contact with them as never before — competition and irritation are inevitable and controversies not improbable — and when and how far a conflict in the East may spread and what domestic as well as foreign interests and policies may be involved, is altogether beyond the reach of human sagacity to foretell.

Subject to these exceptions — to exceptions arising from extraordinary and anomalous European conditions and from difficulties into which the United States as an Asiatic Power may draw the United States as an American Power — subject to these exceptions, our new departure in foreign affairs will require no change in the cardinal rules already alluded to. Hereafter as heretofore, our general policy must be and will be non-interference in the internal affairs of European states — hereafter as heretofore we shall claim paramountcy in things purely American — and hereafter as heretofore we shall antagonize any attempt by an European Power to forcibly plant its flag on the American continents. It can not be doubted, however, that our new departure not merely unties our hands but fairly binds us to use them in a manner we have thus far not been accustomed to. We can not assert ourselves as a Power whose interests and sympathies are as wide as civilization without assuming obligations corresponding to the claim — obligations to be all the more scrupulously recognized and performed that they lack the sanction of physical force. The first duty of every nation, as already observed, is to itself — is the promotion and conservation of its own interests. Its position as an active member of the international family does not require it ever to lose sight of that principle. But, just weight being given to that principle, and its abilities and resources and opportunities permitting, there is no reason why the United States should not act for the relief of suffering humanity and for the advancement of civilization wherever and whenever such action would be timely and effective. Should there, for example, be a recurrence of the Turkish massacres of Armenian Christians, not to stop them alone or in concert with others, could we do so without imperiling our

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own substantial interests, would be unworthy of us and inconsistent with our claims and aspirations as a great Power. We certainly could no longer shelter ourselves behind the time-honored excuse that we are an American Power exclusively, without concern with the affairs of the world at large.

On similar grounds, the position we have assumed in the world and mean to maintain justifies us in undertaking to influence and enables us to greatly influence the industrial development of the American people. The "home market" fallacy disappears with the proved inadequacy of the home market. Nothing will satisfy us in the future but free access to foreign markets — especially to those markets in the East now for the first time beginning to fully open themselves to the Western nations. Hitherto, in introducing his wares and in seeking commercial opportunities of any sort in foreign countries, the American citizen has necessarily relied almost altogether upon his own unaided talents, tact, and enterprise. The United States as a whole has counted for little, if anything, in his favor — our notorious policy of isolation, commercial and political, together with our notorious unreadiness for any exertion of our strength, divesting the government of all real prestige. In the markets of the Orient especially, American citizens have always been at a decided disadvantage as compared with those of the great European Powers. The latter impress themselves upon the native imagination by their display of warlike resources and their willingness to use them in aid not merely of the legal rights of their citizens but in many cases of their desires and ambitions as well. If the native government itself is in the market, it of course prefers to trade with the citizen of a Power in whose prowess it believes and whose friendship it may thus hope to obtain. If its subjects are the traders, they are affected by the same considerations as their government and naturally follow its lead in their views and their preferences. Obstacles of this sort to the extension of American trade can not but be greatly lessened in the future under the operation of the new foreign policy of the United States and its inevitable accompaniments. Our new interest in foreign markets can not fail to be recognized. Our claim to equal opportunities for our citizens and to exemption from unfriendly discrimination against them, will hardly be ignored if known to be backed by a present readiness and ability to make it good. "To be weak is miserable" and to seem weak, however strong in reality, often comes to about the same thing. Our diplomatic representatives, no matter how certain of the greatness of their country, have hitherto labored under the difficulty that nations to whom they were accredited, especially the Oriental nations, were not appreciative of the fact. That difficulty is unlikely to embarrass them in the future. They will, like the nation itself, cease to be isolated and of small consideration, and will speak and act with something of the same persuasiveness and authority as the representatives of European Powers.

Along with the Monroe doctrine and non-interference in the internal concerns of European states — rules of policy which generally speaking will stand unaffected — has gone another which our changed international attitude will undoubtedly tend to modify. It has heretofore been considered that anything like an alliance between the United States and an European Power, for any purpose or any time, was something not to be thought of. To give a thing a bad name, however undeservedly, is to do much to discredit it, and there is no doubt that the epithet "entangling" — almost invariably applied — has contributed largely to make "alliances" popularly and politically odious. Yet there may be "alliances" which are not

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"entangling" but wholly advantageous, and without the French alliance, American independence, if not prevented, might have been long postponed. It has been a prevalent notion that Washington was inimical to all alliances as such and left on record a solemn warning to his countrymen against them. Yet Washington clearly discriminated between alliances that would entangle and those that would not, and between alliances that were permanent and those that were temporary. Justly construed, Washington's utterances are as wise today as when they were made and are no more applicable to the United States than to any other nation. It must be the policy of every state to avoid alliances that entangle, while temporary and limited are better than general and permanent alliances because friends and partners should be chosen in view of actually existing exigencies rather than in reliance upon doubtful forecasts of the uncertain future. Nevertheless, up to this time the theory and practice of the United States have been against all alliances peremptorily, and, were the Philippines not on our hands, might perhaps have been persisted in for a longer or shorter period. Whether they could have been or not is a contingency not worth discussing. We start our career as a world Power with the Philippine handicap firmly fastened to us, and that situation being accepted, how about "alliances"? The true, the ideal position for us, would be complete freedom of action, perfect liberty to pick allies from time to time as special occasions might warrant and an enlightened view of our own interests might dictate. Without the Philippines, we might closely approach that position. With them, not merely is our need of friendship imperative, but it is a need which only one of the great Powers can satisfy or is disposed to satisfy. Except for Great Britain's countenance, we should almost certainly never have got the Philippines — except for her continued support, our hold upon them would be likely to prove precarious, perhaps altogether unstable. It follows that we now find ourselves actually caught in an entangling alliance, forced there not by any treaty, or compact of any sort, formal or informal, but by the stress of the inexorable facts of the situation. It is an alliance that entangles because we might be and should be friends with all the world and because our necessary intimacy with and dependence upon one of them is certain to excite the suspicion and ill-will of other nations. Still, however much better off we might have been, regrets, the irrevocable having happened, are often worse than useless, and it is much more profitable to note such compensatory advantages as the actual situation offers. In that view, it is consoling to reflect that, if we must single out an ally from among the nations at the cost of alienating all others, and consequently have thrown ourselves into the arms of England, our choice is probably unexceptionable. We join ourselves to that one of the great Powers most formidable as a foe and most effective as a friend; whose people make with our own but one family, whose internal differences should not prevent a united front as against the world outside; whose influence upon the material and spiritual conditions of the human race has on the whole been elevating and beneficent; and whose example and experience can not help being of the utmost service in our dealing with the difficult problems before us.

In undertaking any forecast of the future of our foreign relations, it is manifestly impracticable to attempt more than to note certain leading principles which, it would seem, must inevitably govern the policy of the United States. It is not rash to affirm in addition, however, that a consequence of the new international position of the United States must be to give to foreign affairs a mea-

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sure of popular interest and importance far beyond what they have hitherto enjoyed. Domestic affairs will cease to be regarded as alone deserving the serious attention of Americans generally, who, in their characters, interests, and sympathies can not fail to respond to the momentous change which has come to the nation at large. Such a change will import no decline of patriotism, no lessening of the loyalty justly expected of every man to the country of his nativity or adoption. But it will import, if not for us, for coming generations, a larger knowledge of the earth and its diverse peoples; a familiarity with problems world-wide in their bearings; the abatement of racial prejudices; in short, such enlarged mental and moral vision as is ascribed to the Roman citizen in the memorable saying that, being a man, nothing human was foreign to him.

Richard Olney.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

As the year 1899 drew to a close the attention of Germany was occupied chiefly with the war in South Africa. The attitude of the German public is one of practically unanimous condemnation of England's course toward the Transvaal. No newspaper of influence and no public man of note has come forward in defense of England; even the traditional friends of England among the Germans, who have tried to realize English political ideals on German soil, complain bitterly that Mr. Chamberlain has terribly injured their cause before the German public, which will be less ready than ever to follow English models in developing liberal institutions.

The large class of more or less impartial thinkers in Germany strongly disapprove of England's treatment of the Boers on moral grounds; but it is evident that outside of this select class there is a large element of envy and hate in the anti-English sentiment of the people. The tone of the German press, and the expressions of glee that one witnesses among the people as the news of English defeats becomes known upon the streets, are a sufficient proof of that. An outsider cannot escape the impression that England's immense fleet and her prosperous colonies — things which Germany very much desires to duplicate — rankle in the minds of the German people.

The colonial expansion of Germany was carried forward in 1899 by the acquisition of the Spanish islands in the Pacific and the chief parts of the Samoan group. The latter acquisition was received with great enthusiasm in Germany, based mainly upon sentimental considerations; for nobody of intelligence sees any great commercial importance in the event. The purchase of the Spanish islands was greeted with marked indifference, considering the German enthusiasm for colonial expansion in general. Germany will spend some $8,000,000 this year for her colonies; but the country is just as far off as ever from possessing real colonies, — territory, that is, to receive the surplus population of the empire and preserve it as an integral part of the German people. In colonial expansion in this sense the year was marked by no real progress; even Kiao-Chau turns out a distinct disappointment in point of healthfulness. Germany started upon her colonial policy too late; and Herr Richter was undoubtedly right when he recently exclaimed in the Reichstag: "Cake! The cake was divided long ago!"

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The increase of the army by some seventeen thousand men, and the announcement of the plan to double the fleet, emphasized Germany's purpose to be strong against attack from without. The latter step is unquestionably aimed at England, whose statesmen are now thoroughly distrusted in Germany. It is a significant fact that an utterance of the Emperor at the launching of a vessel, "Our future lies upon the water," was at once made current coin in the language of the people. The incident is typical of the keen interest the Germans take in strengthening their maritime power. Last year the Fleet Society carried on an energetic propaganda, increased immensely in membership, and seems to have converted the vast majority of the people to its views.

In the domestic legislation of Germany, the measures that attracted most attention were the Imperial bill for protecting laborers from the terrorism and violence of strikers, and the Prussian bill for the construction of the Midland Canal. The former was a comparatively mild measure, its chief feature having been that it made picketing a punishable offense. Nevertheless, it called forth the most earnest opposition from all the more liberal classes of the people, and it was voted down with crushing emphasis. This result, as was made evident in the course of the debates, amounted to a vote of lack of confidence in the courts as to labor matters. The Prussian and Saxon courts particularly have distinguished themselves for their severity in sentencing laborers for trifling offenses. The courts, while above reproach as to their purity, have evidently lost touch with the national consciousness in regard to the labor question; and hence the people were not willing to intrust them with larger powers of repression as against the labor movement.

The cheapness of freight rates in the United States — about one third of German prices — makes it difficult for the American reader to comprehend why the Canal Bill played such a commanding rôle, last year, in Prussian politics. The defeat of the bill deserves special prominence in this review, since it is to be understood as an episode — a very significant one, it is true — in one of the most important economic, social, and political movements of the time in Germany. The need for cheap transportation from the great coal and iron district of Westphalia to the populous industrial centres of the Rhine and Elbe valleys has long been felt; and it was proposed to meet this want by building a canal to connect the two streams. Such a canal, however, would have an immense effect in hastening the development of Germany into a great manufacturing and commercial nation, a process which has already gone forward with astonishing rapidity during the past thirty years. Now, the proud, landowning aristocrats of Prussia have been watching that development with growing concern, seeing all too plainly that it must ultimately shift the balance of political power from their own class to the *bourgeoisie*. Already it has become evident that the *Junker* are able to play the chief rôle in Prussia only through the maintenance of a monstrous rotten-borough system, dating back to forty years ago. As a result of that system, Berlin, for example, has but little more than one third of its rightful representation in the Diet. The canal, then, meant an increase of power for the liberal, progressive classes of Prussia; and it was from this standpoint, chiefly, that the aristocratic, privileged classes voted it down.

The positive legislation of the year registered further advances in state-socialistic and centralizing ideas. The law for workingmen's insurance was revised in the direction of larger pensions, extending compulsory insurance to some classes hitherto excluded, and introducing voluntary insurance for others. A revision of the trade laws (*Gewerbeord-*

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nung) was carried, which secures an improvement of conditions for employees in stores and other reforms. Private postal companies were voted out of existence, and the monopoly principle was adopted for the post office. A system of open accounts with the post office, which will make that institution the banker of the small tradesman and popularize the check in Germany, was decided upon by the Postmaster General.

The tendency to centralize power in the hands of the Imperial government is seen in the adoption of the first Imperial law for the regulation of mortgage banks, and in the renewal of the bank law in a form that gives the Imperial Bank the power to dictate the discount rates of the private banks of issue. The latter law was also made more state-socialistic, since the earnings of the bank are to be divided much more to the advantage of the Imperial treasury than hitherto.

Socialism, once the terror of Germany, is developing more and more into a party of radical reform along existing lines, and the year 1899 witnessed further steps in that transformation. True, the old theoretic shibboleths were heard as usual at the annual party convention of the Social Democrats; but the elder orthodox leaders were careful to draw the resolutions so mildly that they could be supported by the practical, opportunistic wing of the party. In the Reichstag, too, the Socialists demonstrated anew their readiness to coöperate with other parties, and even with the government, in carrying through practicable reforms. They helped the government to revise the workingmen's insurance law, the trade laws, and the bank law; and they helped to abolish private postal companies. Intelligent Liberals no longer regard the Socialist movement as a serious danger. On the contrary, the moderate Radicals adopted, last year, the policy of working with the Socialists, within certain limits, in carrying elections.

The year was made a memorable one in the history of the Social Democracy through the definitive abandonment, on the part of the government, of the policy of treating it differently from other political parties. An old law which prohibits political societies from combining together, and which had fallen wholly into disuse, was several years ago revived against the Socialists. All other political parties have for years maintained suborganizations which affiliate freely; and such affiliation had been accepted as a matter of course, till the prohibition was revived and applied against the Socialists. When the new Civil Code was adopted, Chancellor Hohenlohe gave a pledge to the Reichstag that this prohibition should be repealed before the Code went into effect on January 1, 1900; and the repeal was carried in December, after the Chancellor had wrested from the unwilling Kaiser, as is credibly stated, his acquiescence in this course.

The fact that the new Civil Code went into effect at the beginning of this year renders 1899 notable, in a negative way, as having been the last year under the heterogeneous systems of civil law hitherto prevailing in different parts of the empire. The development of Germany into a completely homogeneous people, with uniform standards of action and uniform ideas of justice, has been retarded by the confusion in the administration of justice, as well as by the maintenance of certain principles of right which the consciousness of the age had outgrown. Now uniformity has taken the place of confusion, more modern ideas of justice have been introduced, and thus a long step has been taken toward making Germany ethically one people.

At the end of the year an incident was closed which deserves mention here, since it throws a curious light upon a certain spirit prevailing in Germany today. In 1898 the Berlin town council decided to build an iron fence around the graves of the persons who fell in the

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revolution of 1848, and to place upon the iron portal the following inscription: "Resting Place of those who fell at Berlin in the March Days of 1848." Permission was requested from the police to carry out this plan. After deliberating upon the matter for nine months the chief of police refused to issue the permit, upon the ground that the fence and the inscription would mean the glorification of revolution. The city government then appealed the case to the supreme administrative court, which, after a further period of nine months, dismissed the appeal, for the reason already assigned by the police. About the time the controversy began a new burgomaster for Berlin was elected. This official had to wait nearly eighteen months for the royal confirmation necessary before entering upon his duties; after the court's decision he was at once confirmed.

The incident affords a good illustration of the difference between Germany and our own country, in point of the confidence of government in the basis upon which it rests. In the South, monuments began to be erected to the Confederate dead within a few years after the close of the civil war. At that time some extremists saw disloyalty in those exhibitions of veneration for the dead; but nobody dreams now of disloyalty when a monument is erected. Not so Germany. Fifty years after the revolution of 1848, the authorities are unwilling to see a perfectly colorless inscription placed over the graves of a handful of revolutionists. That would endanger the public safety! We have here an example of a certain logical pettiness that often crops out in German political affairs. The *querelle d'Allemand* of the French still exists in Germany.

No survey of German politics would be complete that ignored the political rôle played by the Emperor, since he is the foremost politician of Germany, and is more upon the stage than any other. The successes of the Emperor as a politician, however, were not very great during the past year. In the case of the Anti-Strike Bill and the Canal Bill he suffered two humiliating defeats, having thrown his influence openly and vigorously in favor of both measures. The bearing of the Emperor upon the defeat of the Canal Bill affords a luminous view of his character as a monarch. In public and in private he had evinced his deep interest in the success of the measure, and had even caused to be conveyed to such members of the Diet as held political offices the threat that they should be placed upon the retired list if they voted against the canal; through the Chancellor he clearly foreshadowed the dissolution of the Diet if the measure should be rejected. It was rejected, and the threatened dissolution did not follow. Why?

The Emperor is a mixed character; contrary elements show themselves in him. Along with his undoubtedly genuine interest in the economic progress of Germany, he is filled with the ambition to resuscitate an idea of monarchy which Germany has long discarded. He openly proclaims himself a monarch by the grace of God alone, responsible to God alone, and knowing no mundane responsibility. The Conservatives — more exactly the landed aristocracy — are the only element of the people in which such ideas find any favor at all; the Liberal and other *bourgeois* parties incline more to English ideas of monarchy. Now, to have dissolved the Diet and appealed to the country to help him crush the reactionary enemies of the canal would have meant a sharp break with all the traditions of the Hohenzollern line. It would have amounted to a defeat of the aristocracy, and the ushering in of a more liberal régime in Prussia; but it would also have been equivalent to an abandonment of the more absolutistic pretensions of the monarch. The aristocratic enemies of the canal calculated that the Emperor was not the man

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to inaugurate such a revolution, and the result shows that they gauged him correctly. The Emperor contented himself as best he could with disciplining the political officials who voted against the canal, — and that was all. In view of this incident, together with the emphatic rejection of the Anti-Strike Bill by the Reichstag, it must be admitted that the prestige of the Emperor as the political leader of Germany was not increased in 1899. The progressive people of the country have seen that his interest in the economic development of Germany, however sincere it may be, takes second place to a higher interest.

In the sphere of higher education, the most important event of the year was the decision of the Emperor to open the doctor's degree to the students of the higher technical schools. Further indications of the growing appreciation of the higher technical education are seen in the decision to establish a polytechnic institute at Dantzic, and another at Jena. The Prussian universities were troubled to an unusual extent by the interference of the government in the matter of disciplining professors. The theory that the professor is also a government official was asserted as never before in the present generation, in the direction of curbing freedom of speech in commenting upon acts of the government. Professor Hans Delbrück, the well-known historian and the editor of the Preussische Jahrbücher, was reprimanded and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred marks for too sharply criticising the government for expelling Danish housemaids and stallboys from North Schleswig. Dr. Arons, a Privat-Docent of the Berlin University, a lecturer on chemistry and physics, was suspended by the Minister of Public Instruction from his functions as a lecturer, upon the ground that he was a Social Democrat; and Dr. Preuss, another Privat-Docent, was reprimanded by the faculty — at the instance of the Emperor, it is claimed — for having parodied, for a political purpose, a verse of the book of Job. These incidents have left a disagreeable impression among the professors, some of whom have expressed the fear that the traditional freedom of the German professor would be undermined by this apparently new policy of the government. The university extension movement made decided progress, having been introduced by several universities, and further developed by others.

Considerable progress in the woman's movement is to be recorded. In January, Count Posadowsky announced in the Reichstag that the federated governments had decided to admit women to the study of medicine, dentistry, and pharmacy. The University of Giessen voted by a large majority to admit women to the philosophical and law faculties, and at Strasburg women were allowed as hearers. At Berlin the doctor's degree was conferred for the first time upon a woman. The number of women now hearing lectures at the universities is much greater than ever before, the total at Berlin alone reaching nearly four hundred, whereas the number at all the Prussian universities a year ago was but slightly more than this.

The Society for the Reform of Education for Women continued to make propaganda for the establishment of *Gymnasien* for girls. It had already founded such institutions at Leipsic and Berlin, and last year another was opened at Hanover. Efforts are now making to establish such girls' schools at Bremen, Breslau, Cologne, Munich, and Stuttgart. The movement has already gained such proportions that the University of Göttingen held in December the first examinations of women for positions as higher teachers (*Oberlehrerinnen*) in these schools. Several of the South German states appointed, for the first time, woman factory inspectors.

The economic life of Germany in

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1899 was one of unparalleled activity. In the production of coal and iron all previous records were broken, and the electrical industry, in particular, strode forward at an astounding pace. In shipbuilding, too, the year's results were record-breaking. The establishment of a society of German naval architects, after the model of the English institution, will have a great influence in promoting the scientific side of shipbuilding. In the sphere of transportation by land and water a similar story of progress can be told. In the construction of suburban and other secondary railways there was rapid development. The opening of the Dortmund-Ems Canal, which gives cheap communication between the Westphalian coal and iron district and the North Sea, was an event of immense significance for the economic life of the country. The great ocean steamship companies added largely to their strength in capital and in ships. The coasting trade of southeastern Asia fell chiefly into German hands, and the first German line of steamers was placed upon the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Owing to the prosperity of German manufactures, the condition of the laboring classes was the best that Germany has ever seen. The competition to get operatives for mill and mine resulted in a continuous rise of wages, and the working people are now earning more than ever before. The demand for laborers in the manufacturing and mining centres attracted great numbers from the farming districts, particularly from the northeastern parts of the empire. Some thousands of coal miners were brought from Styria into Westphalia, and the temporary immigration of farm labor from Russian Poland and Galicia into eastern Germany assumed large proportions. Nevertheless, the complaints among farmers there as to scarcity of help have grown chronic. In the presence of such conditions, it is not to be wondered at that emigration has shrunk to very small proportions; and of the surplus population that originally gave occasion for the inauguration of Germany's colonial policy one now hears nothing.

In the material life of Germany, then, development is going forward rapidly. The very outward expression of all this economic energy — everywhere old buildings being leveled to give place to better ones, the railways overrun with traffic, factories working overtime and unable to fill their orders, commerce reaching out into all parts of the world — is having an immense effect upon the character of the people. The consciousness of power is growing, and the self-reliance that shrinks at no task is ripening apace. Meanwhile, the conditions are shaping themselves for a larger influence of the liberal commercial classes upon the political and social life of the country, and the new Germany of the twentieth century is gradually emerging into view.

The year 1899 was important for the literature of Germany, but less so by reason of productions of note than for the new tendency revealed. In the realism which arose about ten years ago German literature experienced a rejuvenation. Hauptmann and Sudermann were the leading spirits of the younger generation, and they have remained so. The young writers threw themselves with pugnacious energy into the new movement. The antiquated traditions of the past, it was said, were to be broken with for good and all. It was demanded that one should describe what one saw, without any attempt at artificial literary adornment. At the same time, the problems of the present day, particularly the social problem, took hold of these younger writers with peculiar power. Modern scientific thought determined their views of life and its phenomena. Thus their radical realism took on something doctrinaire, their moralizing was rationalistic.

Realism, indeed, has remained domi-

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nant upon the stage; and the stage continues to determine the tone of literature. There is yet no lack of authors who have continued to worship at the shrine of the realism of ten years ago. Georg Hirschfeld, the talented young author of Die Mütter, depicted recently, in his comedy Pauline, the heart experiences of a servant girl; and Max Halbe, in his drama Die Heimatlosen, gave a study of the ruin of a country girl in a *milieu* of metropolitan bohemian life, — both works true to the literary views with which the younger generation first entered the arena. The rationalistic, moralizing tone, indeed, has disappeared from their dramas, and in its place a view of life is evinced which can be characterized only as the negation of any view of life at all. A certain haziness is peculiar to their plays; and in this respect their latest works are unfortunately typical. Max Dreyer, whose Probekandidat has been the great theatrical success of the present season, has shown marked skill in giving a realistic setting to his problem drama. The plot represents a young teacher who has adopted Darwinian views, and who, when asked to recant, remains true to his convictions, and is dismissed. The liberal tendency of the play insured for it a continued success.

Hauptmann, however, and Sudermann himself, as well as others, have entered upon new paths. A striving after greater depth of sentiment, after self-communion, manifests itself in their most recent productions. In Hauptmann's Fuhrmann Henschel the figures are drawn with perfect realism, but there is a mystical element surrounding them. Fate created them, fate leads them, and fate works itself out in them. And surrounded by this mystical something the figures appear large, like men seen through a foggy atmosphere. On the other hand, it was just the peculiarity of Hauptmann's early works that the figures seemed reduced by that moralizing, rationalistic tone to a diminutiveness that was almost purposely malicious. Hauptmann's view of life has changed; it has gained in depth.

This striving after spiritual depth manifests itself, too, in Sudermann's drama Die Drei Reihenfedern. Sudermann takes up for study the problem of a longing which lives on, even when fulfillment is reached, because it does not recognize in fulfillment the object wished for. The Norse giant, Prince Witte, sets out upon his wanderings to find the woman that his longing fancy ever mirrors to him. He finds her, but fails to recognize her as the one sought, and wanders on till death reunites them. Dying, he recognizes, too late, in his deserted wife the idol of his longings. Sudermann's latest work has not been a dramatic success; it lacks the clearness essential for the stage. Nevertheless, Die Drei Reihenfedern shows progress in psychological insight and lyrical feeling.

In fact, the younger generation of German writers are seeking and finding a deeper lyric note. The lyrical element is strong in Arthur Schnitzler's one-act pieces, Die Gefährtin, Der Grüne Kakadu, and Paracelsus. It is also strong in his new novel, Die Frau des Weisen, in which problems of marital infidelity are treated, but in a quite spiritual way, — not straining after effect, but seeking for subjective situations. And this lyrical sensibility has led back — not quite recently, indeed — to the *Märchen* drama. The past year gave us a drama of this class, Schlaraffenland (Loafers' Land), by Ludwig Fulda, in which the writer endeavors to show how the longing for work awakens in a land of sluggards. Much more original are the lyrical dramas of the young Vienna writer, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Die Hochzeit der Sobeïde and Der Abenteurer, but they are also far-fetched and artificial.

As a lyrical writer, Hugo von Hofmannsthal is not far removed from his friend Stefan George. In George's lately

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published volumes of poems, Hymen, Pilgerfahrt, Algabal, Bücher der Hirten, and Jahr der Seele, a highly finished lyrical style is exhibited. We have here a dreaming in pictures that are far removed from reality, a seeking after impressions unknown to daily life, a reveling in pretty and artificial visions. These lyrics did not spring from German soil. Maeterlinck, Verlaine, perhaps also Rossetti, are the sources of their inspiration. In original lyrical poetry Germany's literature is at present not rich. Nevertheless, in Anna Ritter (Gedichte) a lyrical writer not wanting in originality has recently arisen.

At the time when the new generation of writers stepped with so much self-confidence into the lists, it was with the avowed intention of pushing those of the elder generation utterly to the wall. The contest swayed back and forth, — "Truth" the watchword of the one side, "Beauty" that of the other. Since that time the points at issue have not been magnified; they have largely dropped out of sight. From Fulda's dramatical Märchen to Paul Heyse's finely thought out, beautifully written Märchen book is not a long step. Adolf Wilbrandt, in his tale Erika, treats the same problem as Max Dreyer, a writer of the younger generation, in a less recent drama, Drei, — namely, the awakening of unjustifiable jealousy in a young husband through his own consciousness of guilt; and the method of treatment in the two works is not altogether different. Wilbrandt's tales, of course, show a too evident effort to construct situations to fit his characters; and this fault is seen in his latest novels, Vater Robinson and Der Sänger. In order to exhibit his characters, wise and elevated natures, in their best light, he creates a world especially for them. Like Diogenes he is looking for a man. And in this respect he finds a counterpart in Wilhelm Raabe, the best of the German humorists, — a genuine, clear-sighted painter of character. But Raabe has grown old, and his new historical novel, Hastenbeck, shows traces of failing power.

In fiction the struggle for a deeper spirituality also makes itself felt. This has always been a characteristic of Rosegger, the Styrian writer; and his latest novel, Erdsegen, manifests it anew. Among writers of the younger generation Lou Andreas-Salomé is distinguished by the same tendency, as is shown by her new cycle of stories, Menschenkinder; and it is also found in Adalbert Meinhardt, Anselm Heine, and Kurt Martens. Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, the most powerful and spiritual of the woman writers of Germany, unfortunately, published nothing during the year. The latest novels of Spielhagen, Rudolph Stratz, Ompteda, Wolzogen, and Polenz are worth reading, although they are not strongly characteristic of the general literary development.

The woman movement has brought with it a literature of its own. Helene Böklau's new novel, Halbtier, grapples with the question from a revolutionary standpoint, seeking to cut the knot at a single bold stroke. All the tragedy of woman's fate finds expression in Jese Frapan's slight book, Wir Frauen haben kein Vaterland; but in this tragedy there is a confidence of future victory.

The celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Goethe demonstrated anew how deeply and permanently he has laid hold upon the German mind. Among all the German writers of the past he is the only one from whose literary greatness time detracts nothing. In the practical Germany of to-day Schiller is losing ground; Goethe is greater than ever.

William C. Dreher.

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THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

I. THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR SOCIALISM.

ONE evening in the early summer of 1881, I happened to ride from Philadelphia to Washington in company with a member of Congress. He was one of the most distinguished protectionists of his time. He was always referred to as "the authority" by men of his own party. On this evening he was not wholly amiable, but he was confidential, and he told me that he had been to Harrisburg, and was not only hot and fatigued, but greatly annoyed because, as he expressed it, he had been forced to make the journey to explain to "those people at the capital that they ought not to disturb Mr. Randall's district, but should leave it to him; for," he continued, "they actually did not know that Mr. Randall in the House is as valuable to us as ten Republicans." It must be understood, to appreciate the remark, that Mr. Randall's district in Philadelphia was not normally constructed. It was slightly gerrymandered, its boundaries being drawn so that it would be safely Democratic. The tale reveals no secrets. The Republican leaders of Pennsylvania of twenty years ago were always frankly outspoken as to their relations with Mr. Randall, while he, of course, never concealed his economic prejudices or the requirements of his political necessities. But by the anecdote, and by the important fact which underlies it, hangs a tale.

The story is an additional chapter in the history of partisanship and blind sordidness, and at the end of it we shall find that what some people call Bryanism, and what others call socialism, is the natural result of the party strifes mingled with personal greed of the last thirty years. I take this period, because the rule of the Republican party did not begin to be seriously threatened until 1872. Moreover, between 1870 and 1874 parties might have been re-formed on lines of economic differences, but for irrational partisanship. It was at this time, too, that business interests began again to be felt in federal legislation. A new question was put to the politicians, and the answer was not rational. Instead of re-forming on the questions of immediate concern, the two old parties remained intact, and adopted sides in the new controversy. The Republican party became the party of protection, while most of the Democrats espoused the cause which was then appealing very strongly to the farmers of the West, and to all those who thought that they paid the taxes and reaped no gain from them.

In looking back to the years between 1872 and 1875, and at the consequences of the partisanship which prevented a re-formation of the two political organizations, we must see that this failure to meet new problems intelligently is the cause of many evils existing in our social and economic conditions. It would not be difficult, for example, to prove that the state of mind which has kept in close party association men whose economic and social opinions are opposed to one another is the state of mind which has accelerated, if it does not explain, the perfection of the party machine and the ascendency of the party boss. But it is not with this phase of our political history that I wish to deal. I shall try to show that the present menace of socialism in this country is due to the partisanship, resting on a false issue, which kept free traders in such close association with protectionists within the Republican organization that the party soon became practically unanimous on this issue; to the presence of protectionists

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within the Democratic party; and to the unbending stiffness of those whose theory has been that government exists for the purpose of creating and maintaining commercial prosperity.

When we realize that the vast business interests which are in partnership with the government have had sufficient influence with the party pledged to economic change, through their agents within the party, to prevent it from keeping its promises, we shall be in a position to understand the reason for the revolt of 1896 in the Democratic party, — a revolt whose extravagance makes it simply a characteristic rising of men whose hopes have been disappointed, and whose rage is therefore excessive. It is, indeed, a rage that blinds, so that some of the very remedies which are professedly sought in order to restore good government and sound legislation are sought in reality for retaliation; while other so-called remedies, if adopted, would be but the more general application of the economic principle which the Democratic party has declared to be false, for the protectionist theory is essentially socialistic, and its natural antagonist is the individualist. The historic differences between the two parties ceased to exist long ago. The doctrine of state sovereignty as a question of constitutional construction fell with the war.

Since the war the doctrine of state rights and state responsibility has been as often advocated and applied by Republicans as by Democrats. The old-time Democratic position on the question of internal improvements was abandoned when the South came back asking for money with which to deepen its interior streams. But the issues arising out of reconstruction legislation, and from efforts to place the negro on a political and social equality with the white man, stiffened the old line between the parties, transformed past differences into enduring traditions, and established a partisanship on both sides that made impossible the natural realignment which should have followed the war. Then we heard again of the party of centralization, and the party opposed to centralization; for men seem always to forget that each party has done its best to extend federal power whenever it has had the opportunity. As a matter of fact, the parties remained divided as they were on the questions growing out of the war and out of the granting of the suffrage to the negroes. But these issues also were finally practically set at rest, at least so far as the North was concerned, although now and again there was a threat of intrusion from the North, like that of the so-called Lodge force bill, into Southern domestic affairs, for the purpose of making the negro vote tell as it ought to tell under the law. The Southern debate, however, after its acute stage had been passed, — that is, after President Hayes had withdrawn the troops from the South, — was revived by one side or the other merely for partisan purposes, either to keep the South solid, or to awaken Northern indignation by recitals of the wrongs and injustices done to the black man. While this partisanship was all-powerful, economic questions were pressing upon the minds of the people. Individual politicians really took sides, and the parties assumed "attitudes" on the tariff. So far as the well-disciplined Republican party was concerned, the attitude soon came to be real and permanent. So far as the undisciplined Democratic party was concerned, there have always been a sufficient number of its representatives in Congress who agreed with the Republican policy to prevent the party's attitude from having any significance and from attaining its alleged object. On another issue, the money question, each party has suffered from its own civil war.

During these thirty years, the Democratic party has consisted of a body of voters bound together by reminiscence and tradition, cultivating or opposing a

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false political issue which has been projected into the contests of the day almost invariably for the sake of maintaining the integrity of the unnatural conglomerate called "the organization." United by these artificial ties were, at the outset and until a few years ago, leading bankers of Wall Street, the old aristocracies of New York and the South, on the one hand, and, on the other, the masses of the great cities of the East, excepting Philadelphia, and the discontented of the agricultural communities. The character of the composition has varied from time to time; still at the beginning of the era much the larger number of members of the organization were in favor of reducing tariff taxation to a revenue basis. While in this majority were included the stanchest and ablest advocates of the single gold standard, the natural successors of the hard-money Democrats of Benton's day, with them were the men who afterward became the leaders in the silver movement, — Bayard and Belmont at one end of the scale, Bland and William Allen at the other end. In the same company, defeating finally the accomplishment of the cherished object on which the extremes were united, were Randall and his protectionist Democrats. Their political fortunes were carefully fostered by the manufacturing interests whose hold upon the Republican party soon became absolute. At last the war on the tariff was abandoned. The little knot of Democratic protectionists won the day for the manufacturers. The revolt against the Republican party and its tariff policy, which had been growing steadily both in the old free-trade states of the middle West and in the newer agricultural states, was turned into a war against the banks, against the railroads, against corporations, against trusts, against wealth, against property: and with the war against those who have came a demand upon the government for bounties to the sugar grower, loans of money by the treasury on gathered crops and real estate, cheap money, the abolition of national bank notes, the inflation of the greenbacks, free silver, government ownership and operation of railroads, the employment of labor on public works, necessary or unnecessary, in "times of great industrial depression."

It is not possible in a magazine article to do more than indicate the leading events in the political history of the last thirty years that mark the movement which, in its present stage, is formulated in the Chicago platform of 1896, and is represented by Mr. Bryan. In 1870, there was general a sentiment among the politicians that the tariff taxes ought to be reduced. Many of the internal revenue taxes on manufactured products had been abolished, and there was a demand, especially in the West, that the compensatory tariff taxes should be removed also. This demand reached Congress, and several leading Republicans, including Senator Morrill, Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Allison, favored a reduction of rates of duty. Mr. Garfield said: —

"After studying the whole subject as carefully as I am able, I am firmly of the opinion that the wisest thing that the protectionists in this House can do is to unite on a moderate reduction of duties on imported articles. If I do not misunderstand the signs of the times, unless we do this ourselves, prudently and wisely, we shall before long be compelled to submit to a violent reduction, made rudely and without discrimination, which will shock, if not shatter, all our protected industries."

This was not the first warning that Garfield had uttered against the extravagances of protection. The movement for a reform of the tariff had begun in 1867, and he had then urged concessions. The House of Representatives had passed a measure materially increasing tariff taxes. Mr. David A. Wells, special commissioner of the revenue, then a protectionist, prepared a substitute for the

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bill, the chief feature of which was a reduction of duties on raw material. The bill was supported by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McCulloch, and was passed by the Senate as an amendment to the House bill. When the measure reached the House again, it was necessary, in order to act on it, to suspend the rules, and for this purpose a two-thirds vote was required. The bill received 106 votes to 64 against it, and the necessary two thirds not having voted in its favor the bill failed. By 1870 the protectionists had gained in astuteness, if not in numbers. As I have said, it was generally admitted that some concession ought to be made to those who had determined that they were taxed unjustly, and in behalf of private interests, but the character of the concession was a subject for management. Already in 1867 the protected interests had successfully influenced Congress.. In the tariff bill which failed of enactment, the provisions respecting wools and woolens were those which had been prepared by the convention of wool growers and woolen manufacturers which met at Syracuse in 1865. The scale of duties suggested by these interests was practically adopted by Congress in a special bill. It is impossible in this article to examine in detail the effect of this complicated wool and woolens schedule. A very clear and satisfactory statement of the movement and its consequences is given in Taussig's Tariff History of the United States. Suffice it to say that taxes on wools and on woolen goods were greatly increased, and that, in consequence, the prices of necessary articles of wearing apparel, especially of the cheaper grades, became much higher. The success of the wool growers and woolen manufacturers stimulated other protected industries to endeavor to secure more assistance from the taxing power of the government, while the complaints aroused by increases in the cost of clothes, blankets, and woolen hats gave an impetus to the movement for lower duties. So in 1870 a bill was passed which pretended to reduce taxes, and which did actually lower the rates of duty on tea and coffee, and on pig iron, although it materially increased the rates on many manufactured articles.

The year 1872 came, and the agitators in behalf of tariff reform grew more exacting. The Senators and Representatives from the West were almost unanimous in favor of lower duties. The country was beginning to feel the drain of overtaxation. For several years the receipts of the government had been in excess of its expenditures. The prices of agricultural products were falling. Relief was insisted upon, and it was through a reform of the tariff that it was generally expected. But relief was not to be had. The protected interests had now assumed the management of tariff legislation, and Republican leaders like Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, and William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, deferred to them as to those who knew what would be best for themselves. It was not necessarily a corrupt combination. So far as the men whom I have named are concerned, they were convinced that to promote the protected interests by tariff taxation was to further the well-being of the country. The storm was approaching, however, and it had to be met. The Ways and Means Committee prepared a bill materially reducing rates of duty on nearly all protected articles. The protectionists were alarmed, and while the measure was under discussion a bill was framed in the Senate making a horizontal reduction in duties of ten per cent. Eventually this bill was adopted, and became a law after provision had been made to reduce the revenues by abolishing the duties on tea and coffee, and by lowering the taxes on tobacco and spirits.

Up to this time, the two parties had not formally assumed attitudes on the tariff question, nor upon any economic or

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financial issue. The Republican national platform of 1868 had not a word concerning the tariff; the Democratic platform of the same year contained a feeble suggestion in favor of a "tariff for revenue." There was no stated difference of opinion between the organizations, but there was a radical difference between individuals. The tariff reformers of the House who had desired the passage of the bill prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, but who finally accepted the Senate bill of 1872, realized that their movement had received a check, and that the hopes of the country had been thwarted by the protected interests and their representatives in the two houses of Congress. If the industrial and economic conditions which then occupied the minds of the voters had continued to furnish the issues of politics, there might then have been a transfer of party allegiance; at least many Republicans who remained in the old organization might have joined the Liberal Republican movement which was defeated by party politics.

Many causes led up to this movement whose convention at Cincinnati was captured by the politicians who nominated Horace Greeley, the prophet of protection. It was primarily a movement against the corruption of the "carpet bag" governments in the South, and the scandals that were issuing from Washington. It was a protest against the force bill legislation of 1871, and the conduct of the party in power which kept open the sore of the sectional issue. There was an actuality in that issue beyond peradventure, but it was not an actuality arising from natural conditions in the South. It was created and kept alive for party purposes. At the same time, the Liberal Republican movement possessed an economic character. The delegations were not chosen by organized constituencies, but delegates were sent from various clubs or bodies of citizens, many of whom had been Republicans, but who wished to join a movement that was supposed to be in the interest of good government. The Free Trade League of New York, for example, sent to Cincinnati a delegation whose candidate was Charles Francis Adams. If it had not been for the intensity of the partisanship growing out of the sequelæ of the war, there would probably have been a healthy movement for tariff reform in the Republican convention of 1872. As it was, the Republican platform declared that the revenue obtained by the government should be sufficient to pay "current expenses, pensions [then $30,500,000], and the interest on the public debt," also to furnish "a moderate balance for the reduction of the public debt;" and that it should be raised, except for the taxes on tobacco and liquors, "by duties upon importations, the details of which should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor, and promote the industries, prosperity, and growth of the whole country."

Here, with the exception of the proposed end to be accomplished by the mere arrangement of the details of the tariff schedules, we have a declaration by the Republican convention in favor of a tariff for revenue, differing in no respect in principle from the Democratic platform of 1868. The Democratic platform of 1872, on the other hand, was written, so far as the tariff question was concerned, in deference to the economic opinions of its candidate for the presidency. The plank is interesting not only on account of its stupid cowardliness, but because its adoption furnishes the first instance of the suppression of the free-trade Democratic masses by leaders acting under protection influence. Realizing that Greeley on a tariff reform platform would make the campaign a farce from the outset, the Democratic leaders, after stating the same objects for which a revenue ought to be raised as had been set forth in the Republican platform, declared as follows: "And recognizing that there are

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in our midst [*sic*] honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their congressional districts, and to the decision of the Congress thereon, wholly free from executive interference or dictation." It was, as will be seen, only a partial surrender. Mr. Greeley was notified by the platform that, although the Democratic party might suppress its principles for his sake so long as he was its candidate, he must not interfere with those principles if, in the event of his election as President, they should be presented to him in the form of a tariff bill passed by a Democratic Congress. Nevertheless, free-trade Democracy was compelled to halt by the pressure of protection exerted within the Democratic organization. The Democratic party, as an organization, was then, as it has been ever since, perfectly willing to forego any expressed principle, for the sake of defeating the Republican party at the polls, and of thereby gaining control of the government.

After Greeley's signal defeat, the panic of 1873 occurred. The financial and economic disturbance was very great, and the country suffered intensely. Among other results the imports fell off, and the revenues of the government were greatly diminished. As Professor Taussig says, "No further thought of tax reduction was entertained, and soon a need of increasing the revenue was felt." So in 1875 we had the repeal of the ten per cent reduction of 1872. But in 1874 the Democrats carried the country by a very large majority in the congressional elections. Various reasons may be given for this political revolution, but it is mainly interesting for our present purpose, because the first result of the victory was a battle on the tariff issue, in the campaign for the speakership, between Mr. Morrison and Mr. Randall. The opposition in the House numbered 174, and the Republicans 103. Naturally, the changes in the South were the greatest. South Carolina and Florida still returned solid Republican delegations, but from all the Southern states only 17 Republicans were returned, while 85 Democrats were chosen. In Massachusetts only 5 of the 11 Representatives were Republicans; of the other 6, 4 were Democrats, and 2 — General Banks and President Seelye — were elected as Independents. In the West, Ohio returned 13 Democrats and 7 Republicans; Indiana, 6 Democrats and 7 Republicans; Illinois, 12 Democrats and 7 Republicans. Democrats came from Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Oregon, and Kansas. The twelve Western and Pacific Coast states returned, together, 48 Republican and 42 Democratic Representatives.

There was a contest at once over the speakership. Mr. William R. Morrison was the leader of the free-trade forces, and Mr. Randall of the protective forces. Mr. Morrison selected Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, as his candidate for Speaker, and Mr. Randall was defeated. The free-trade element had won, and the tariff struggle inside the Democratic party had begun. The struggle lasted for twenty years, until the destruction of the Wilson bill in the Senate in 1894. During the first session of this Forty-Fourth Congress Speaker Kerr was seriously ill. Mr. S. S. Cox was chosen temporary Speaker because he belonged to the free-trade wing of the party. He was followed by Mr. Milton Sayler, of Ohio, for the same reason. When the Congress met in its second session Mr. Kerr was dead, and the party displayed its lack of principle by choosing Mr. Randall to be Speaker. In the meantime, Mr. Morrison, whom Mr. Kerr had appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, had brought in a bill revising the tariff, which, after amendment in committee, was reported back to the House, and discussed; but, after Mr. Randall was elected Speaker, there was no opportunity to bring up

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the measure for final action, so that the effort to secure a vote on tariff reform, by the House in which the Democratic party had a majority of more than seventy votes, failed. In the Forty-Fifth Congress the Democratic majority was much less than it had been in the Forty-Fourth Congress, and Mr. Randall was again elected to the speakership. He appointed Fernando Wood chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and punished Mr. Morrison by leaving him off the committee entirely. Mr. Wood's committee reported a tariff bill, which was languidly debated, and died without action. It was the general understanding that Mr. Randall had composed the Ways and Means Committee in the interest of the protectionists, and the result was what he had intended.

It was impossible for Mr. Randall to believe in the reality of an economic issue in politics. To his mind, a man belonged to this party, or to that, by reason of inherited political affinities or traditions or present association. He saw that the tariff and money questions were dividing the members of his party, and that men who, from his point of view, should have acted together for the purpose of driving the Republican party out of power were wrangling over an issue which seemed to him, who had been brought up in the atmosphere of the war and of reconstruction days, to lie quite outside of the domain of politics. He did not read the signs of the times, nor recognize the growing dissatisfaction of the West with prevailing economic and financial conditions. In 1876 the Republican platform repeated substantially the tariff plank of 1872, but the Democratic platform denounced the tariff, which it said yielded a dwindling revenue, degraded commerce, "cut down the sales of American manufactures at home and abroad, and depleted the returns of American agriculture,—an industry followed by half our people. It costs," it continued, "the people five times more than it produces to the treasury, obstructs the processes of production, and wastes the fruits of labor. It promotes fraud, fosters smuggling, enriches dishonest officials, and bankrupts honest merchants." The plank concluded with the phrase, afterwards so often repeated, with sneers by its enemies, and apologies by its pretended friends: "We demand that all custom-house taxation shall be only for revenue."

This utterance on the tariff undoubtedly expressed the sentiments of the West, where the Democratic strength was growing. The presidential contest was not carried on in every part of the country, on the tariff question. The money question was a very important element in the controversy, but the movement for unsound currency was rapidly coming to be part of a more general and older movement in which, eventually, the discontented people of the agricultural states confounded, in their enmity, all capitalists, including especially manufacturers and bankers. The first expression of the money question was in a demand for more greenbacks. The money legislation of the country, after the war, had been, on the whole, wise, until the Western Senators, under the lead of Oliver P. Morton, John A. Logan, and Thomas W. Ferry, began to urge inflation. They talked of the "blood-stained" greenback, and from one end to the other of the middle West there were loud protests against the "injustice to the debtor class." The greenback cause was greatly aided by the decision of the Supreme Court, and by the conduct of the Treasury Department under President Grant's Secretaries of the Treasury, Boutwell and Richardson, while the two parties were almost equally guilty of encouraging the movement in the West. The Republican Senators whom I have named had for coadjutors such Democrats as William Allen, of Ohio, and his nephew, Allen G. Thurman. And yet each of the party platforms in 1876 committed the organization and its candidates

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to favor the resumption of specie payments. The Republican party, however, was soon to undergo a change of heart, on what we may call the inflation phase of the money question. The inflation bill of 1874, a Republican measure, had been vetoed by President Grant, largely by the advice of Secretary Fish, who more than once saved the President and the country from evil counsels; and Mr. Hayes had been chosen governor of Ohio distinctly as a champion of sound money.

The day of Republican coquetting with paper money was almost come to an end, although the party was far from being pledged to a sound policy; for it soon consented to the repeal of the clause of the resumption act which directed the destruction — in other words, the actual redemption — of the greenback, while its experiences and its vacillations on the silver question were still in the future. By 1876, however, it was no longer part of the Republican creed that the amount of greenbacks should be increased. Nevertheless, the number of people who thought that "more money" would help them out of the difficulties pressing upon them was growing, and the vote against the Republican party greatly increased; the tariff, nevertheless, remaining the principal object of the assault of those who saw the necessity of giving relief to the people who were complaining of their burdens. The Democratic party was still under the leadership of men who believed in sound money, and who now, in the presidential election of 1876, had made the first explicit declaration, since the close of the war, in favor of lower rates of duty. The result of the voting in the West, where the tariff continued to be the important issue, is interesting and significant. In Illinois the Republican plurality, compared with that of the presidential election in 1872, fell from 56,000 to 19,500; in Indiana, the former Republican plurality of 22,500 was turned into a Democratic plurality of 5500; in Iowa the Republican majority of 60,000 became a Republican plurality of 50,000; in Michigan the change was from 60,000 to 25,000; in Wisconsin the Republican plurality fell from 18,500 to 6000. It was in spite of the developing free-trade sentiment of the West, and in the very year when the Democratic National Convention declared explicitly in favor of tariff reform in a phrase which has been more frequently quoted than any other platform utterance of the generation, that Mr. Randall was chosen Speaker; moreover he was reëlected by the Congress chosen in the presidential year, on the platform from which I have quoted, on which Mr. Tilden also stood as candidate for President. It was also after his second election to the speakership that he made up a Ways and Means Committee, with Mr. Wood as chairman, with the purpose of defeating the expressed promise of the party of which he was the official representative in Congress.

The restlessness and discontent of the people, especially of the people of the West, now manifested itself by the formation of a new party. In 1876 Peter Cooper was the Greenback candidate for the presidency. This Greenback party was not organized purely on the financial issue. It is true that to many minds the need of more money was the pressing issue, but Greenbackism was the beginning of complete political socialism. The movement against high tariff taxation for the promotion of private interests had not succeeded, and the dominance of Mr. Randall in the Democratic party seemed to doom it to failure for years to come. Hard times, low prices, scarcity of employment, drastic industrial and social conditions, operated to intensify the feeling against wealth and capital which had been shown for several years by the poor and the discontented, who were encouraged and stimulated by the speculator ready to reap from the woes of the country, — the speculator

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who persuaded all the unfortunates that they belonged to the "debtor class." These all believed that they were the victims of the "money power" which was intrenched in both of the old parties, preventing the reduction of tariff taxation which had been foreshadowed in 1870, and actually promised in 1872. Besides, they expected to be still more grievously wronged by those who insisted on reducing the supply of money by redeeming and retiring the greenbacks. Peter Cooper received many votes in the West from men who simply wanted a change. But the danger that was to come from the rapidly rising tide of financial heresy did not awaken the fears of the politicians of the Republican party, and actually obtained the support of those Democratic politicians, who, as I have said already, had no object except to defeat their opponents and to secure the power and profit of government for themselves.

In 1876 there were in the Republican and Democratic parties men who held the same economic and financial opinions, and who were kept apart by meaningless partisanship. There were men in the Republican party who, if they had kept to their honestly expressed sentiments of six years before, would have accepted the tariff plank of the Democratic platform of 1876. But their party was now actually under the control of the protected interests. In the other party, the real leaders of 1876 were men of high character, of great ability, believing that a tariff tax should be "only for revenue," and not only that the money standard should be the gold dollar, but that all the money of the country should be gold; at the same time there was coming into the party a passion of communism, stimulated by greed and want and by false reasoning, that in the end was to drive these leaders, and men like them, entirely out of politics.

The greenbackers appeared in the Forty-Sixth Congress, and with William D. Kelley, who would not vote for Garfield, the Republican candidate for Speaker, voted for Hendrick B. Wright. These greenbackers were objects of great curiosity. They were regarded generally as the temporary spume of a disordered time. No one dreamed that their successors would control the Democratic party and nominate its candidate for President. Among the thirteen who voted for Wright were G. W. Jones, of Texas; De La Matyr, of Indiana; Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois; Ford, of Missouri; Weaver, of Iowa, Bryan's immediate predecessor; and Murch, the stonecutter, from Maine. The Democrats still controlled the House. Randall was again chosen Speaker. For two years there was also a Democratic majority in the Senate. Not an effort was made, however, to reform the tariff in accordance with the promise of the Democratic platform of 1876. Randall stood in the way.

The agitation for the free coinage of silver had begun, and both parties, believing that it would be safer to evade than to meet the issue, compromised with it, and the silver act of 1878 — known as the Bland-Allison act — was passed. The real Bland act, which was passed by the House of Representatives, was a complete free coinage act. It provided for the free and unlimited coinage of the silver dollar at the ratio of 16 to 1. Here was formulated the principal issue on which Mr. Bryan ran for President eighteen years afterwards. The bill was amended in the Senate, and the compromise provided for the monthly purchase of $2,000,000 worth of silver. The silver agitation almost at once occasioned much bitterness and disturbance in the Democratic party. The Eastern Democrats, and especially Mr. Bayard, found themselves deserted by their old-time fellow partisans. Many of the Democratic politicians dreamed that the issue had been framed on which they were at last to return to power. The masses of the

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West who had been insisting on relief of some kind — first from tariff taxation, and then through the increase of the amount of paper currency — now seized upon the scheme for "rehabilitating" silver as the club with which to break down the rule of their old enemy, the "money power." And the old enemy refused to yield an inch. It would not consent to any reduction of the tariff; it did not dream of any reform of the banking system in order to provide a more elastic currency. The successful opposition to any relief whatever increased, by the addition of discontented Republicans, the number of those who kept on crying out for "more money." Finally some of the politicians of the Republican party again expressed fear of the evil fate that might befall the protected interests if the tariff were not reformed, and President Arthur, in his annual message of 1881, recommended a revision of the laws, the recommendation being a consequence of the warning of the coming Democratic victory in the congressional elections of the next year.

The pretended reform, however, was a delusion. The bill framed by the revision commission proposed reductions of duty, but neither that measure nor the high protection bills which were passed by the House and the Senate became the law. The law of 1883 was the work of a conference committee whose members were chosen with a view to the formation of a body that would give to certain interests what they demanded. So confident of this were the revenue reformers of the House that it was only after several had declined to accept an appointment on the conference committee that Mr. Carlisle consented to serve for the purpose of preparing himself to contest the final passage of the projected measure. The committee did not set itself to the usual task of composing differences between the two houses; it took the measures into its own hands, and in many instances raised duties to higher rates than had been determined on by either house. The bill thus composed was passed in the last minutes of the session, so hastily that the engrossed law differed in some respects from the printed copy on which Congress had voted.

In the Forty-Eighth Congress, which was elected before this bill had passed, the Democrats had a majority of about ninety. The struggle for the speakership was again on the tariff question. The candidates were Mr. Randall and Mr. Carlisle. Again Mr. Morrison led the anti-protection wing of his party. The feeling between the factions had become intense, and the issue was even more definitely made than in 1875. Mr. Carlisle defeated Mr. Randall in the party caucus by a very great majority, and appointed Mr. Morrison as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, which was organized for the purpose of bringing in a bill reducing tariff taxation. Mr. Morrison introduced his measure, making a horizontal cut of rates of duty, as had been done by the Republican measure of 1872. His contention was that if the Republicans had, as they asserted, really arranged the law of 1883 so that its various schedules were in proper relation to one another, then a horizontal reduction would not disturb the harmony thus established. Mr. Morrison's bill was defeated by the Randall Democrats, who numbered about forty. The vote was 159 to 155. Three Republicans only, from Minnesota, voted against the motion to strike out the enacting clause, which was made by Converse, a Democrat from Ohio, who was a follower of Randall, and who was not elected to the next Congress, Mr. Outhwaite, a tariff reformer, succeeding him.

The struggle over the tariff was not directly continued in the next Congress. In consequence of the dissatisfied elements the Republican party was losing strength in the middle West. In 1880, the Green-

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back candidate for President was James B. Weaver, and while the popular vote for Peter Cooper, in 1876, had been only 82,000, that for Weaver, in 1880, was 307,000. The Greenback party flourished until 1886, drawing votes from both parties, but materially injuring the Republican party in its old strongholds. In 1882, in Kansas, it and the Democratic party together cast 28,000 more votes than the Republicans did. After 1880, the Prohibition party assumed a larger importance than its leading article of faith warranted. It ceased, however, for the time to be chiefly a party of cold water, and became one of the factions of discontent, demanding "more money," favoring government ownership and operation of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and tariff tax reduction. Its membership was made up largely of Republicans, and it began to grow rapidly after 1883, its vote in Ohio, for example, increasing from about 4000 in 1879 to 29,000 in 1886, and remaining above 20,000 until 1896.

The various factions of discontent began to draw together after 1886. At first we had the United Labor party, and then the Populist party, which was stronger than any of its predecessors. All the agitation, the restlessness, the efforts for change, which found form in the Grange and other farmers' associations, and expression in the Ocala and other socialistic platforms, obtained their being and gained their strength from the prevailing financial and commercial distress, but they got the fuel for their fury in the attitude of those who were receiving pecuniary benefits from the public treasury, and who steadfastly refused any relief. So long as Mr. Carlisle was Speaker, the Democratic party remained under the leadership of conservative men whose principles were finally expressed in the Indianapolis platform of 1896. Some of them treated the free silver movement too carelessly, but it was for the purpose of holding the silver Democrats true to the party's effort to secure a reduction of tariff taxes. On the other hand, some of the Republican leaders were equally guilty of compromising with the silver men, and in leading them to believe that eventually "something would be done for silver." The result was that the continuance of the strife over the tariff gave a good deal of factitious strength to the free coinage cause, and this was true especially in the Democratic party, because there the silver men found allies among the exasperated tariff reformers, many of these having come to regard the East as synonymous with the "money power." "Wall Street" was the region east of the Alleghanies, and it was the home of the common enemy. The Democrats who struck out the enacting clause of the Morrison bill came from Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey. To these were added four votes from the iron mines and furnaces of Ohio; three from the fruit growers and wine makers of California; one vote from the sugar planters of Louisiana, and a few others.

It was clear to the excited imaginations in the West, soon to be joined by the unprosperous agriculturists of the South, that the Democrats of the East had come under the power of "Wall Street," which stood for high tariff taxes, for restricted banking privileges, for high rates of interest, for tight money markets, for land grant railroads whose freight charges rendered it impossible for the farmers to earn enough to pay the interest on the mortgages often held by the railroads themselves. The tide of discontent was rising in 1886, and the Democrats continued to control the House. It was then that Mr. Randall undertook to prevail upon his party to reduce revenue by abolishing the remaining internal revenue taxes. He was defeated, and the quarrel between him and the free traders was intensified. They saw in his internal revenue bill a sham device which pretended to provide for lower taxes, the chief

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purpose of its author being, however, to reduce revenues, and thus remove from the arsenal of free-trade arguments the danger from a redundant public income.

Again, in 1886, the Democrats carried the elections for members of the House of Representatives, and in this Congress reform of the tariff was made a strict party question. Mr. Carlisle was once more Speaker, and Mr. Mills was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. His tariff bill was passed by the House July 21, 1888, by a vote of 162 to 149. Three Democrats from New York voted against it, but Mr. Randall did not vote at all. His strength in the party had disappeared. The time had come when protectionist Democrats feared the result of a popular vote, and their field of activity was to be transferred to the Senate.

The Republicans had a majority in the Fifty-First Congress. Mr. Reed was chosen Speaker, and appointed Mr. McKinley chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. In 1890 Congress passed the McKinley tariff bill, and the bill subsequently known as the Sherman silver bill. At the elections in the autumn of the same year, 233 Democrats, 88 Republicans, and 9 Populists were chosen members of the House of Representatives. The result was generally regarded as a stunning blow for the tariff law of 1890. Mr. McKinley was not reëlected, but his friends declare that this was not on account of his tariff act, but because the Democrats had so rearranged his district that it was almost inevitably Democratic. However, the mandate to the majority in the popular branch of the Fifty-First Congress was supposed to be that tariff taxes must be reduced. Unfortunately, Mr. Crisp, formerly a timid follower of Mr. Randall, was chosen Speaker, and Mr. Springer was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. No comprehensive scheme of tariff reform was proposed, but a number of measures placing raw materials on the free list were defeated.

In the Fifty-Third Congress, the Democrats were in the majority in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, and William L. Wilson was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Now occurred the final act in the play, in which tariff reform was indefinitely postponed, while, as a consequence of its defeat, all rational and conservative Democrats were deposed from leadership, and even driven out of the organization. The Wilson bill itself, in its income tax provision, bore evidence of the increased strength of an element that would no longer be satisfied by the reduction of tariff taxation. The Fifty-Third Congress had been called to sit in special session in the summer and fall of 1893, for the purpose of repealing the purchase clause of the so-called Sherman act. The commercial interests of the country demanded the repeal. Speaking generally, the far West and the South opposed it. The contest in the Senate was long and bitter, and the majority of the silver Senators were Democrats. The struggle was continued in order to force a compromise; and here again party politics intruded, for Mr. Gorman, who ostensibly favored the unconditional repeal of the silver law, secretly encouraged the silver Democrats to continue to filibuster to prevent a vote, assuring them that in the end Mr. Cleveland would assent to a compromise. This hope was blasted, for the unconditional repeal bill became a law, and, in the regular session, the men who had stood for free silver challenged the sound-money Democrats to fulfill the promise of the party made by Mr. Cleveland in his famous message, and repeated in the party platforms.

The Democrats in the House of Representatives did their best, and soon the tariff bill was passed by a vote of 204 to 140. But the Eastern Democrats in the Senate, under the leadership of Mr. Gorman, transformed the measure into one more obnoxious to the free

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traders than any Republican bill had ever been, for it was the work of pretended co-partisans. In the sugar schedule, especially, the angry Democrats from the West and the South, thought that they saw the corrupting work of the sugar "trust." They felt that they had been betrayed in their own house. They had seen "Wall Street," in one form, striking silver from the coinage of the country, and now, in another form, they fancied that it was once more successful in preventing a reduction of tariff taxes. In the House of Representatives itself the Democratic leaders seemed to fail them. But the drama of the closing scene should have taught them better. The Representatives yielded to the Senators only when the Speaker himself abandoned Mr. Wilson, whose valedictory, — for so it turned out to be, — not only on surrendering the bill, but on quitting public life, contained this pregnant sentence and question : —

"We have realized, if nothing else, the warning lesson of the intrenchment of the protective system in this country, under thirty years of class legislation, until the mere matter of tariff schedules is a matter of insignificance, and the great question presents itself, Is this to be a government of a self-taxing people, or a government of taxation by trusts and monopolies?"

This question had long been in the minds of those who had asked for lower tariff taxes, and had been denied because of the stiffness of Republican partisanship and the presence of protectionists in the Democratic party. It was the issue of those who had turned their backs upon their own party and had demanded "more money." Now more than ever "Wall Street," capital, property, were massed in a single body, at which the disappointed and the discontented aimed their blow. The consolidation of the factions had been going on, and both the old parties were losing. Comparing 1892 with 1888 the regular Democratic vote increased only 18,685, the Republican vote fell off 264,108, while the greenback, prohibition, and labor vote increased from 400,820 to 1,326,325. The socialistic party was growing with great rapidity. Its argument was that it is quite as much the duty of the government to enrich the farmers as to enrich the manufacturers, and arrayed with those who insisted that any grant of public money to a private enterprise is a form of socialism especially obnoxious because it includes favoritism were those who insisted on extending socialism to all the interests of the community. By 1896 these had gained possession of the Democratic party, and had united with it most of the irregular parties. The old Democratic leaders went out of politics. The result of the thirty years' war is that men like Cleveland, Carlisle, Olney, Fairchild, Wilson, and hundreds of thousands of other Democrats are out of public life and have no party. But there still remain within the party men like Gorman, Murphy, Smith, and the Tammany leaders, who were the chief instruments of the party's betrayal in 1894. The results of the rage and rebellion are 6,500,000 votes for Mr. Bryan, and a large body of voters who demand free coinage of silver, government loans on farm produce, government currency to the amount of fifty dollars per capita, government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, gasworks, and electric plants, and finally the abolition of the Executive and the Senate, and the substitution of an Executive Board chosen by the House of Representatives from its own members. We have won a great victory against what we call the "forces of disorder," but we have done very little to repair the mistakes of thirty years. The vote for Mr. Bryan was not large enough to elect its candidate in 1896, but it exceeded by nearly 1,000,000 the vote of any previous Democratic candidate and by nearly 1,100,000 that of any Republican candidate except the

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vote cast for Mr. McKinley. It is large enough to threaten and injure the prosperity of the country in any time of depression, yet those who taught this great host of voters that the treasury is a reservoir for the increase of private gain, and therefore for the relief of private need, make no concession, unless a few feeble reciprocity bills, which also consult the interests of favored classes, can be called concessions, while they even threaten an increase of taxation for the profit of the shipping interests. Meantime the welfare of the country depends upon a body of voters who are merely choosing between what they regard as evils. When will the weight of evil shift? In twenty years the federal expenditures have increased nearly fourfold, from $167,000,000 to $605,000,000, from $5.46 to $7.97 per capita. When will this burden accentuate too sharply a pinching financial depression brought on perhaps by the inability of the banks to respond to the demand upon them for currency? It may be that the extravagant socialism led by Bryan will never carry a presidential election. But so long as it exists in anywhere near its present importance, it can be counted on to increase distrust, to prolong panics, and to make their misery more acute.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

III. ART STUDY.

During the time of my preparation for entry to college, a wandering artist had happened to find his way to Schenectady, — one of the restless victims of his temperament, to whose unrest fate had given other motives for change than his occupation. He was an Englishman by the name of John Wilson, a pupil of the brothers Chalons, fashionable London miniature painters of the early part of the century, and in years long gone by he had established himself at St. Petersburg as a portrait painter; but losing his wife and two children by a flood of the Neva, which occurred when he happened to be absent in England, he abandoned Russia, and went to one of the Western states of America and gave himself to agriculture. Here fate found him again, and after losing another wife and other children he became a wanderer, interested in everything new and strange. He had been taken by Pitman's then new phonography, and his chief occupation at that time was teaching it wherever at any school he could form a class. He came to Union College to this end; and having been recommended to my mother for board and lodging, she gladly availed herself of the opportunity to get for me lessons in drawing in return for his board. He was a constitutional reformer, a radical as radicalism was then possible, and, indignant at the treatment accorded him by destiny, had become an atheist with Robert Dale Owen, but was *au fond* an honest and philanthropic man. He taught me the simplest rudiments of portrait and landscape in water color, and of perspective, of which he was master. I got up a small class in drawing for him, but after a dozen lessons he went his way to new regions, and I never heard from him again. What he taught me I soon lost, except the perspective.

A little later, during one of the vacations while I was at work in my father's shop, there came in for a piece of ironwork our local artist, a man of curious artistic faculties, a shoemaker by trade,

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who had taught himself painting, and had gained a certain repute as the portrait painter of the region. He desired to make for himself a lay figure, and for the articulations had conceived a new form of universal joint, which he wished my father to put into shape. My father refused the job as out of the line of his work, and I volunteered to take it, stipulating for some instruction in painting in return. The joint did not answer when worked out, but the friendship between Sexton and myself lasted through his life; a truer example of the artistic nature never came under my study. All that he knew of painting, saving what he got on an annual visit to the exhibition of the American Academy at New York, he had gained from books; but his conception of the nature of art was very high and correct, and had his education been in keeping with his natural gifts he would have taken a high position as a painter. His was one of the most pathetic lives I can recall: a fine, sensitive nature, full of enthusiasms for the outer world, with rare gifts in the embryonic state and mental powers far above the average, limited in every direction, — in facilities, in education in art and in letters, — and with his lot cast in a community where, except the wife of President Nott, there was not a single person who was capable of giving him sympathy or artistic appreciation. Not least in the pathos of his situation were the simplicity and humility with which he accepted himself, with his whole nature yearning toward an ideal which he knew to be as unattainable as the stars, without impatience or bitterness toward men or fate. If he was not content with what was given him, no one could see it; he was, indeed, so filled with the happiness that nature and his limited art afforded him that he had no room for discontent at the limitations. Happy days were those in which my leisure gave me the opportunity to share his walks, and make my crude sketches of his favorite nooks and bends of our beautiful river Mohawk, and listen to his experiences while he worked. I can see now that it was more nature than art that evoked my enthusiasm, and that in art I felt mainly the expression of the love of the beauty of nature. Sexton gave me some idea of the use of oils, and from that time most of my leisure hours and my vacant days were given to painting in an otherwise untaught manner, copying such pictures as I could borrow, or translating engravings into color, — wretched things, most certainly, but to me, then, and with my crude ambition, productive of greater pleasure than the better works of later years.

The three years of my college course had left me little leisure for such studies, and at the end of them I realized that, so far as the object I had set before me was concerned, I had wasted the time and blunted the edge of my enthusiasms. In preparation for the career which I proposed for myself I had, however, entered into correspondence with Thomas Cole, then the leading painter of landscape in America, and an artist to this day unrivaled in certain poetic and imaginative gifts by any American painter. He was a curious result of the influence of the old masters on a strongly individual English mind, inclined to nature worship, born in England in the epoch of the poetic English school to which Girtin, Turner, and their colleagues belonged, and migrating to America in boyhood, early enough to become impressed by the influence of primitive nature as a subject of art. Self-taught in technique and isolated in his development, he became inevitably devoted to the element of subject rather than to technical attainment, and in the purely literary quality of art he has perhaps been surpassed by no landscape painter of any time. His indifference to technical qualities has led to neglect of him at present, but in the influence he had on American art, and for his part in the history of it, he remains an important

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individuality now much underrated. It was settled that I should become his pupil in the winter following my graduation, but a few months before that he died.

At that time there was not in the United States a single school of art, and except Cole, who had one or two pupils when he died, there was no competent landscape painter who accepted pupils, nor perhaps one who was capable of teaching. Drawing masters there were here and there, mostly adepts in the conventional style adapted to the seminaries for young ladies. Inman, the leading portrait painter of the day, had taken pupils; but his powers did not extend to the treatment of landscape, and my sympathies did not go beyond it. I applied to A. B. Durand, then the president of our Academy, the only rival of Cole, though in a purely naturalistic vein, and a painter of real power in a manner quite his own, but which borrowed more from the Dutch than the Italian feeling, to which Cole inclined. Durand was originally an engraver of the first order, and afterwards a portrait painter; but his careful painting from nature and a sunny serenity in his rendering of her marked him, even in the absence of imaginative feeling, as a specialist in landscape, to which finally he gave himself entirely. His was a serene and beautiful nature, perfectly reflected in his art, and he first showed American artists what could be done by faithful and unaffected direct study of nature in large studies carefully finished on the spot, though never carried to the elaboration of later and younger painters. But he was so restrained by an excess of humility as to his own work, and so justly diffident of his knowledge of technique, that he could not bring himself to accept a pupil, and I finally applied to F. E. Church, a young painter, pupil of Cole, and for many years after the leading landscape painter of the country. He was then in his first success, and I was his first pupil. Church in many respects was the most remarkable painter of the phenomena of nature I have ever known, and had he been trained in a school of wider scope he might have taken a place among the great individualities of his art. But he had little imagination, and his technical training had not emancipated him from an exaggerated insistence on detail, which so completely controlled his treatment of his subject that breadth and repose were entirely lost. A graceful composition and most happy command of the actual effects of the landscape which he had seen were his highest qualities; his retention of the minutest details of the generic or specific characteristics of tree, rock, or cloud was unsurpassed, so far as I know, and everything he knew he rendered with a rapidity and precision which were simply inconceivable by one who had not seen him at work. I think that his memory and retention of the facts of nature once seen by him must have been at the maximum of which human power is capable, but he had no notion of the higher and broader qualities of art. His mind seemed a camera obscura, in which everything that passed before it was recorded permanently; but he added in the rendering of its record nothing of human emotion, or of that remoulding of the perception which makes it conception and individual. The primrose on the river's brim he saw with a vision as clear as that of a photographic lens, but it remained to him a primrose, and nothing more, to the end. All that he did or could do was the recording, the form and color, of what had flitted past his eyes, with unsurpassed fidelity of memory; but it left one as cold as the painting of an iceberg. His recognition of art as distinguished from nature was far too rudimentary to fit him for a teacher, for his love of facts and detail blinded him to every other aspect of our relation with nature, in the recognition of which consist the highest gifts of the artist. My study with him lasted one

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winter, and showed me that nothing was to be hoped for from him, and that the most intimate superficial acquaintance with nature did not involve the perception of her more intimate relation with art.

I learned from Church nothing that was worth remembering, but at his studio I met Edgar A. Poe, a slender, nervous, vivacious, and extremely refined personage, and I made acquaintance with a young portrait painter who had a studio in the same building, an Irishman named Boyle, a pupil of Inman, whose ideas of art were of a far higher order; and to my intercourse with him during that winter and the following summer which we spent together, sketching, in the valley of the Mohawk, I owe the first clear ideas of what lay before me in artist life. But at that juncture I came across Modern Painters, and, like many others, I received from it a stimulus to nature worship, to which I was already too much inclined, that made ineffaceable the confusion in my mind between nature and art. Another acquaintance I made that winter was of great importance in developing my technical abilities, — that of a well-known amateur, Dr. Edward Ruggles, a physician whose love of painting finally drove him out of medicine. I had then met no one with so catholic and correct a taste. He introduced me to William Page, the most remarkable portrait painter, in many respects, America has ever produced, and whose talks on art used to make me sleepless with excitement. Page was the most brilliant talker I ever knew, and a dear friend of Lowell.

Returning to Schenectady the summer afterward, I made my first direct and complete studies from nature, and among these was one, — a view from my window across gardens and a churchyard, with the church spire in the distance, — a small study which incidentally had a most potent effect on all my later life. It was bought in the autumn by the Art Union of New York; and on the proceeds, thirty dollars, the first considerable sum of money I had ever earned, I decided to go to Europe and see what the English painters were doing! Of English art I then knew, directly, only the pictures of Doughty, an early artistic immigrant from England, and, as afterward appeared to me, a fair example of the school which had its lead from Constable, to whom he had no resemblance except in choice of motive. He had a comprehension of technique possessed by none of our home painters; a rapid and masterly execution with a limited scale of color, but, within this gamut, of exquisite refinement. Constant repetitions of the same motive wore out his welcome on the part of the American public, but his pictures had a charm which was long in losing its power over me, and had an influence in determining me to go to England at the first opportunity. But to see Turner's pictures was always the chief motive, and was that which decided me to go.

In knowledge of worldly life, I was scarcely less a child then than I had been when, at the age of ten, I determined to go out into the world and make my own career, free from the obstacles I imagined to be preventing me from following my ideals. The ever present feeling developed in me by the religious training of my mother, that an overruling Providence had my life in keeping, made me quite oblivious of or indifferent to the chances of disaster; for the assurance of protection and leading to the best end left no place for apprehension. It was a mental phenomenon, which I now look back on with a wonder which I think most sane people will share, that, at the age when most boys have become men (for I graduated at twenty), I should have been capable of going out into a strange world like the children of the Children's Crusade, with an unfaltering faith that I should be led and cared for by Providence as I

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had been by my parents. I had no solicitude, from the moment that one of the shipowners who was in business relations with my elder brother offered me a free passage on one of his sailing ships to Liverpool, lest I should not find a similar bridge back again; and with my thirty dollars converted into six sovereigns, and a little valise with only a change of clothes, I went on board the Garrick, a packet of the Black Ball line, sailing in the last days of December. There had been a thaw; the Hudson River was full of floating ice, which in the ebbing of the tide endangered the shipping lying out in the stream, and the captain made such haste to get out of the danger (the extent of which was shown by the topmasts of an Austrian brig appearing above water where she had been sunk by the floating ice) that the ship had her anchor apeak before the boat which carried my brother and myself out to it could reach it. We barely did so in time for me to get aboard, the necessity of threading our way among the masses of ice making our progress difficult. That my childish faith in Providence was a family trait might be deduced from the fact that my brother, who had from boyhood stood to me *in loco parentis*, had not asked me until I was on the point of going aboard what my means of subsistence were; and when he found that I had only six sovereigns, he told me to wait at Liverpool for a letter of credit he would send me by the steamer which followed.

That voyage is one of the most delightful memories of my life. I loved the sea; and every phase of it, storm or calm, was a new joy. I had one fellow passenger, a German doctor of philosophy, named Seeman, who had been an ardent radical in Germany, and after studying in the United States the development of political intelligence under democratic conditions, was returning to his native land with the profound conviction that democratic government was a bad failure. We had hot debates on the subject, in which the doctor adduced his conversations with the intelligent farmers of New England, whom he had especially studied, to show that their political education was such as to endanger the best interests of the community from its extreme superficiality. I, with the unfaltering faith in the processes of universal suffrage, disputed his conclusions, — so hotly, in fact, that we quarreled, and he took one side of the quarter-deck for his promenade, and I the other. But the conditions of sea life, with a companionship limited to two persons, are such that no quarrel that is not mortal, or from rivalry in the affections of a woman, can endure many days, and after a few days of avoidance we drew to the same side of the deck and were better friends than before; but we dropped politics. This was in January of 1850, and I now feel curiosity as to the subsequent career of the young German savant, who in that state of American political evolution was capable of drawing the horoscope of a nation as it has been in recent times fulfilled; who saw in the crude notions of political economy of that prosperous yesterday the germs of the political blunders and errors of to-day. I drew his portrait, I made a few studies of sea and sky, but for the most part the sensation of simple existence under the conditions of illimitable freedom in space, with no reminder of anything beyond, was sufficient for me. I used to lie on my back on the roof of the wheelhouse and look into the sky, and try to make friends with the sea gulls which sailed around over me, curiously peering down with their dovelike eyes as if to see what this thing might be. Then the nights, so luminous with the "breeming" of the sea as we got into the Gulf Stream; the flitting and sudden population of the ocean, always bringing us surprises; the more exciting and delightful storms which came on us in the region in which they

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were always to be expected, and which, though we had some that made lying in one's berth difficult, were never enough to satisfy my desire for rough weather, — all these things filled my life so full of the pure delight in nature that when, at the end of nearly three weeks at sea, we came in sight of the Irish coast, I hated the land. Life was enough under the sea conditions, and the prospect of the return to the limitations of living among men was absolute pain. We made Liverpool in twenty-one days from New York, and the steamer which had left that city the week after us did not arrive for three or four days, so that my waiting for the letter of credit involved a hotel bill which nearly exhausted my money in hand. The kindly captain, knowing my circumstances, made the hotelkeeper throw off fifty per cent of his bill (for I went to the "captain's hotel"); and thus I succeeded in getting to London with the money which was to have paid my expenses for six weeks — according to the careful calculations I had made, at the rate of a pound a week — reduced to provision for three, after which Providence was expected to provide me with a passage home. I had planned in these weeks to see Turner's pictures, Copley Fielding's, with Creswick's and all the others Ruskin had mentioned. But the railways and hotels had never come into my arithmetic, and such arithmetic was always, and remains, my weak point. Still, the letter of credit was for fifty pounds, and so I felt justified in my faith in Providence, my brother going to the general credit of that account.

Arrived at Euston Station in the small hours of the morning, I bought a penny loaf, and walked the streets eating it and carrying my valise. When the day was sufficiently advanced, I went and presented a letter of introduction given me by G. P. Putnam, the publisher, to his agent in England, Mr. Delf, who at once took me to a lodging house in Bouverie Street, where I got a room for six shillings a week, service included, and found an honest, kindly landlady, to whom I still feel indebted for the affectionate interest she took in me. I had letters to Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the Art Journal, and the Rev. William Black, pastor of a little Seventh-Day Baptist church at Millyard in Goodmansfields, Leman Street, a very ancient and well-endowed foundation, made by some Sabbatarian of centuries ago, with a parsonage and provision for two sermons every Saturday. Under Mr. Black's preaching I sat all the time I was in London. He was a man of archæological tastes, whose researches had led him to the conviction that the seventh day was the true Christian Sabbath, and to fellowship with the congregation of Millyard. I was admitted to honorary membership of the church, and the listening to the two dry-as-dust sermons was compensated for by the cordial friendship of the pastor, an invitation to dinner every Saturday, and the motherly interest of his wife and daughters. My childhood's faith and my mother's creed still hung so closely to me that the observances of our ancient church were to me sacred, and the Sabbath Day at Millyard still held me to the simple ways of home. In that secluded nook, out of all the rush and noise of London, we lived as we might have lived in an English village; it was an impasse, and one who entered from the narrow and squalid alleys which led to it was surprised to find the little square of the old and disused graveyard, with its huge hawthorn trees and its inclosure of the parsonage appendages, as peaceful and as far from the world as if it had been in far-off Devon.

My letter to Mr. Hall led to introductions to Leslie, Harding, Creswick, and several minor painters, all of whom found me attentive to the lessons they gave me on their own excellences, and led me no further; but it also brought me into contact with J. B. Pyne, a painter of a higher and more serious

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order, one of the few thinkers and impartial critics I found among the English painters. Every Sunday I went out to Pyne's house in Fulham, walking the six or seven miles in the morning, and spending the day there. Kitchen gardens and green fields then lay between Kensington and Fulham, where are now the Museums, and there the larks sang and the hawthorn bloomed. After an early dinner we passed the afternoon in talk on art and artists. Pyne was one of the best talkers on art I ever knew, and a critic of ability; his art had great qualities and as great defects, but in comparison with some of the favorites of the public of that day he was a giant, and in certain technical qualities he had no equal in his generation except Turner. He had the dangerous tendency, for an artist, of putting everything he did under the protection and direction of a theory, — a course which invariably checks the fertility of technical resource, and which in his case had the unfortunate effect of causing him to be regarded as a mere theorist, whose work was done by line and rule. But I had good reason to know that Turner thought more highly of him than the English public, and I am convinced that as time goes on, and his pictures acquire the mellowness of tone for which he carefully calculated in his method and choice of material, he will be more highly esteemed than in his own time, while the careful and systematic technique which characterized his work, and which is so opposed to the random and hypothetically inspired methods which are the admiration of a half-educated public, will find its true appreciation in the future. Of all the English artists of that day with whom I became acquainted, Pyne impressed me as by a considerable measure the broadest thinker, and, except Turner in his water color, the ablest landscape painter; old John Linnell, in this respect, standing nearest him in technical power, with a more complete regard for nature and her sentiment. In Harding I took no interest; his conventions and tricks of the brush repelled me, and generally his work left me cold and discouraged. For this is the effect of wasted cleverness: that it disheartens a man who, knowing that his abilities are less, finds the achievement of cleverer men so poor in what the artist of feeling demands. In Harding's works I saw an exaggeration of Pyne's defects, and a feeble emulation of his good qualities. Creswick had a better feeling for nature, but in his methods convention gave place to trick, and I remember his showing me the way in which he produced detail in a pebbly brookside by making the surface of his canvas tacky, and then dragging over it a brush loaded with pigment, which caught only on the prominences, and did in a moment the work of an hour of faithful painting.

A painter who taught me more than any other, at that time, was Edward Wehnert, mainly known then as an illustrator, and hardly known now even in that capacity. Attracted by one of his water colors, I went to him for lessons, which he declined to give, while really giving me instruction informally, and in the most kindly and generous way, during the entire stay I made in London. Of the lives of artists I have known, Wehnert's was, with the exception of Sexton's, the most pathetic. His native abilities were of a very high order, and his education was far above that possessed by the British artist of that day. He was a pupil of Paul Delaroche, and the German blood he had from his father gave him an imaginative element, which the Englishman in him liberated entirely from the German prescriptive limitations. He painted both in oil and in water color, with a facility of design I have never known surpassed, completing at a single sitting, and without a model, a drawing in which were many figures. He was, at the moment I knew him, engaged in illustrating Grimm's stories, for

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a paltry compensation, but, as it seemed to me, in a spirit the most completely concordant with the stories. He had several sisters, who had been accustomed to a certain ease in life, and to maintain this all his efforts were devoted, even to the sacrifice of his legitimate ambitions; he was overworked with the veriest hackwork of his profession, and I never knew him but as a jaded man. He was a graduate of Göttingen, widely read and well taught in all that related to his art as well as in literature. I used to sit much with him while he worked, and most of my evenings were passed in the family. The sisters were women who had been of the world, clever, accomplished, and with a restricted and most interesting circle of friends, but over the whole family there rested an air of tragic gravity, as if of some past which could never be spoken of, and into which I never felt inclined to inquire. Among the memories of my first stay in London the Wehnerts awaken the tenderest, for through many years they proved the dearest and kindest of friends. The hospitality of London, wherever I found access to it, was indeed unmeasured, and the kindly feeling which showed itself to a young and unknown student, without recommendation or achievement, made on me an indelible impression. I now and then met some one who asked me where I had learned to talk English, or if all the people in the section from which I came were as white as I was; but except in a single case — that of a lady who proposed to make me responsible for slavery in the United States — I never experienced anything but friendship and courtesy, and generally the friendliness took the form of active interest.

Most of my time was passed in hunting up pictures by Turner, and of course I made the early acquaintance of Griffiths, a dealer in pictures, who was Turner's special agent, and at whose gallery were to be seen such of his pictures as he wished to sell; for no inducement could be offered which would prevail on him to dispose of some of them. Griffiths told me that in his presence an American collector, Mr. James Lennox, of New York, after offering Turner £5000, which was refused, for the old Téméraire, offered him a blank check, which was equally rejected. Griffiths' place became one of my most common resorts, for Griffiths was less a picture dealer than a passionate admirer of Turner, who seemed to have drifted into his business because of his love for the artist's pictures, and to share in his admiration for Turner was to gain his cordial friendship. Here I first saw Ruskin, and was introduced to him. I was looking at some little early drawings of Turner, when a gentleman entered the gallery; and after a conversation with him, of some length, Griffiths came to me and asked if I would not like to be presented to the author of Modern Painters, to which I naturally replied in the affirmative. I could hardly believe my eyes, expecting to find in him something of the fire, enthusiasm, and dogmatism of his book, and seeing only a gentleman of the most gentle type, blonde, refined, and with as little self-assertion or dogmatic tone as was possible consistently with the holding of his own opinions; suggesting views rather than asserting them, and as if he had not himself come to a conclusion on the subject of conversation. A delightful and to me instructive conversation ended in an invitation to visit his father's collection of drawings and pictures at Denmark Hill, and later to spend the evening at his own house in Grosvenor Street. After the lapse of forty-eight years, it is difficult to distinguish between the incidents which took place in this first visit to England, in 1850, and those belonging to another, a little later; but the impression is very strong that it was during the former that I spent the evening at the Grosvenor Street residence, at which I met several artists of Ruskin's intimacy, and among them

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G. F. Watts. I then saw Mrs. Ruskin, and have a very vivid impression of her personal beauty, saying to a friend to whom I gave an account of the visit just after that she was the most beautiful woman I had seen in England. As I went up the street to their house there was a bagpiper playing near it, and the pipes entered into the conversation in the drawing room. On my expressing a very disparaging opinion of their music, which I then had heard for the first time, Mrs. Ruskin flamed up with indignation, but, after an annihilating look, she said mildly, "I suppose no southerner can understand the pipes," and we discussed them calmly, she telling some stories to illustrate their power and the special range of their effect.

At that time Ruskin held very strong Calvinistic notions, and as I kept my Puritanism unshaken we had as many conversations on religion as on art, the two being then to me almost identical, and to him closely related; and I remember his saying once, in speaking of the doctrine of foreordination (to me a dreadful bugbear), as I was drinking a glass of sherry, that he believed that it had been ordained from all eternity whether I should set that glass down empty or without finishing the wine. This was to me the most perplexing problem of all that Ruskin put before me, for it was the first time that the doctrine of Calvin had come before me in a concrete form. Another incident gave me a serious perplexity as to Ruskin's perceptions of art. Leslie had given me a card to see Mr. Holford's collection of pictures, in which was one of Turner's, the balcony scene in Venice, — called, I think, Juliet and her Nurse. It was a moonlight, with the most wonderful rendering of a certain effect seen with the moon at the spectator's back; and I noted, in speaking to Ruskin, later on, that no other picture I had ever seen of moonlight had succeeded so fully in realizing it; to which he replied that he had never noticed that it was a moonlight picture. But when I called his attention to the display of fireworks on the Grand Canal, he admitted that it was not customary to let off fireworks by day, and that it must be a night scene.

My acquaintance with Ruskin lasted, with varying degrees of intimacy and some interruptions, till 1870, when it was terminated by a trivial personal incident to which his morbid state of mind at the time gave an undue importance. We separated more and more widely in our opinions on art in later years, and the differences came to me reluctantly; for my reverence for the man was never to be shaken, while my study of art showed me finally that, however correct his views of the ethics of art might be, from the point of view of pure art he was entirely mistaken, and all that his influence had done for me had to be undone before any true progress could be made. What little I had learned from the artists I knew had been in the main correct, and had aided to show me the true road; but the teaching of Modern Painters, and of Ruskin himself later, was in the end fatal to the career to which I was then devoted. But the first mistake was my own. What I needed was practical study, the training of the hand; for my head had already gone so far beyond my technical attainment that I had entered into the fatal condition of having theories beyond my practice. My execution was so far in arrears of my conceptions of what should be in the result that, instead of the delight with which I had, untaught and in my stolen hours, given myself to painting, I felt the weight of my technical shortcomings so heavily as to make my work full of distress, instead of that content with which the artist should be able to work. Everything became conscious effort, and the going was too much uphill. I had always been groping my own way, scarcely as much assisted by the fragmentary good advice I received as laid under heavier disabilities by the better

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knowledge of what should be done. In art education, the training of the hand should be kept in advance of the thinking powers, so that the young student should feel that his ideal is just before him, if not at his fingers' end. That this is so rarely the case with art students in our day is, I am convinced, the chief reason of the technical inferiority of our modern painters, and the root of the inferiority of modern art. I was already belated, and every advance I made in the study of the theory of art put me the more behind, practically.

The hope of getting much technical instruction from competent masters in England was speedily dispelled. Lessons in water color I could get at a guinea an hour, and to enter as a pupil with one of the better painters was impossible. Pyne received from his pupils one hundred pounds a month! I had carefully calculated how far I could make my fifty pounds go, and put it at six months. By the advice of Wehnert I applied to Charles Davidson, a member of the New Water Color Society, for instruction, and went down into Surrey, where he lived, to be able to follow him in his work from nature. He lived at Red Hill, and in the immediate vicinity John Linnell had built his then new home, and in the few weeks I lived there I saw a great deal of the old man. He was one of the most remarkable examples of the old English type I have known, and to me as interesting a problem from the religious point of view as the artistic. Barring differences of creed, of which I knew nothing or little (for my own religious horizon had always included all "good-willing men," and I had never learned the distinctions of creed which would send on one side of the line of safety an Established Churchman, and on the other a nonconformist), we agreed very well, and in the general impression I set Linnell down as a devout Christian of the Cromwellian type; he certainly was a man of remarkable intellectual powers both in art and in theology. His Christianity might have taken a form of less domestic sternness, but I remembered my own father too well to find it inconsistent with genuine piety, though not even my mother ever inspired the awe Linnell and his religious severity excited in me. His landscape seemed to me the full expression of a healthy love of the world, possible only to a man of entire moral sanity, with a cheery, Wordsworthian enjoyment of nature, which, as a rule, I have never found in perfection except in the English school and its derivatives, the outcome of a robust nature which sees the outer world with the spectacles of no school, and through the memory of no other man. He was not self-taught in the sense of owing nothing to another mind, but in the sense that what he had learned had been digested and forgotten, except as a chance word in the universal gospel of art; technically weak, slovenly in style, but eminently successful in telling the story he had to tell. Even then, with my limited knowledge of painting, he seemed to me to furnish the antithesis to Pyne, — one too careful of style, and running to excessive precision, the other too negligent and running into indecision; and this judgment still holds. From Davidson, my immediate teacher, there were only to be got certain ways of doing certain things, limited to the elements of landscape: how to wash in the sky, to treat foliage in masses, and those tricks of the brush in which the English water-color school abounds, but no larger, or more individual, views of art itself. What he taught was, perhaps, what I most needed to learn, but I was already too far on the way to learn it easily.

I made a visit of ten days to Paris, and saw with great profit the work of the landscape painters and of Delacroix, the other figure painters in general not interesting me much. But to accomplish all that I did with my fifty pounds, it may be easily understood that I had to cut my corners close; and in fact they were

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so closely cut in my Continental excursion, that I landed at Newhaven, on my return, with one shilling in my pocket; and when, at the end of my stay in England, I took the train for Liverpool, I had only sixpence (my passage being provided for). My good friend Delf, who saw me off, on finding the state of my purse, insisted at the railway station on my taking a sovereign for contingencies. This habit of making no provision for accidents had been, as I have said, a part of my moral training, the faith in the overruling Providence never forsaking me for an instant, so that, whatever I set about to do, I made no provision for accidents. To go ahead and do what I thought I ought to do, and let the consequences take care of themselves, has been the habit of mind in which I have always worked, and probably still work. If the thing to be done was right, I never thought of what might come after, or even if the means to carry resolution into effect were provided beforehand. I took it for granted that they would be, because the thing was to be done. I retain the distinct recollection of an expression of my mother while I was making preparations for this first voyage to Europe, and she was packing my clothes for the voyage; her lips were silently moving, and the slow tears running down her cheeks, when she exclaimed in her low and murmuring voice, as if in comment on her prayer, "Oh no, he is too pure-hearted," and I knew that her petition was for my protection from the temptations of that world of which she only knew the terrors and dangers from her Bible, and that she was so wrapt in her spiritual yearnings that she had quite forgotten my presence. And though I never deserved the great trust she had in me, the memory of those words thus uttered has served in many devious moments to keep me in the path. But if I had no such virtues as those which she attributed to me, I had what was perhaps more potent, the intuitions which I inherited from her, such as often take a man out of temptation before he is aware of its strength, and before it becomes a real danger; nor can any man remember such confidence on the part of his mother without, from very shame, if no sterner motive should exist, maintaining a higher tone of life.

I did not leave London without a sight of Turner himself, due to the friendly forethought of Griffiths, who so appreciated my enthusiasm for the old man that he lost no opportunity to satisfy it. Turner was taken ill while I was on this visit, with an attack of the malady which later killed him, and I had begged Griffiths to ask him to let me come and nurse him; but he declined the offer, yet was not, Griffiths told me, quite unmoved by it. One day, after his recovery, I received a message from Griffiths that Turner was coming to the gallery at a certain time on a business appointment, and if I would happen in just before the hour fixed for it I might see him. At the appointed hour Turner came, and found me in an earnest study of the pictures in the further end of the gallery, where I remained, unnoticing and unnoticed, until a sign from Griffiths called me to him. He then introduced me as a young American artist who had a great admiration for the master's work, and who, being about to return home, would be glad to take him by the hand. I was amazed at the sight of this little old man with a nose like an eagle's beak and an eye like the eagle's, but in every other way insignificant, and half awed and half surprised I held out my hand. He put his behind him, regarding me with a humorous, malicious look, saying nothing. Confused and not a little mortified, I turned away, and, walking down the gallery, went to studying the pictures again. When I looked back, a few minutes later, he held out his hand to me, and we entered into a conversation which lasted until Griffiths gave me

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a hint that Turner had business to transact which I must leave him to. He gave me a hearty hand-shake, and in his oracular way said, "Hmph — [nod] if you come to England again — hmph — [nod] hmph — [nod]" and another hand-shake with more cordiality, and a nod for good-by. I never saw a keener eye than his, and the way that he held himself up, so straight that he seemed almost to lean backwards, with his forehead thrown forward, and his piercing eyes looking out from under their heavy brows, and his diminutive stature coupled with the imposing bearing, combined to make a very peculiar and vivid impression on me. Griffiths afterward translated his laconism for me, as an invitation to come to see him if I ever came back to England, and added that though he was in the worst of tempers when he came in, and made him expect that I should be insulted, he was, in fact, unusually cordial, and he had never seen him receive a stranger with such amiability, except in the case of Cattermole, for whom he had taken a strong liking. In the conversation we had, during the interview, I alluded to our good fortune in having already in America one of the pictures of his best period, a seacoast sunset, in the possession of Mr. Lennox, and Turner exclaimed, "I wish they were all put in a blunderbuss and shot off!" but he looked pleased at the simultaneous outburst of protest on the part of Griffiths and myself. When I went back to England for another visit, he was dead.

I may frankly say, that as to Turner's art, I enjoyed most the water colors of the middle period, though the latest gave me another kind of delight, — that of the reading of a fairy story or the building of glorious castles in the air in my younger days, that of something to desire and despair of. The drawings of the England and Wales series in the possession of Ruskin, and especially the Llanthony Abbey, seemed to my critical faculty the *ne plus ultra* of water-color painting, and I still remember that drawing[1] with the greatest distinctness. I saw in the Academy exhibition the last pictures he ever exhibited, some whaling subjects, fresh from his retouching of two days before, — gorgeous dreams of color art, but only dreams; the actuality had all gone out. Years after, when I saw them again, they had become mere wrecks, hardly recognizable.

I saw also that year a picture by Rossetti and one by Millais, and the latter impressed me very strongly; in fact, it determined me in the manner in which I should follow art on my return home. I did not, and could not, put it on the same plane as the Llanthony Abbey, but the straight thrust for the truth was evidently the shortest way to a certain excellence, and this of the kind most akin to my own faculties. I remember saying to Delf, who was with me at the exhibition of the Academy, that if ever English figure painting rose out of mediocrity it would be through the work of the P. R. B. My impression is that the picture in question was the Christ in the Carpenter's Shop, but of this I cannot be sure, only that it was in the exhibition of 1850. The Rossetti was in the old National Society, and was either the Childhood of the Virgin Mary or the White Lady. Beautiful as it was, it did not impress me as did the temper of Millais' work, the scrupulous conscientiousness of which chimed with my Puritan education. I left England with a fermentation of art ideas in my brain, in which the influence of Turner, Pyne, the teachings of Wehnert, and the work of the Pre-Raphaelites mingled with the influence of Ruskin, and especially the preconception of art work derived from the descriptions, often strangely misleading, of the Modern Painters.

I received from my brother, as I had anticipated, the order for a passage on

[1] I saw it again in the Guildhall exhibition of 1899.

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the Atlantic, of the Collins line of steamers, and one of my fellow passengers was Jenny Lind, on her way for her first visit to America, under the guidance of Barnum. She gave a concert on board for the benefit of the firemen and sailors, and to this the half of Delf's sovereign contributed; the other half going for a bottle of Rhine wine, to return the compliment of my next neighbor at the table, who had invited me to take a glass of wine one day. Thus, as usual, I landed penniless from my venture, but fortunately found my brother on the wharf awaiting the arrival of the steamer. In those days, a voyage of fourteen days was not considered a bad one. A day's run of three hundred and thirty-six knots was a triumph of steaming, and rarely attained. But we were at the beginning of the contest between the Collins and the Cunard steamers, and up to that time the American line had generally a little the better of it.

The rest of that year and the year following were given to hard and monotonous painting from nature while the weather permitted, and in the winter to working out clumsily the mysteries of picture-making, — a work which, being without direction or any correct appreciation of what I had it in me to do, became a drudgery, which I went through as an indispensable duty, but with no self-satisfaction. My larger studies from nature (twenty-five by thirty inches) attracted attention, and had been hung on the line, getting for me the election to the Associateship of the Academy of Design and the appellation of the "American Pre-Raphaelite," — all which, for a man so lately embarked in the profession, was considered a high honor, as it really was. But the success so far as it affected me was injurious, for it carried me further from the true path. As studies from nature, the fidelity and completeness of them, even in comparison with Durand's, was something which the conventional landscape known then and there had never approached, and to the respectable amateurs of that day they were puzzles. For one of them, a study of a wood scene, with a spring of water overshadowed by a beech tree, all painted at close quarters, I had transplanted a violet which I wanted in the near foreground, so as to be sure that it was in correct light and proportion. This was in the spirit of the Ruskinian doctrine, of which I made myself the apostle. On that study I spent such hours of the day as the light served, for three months, and then the coming of autumn stopped me. Any difficulty in literal rendering of a subject was incomprehensible to me; and in fact, in that kind of work there is little difference, for it is but copying, and requires only a correct eye and infinite patience, both of which I had; and it was a puzzle to me rather than a compliment when the veteran Durand said of one of my studies that it was a subject he would not have dared attack, on account of the difficulty of the effect of light, for to me it was simply a question of time and sticking to it. It was not art, but the public did not know this any more than I did, and I was admitted to a place which I believe was one of the highest among my contemporaries at home, in a way that led to little even in its complete success. I influenced some of my fellow artists and gave a jog to the landscape painting of the day, and there my influence as an artist ended, by a diversion of my ambition to another sphere; but there it must have ended even if I had never been so diverted.

William James Stillman.

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

XXXVI.

IN WHICH I HEAR ILL NEWS.

WHEN I awoke from the sleep or stupor into which I must have passed from that swoon, it was to find myself lying upon a bed in a room flooded with sunshine. I was alone. For a moment I lay still, staring at the blue sky without the window, and wondering where I was and how I came there. A drum beat, a dog barked, and a man's quick voice gave a command. The sounds stung me into remembrance, and I was at the window while the voice was yet speaking.

It was West in the street below, pointing with his sword now to the fort, now to the palisade, and giving directions to the armed men about him. There were many people in the street. Women hurried by to the fort with white, scared faces, their arms filled with household gear; children ran beside them, sturdily bearing their share of the goods, but pressing close to their elders' skirts; men went to and fro, the most grimly silent, but a few talking loudly. Not all of the faces in the crowd belonged to the town: there were Kingsmell and his wife from the main, and John Ellison from Archer's Hope, and the Italians Vincencio and Bernardo from the Glass House. The nearer plantations, then, had been warned, and their people had come for refuge to the city. A negro passed, but on that morning alone of many days no Indian aired his paint and feathers in the white man's village.

I could not see the palisade across the neck, but I knew that it was there that the fight — if fight there were — would be made. Should the Indians take the palisade, there would yet be the houses of the town, and, last of all, the fort, in which to make a stand. I believed not that they would take it. Long since we had found out their method of warfare. They used ambuscade, surprise, and massacre; when withstood in force and with determination they withdrew to their stronghold the forest, there to bide their time until, in the blackness of some night, they could again swoop down upon a sleeping foe.

The drum beat again, and a messenger from the palisade came down the street at a run. "They 're in the woods over against us, thicker than ants!" he cried to West as he passed. "A boat has just drifted ashore yonder with two men in it, dead and scalped!"

I turned to leave the room, and ran against Master Pory coming in on tiptoe, with a red and solemn face. He started when he saw me.

"The roll of the drum brought you to your feet, then!" he cried. "You 've lain like the dead all night. I came but to see if you were breathing."

"When I have eaten I shall be myself again," I said. "There 's no attack as yet?"

"No," he answered. "They must know that we are prepared. But they have kindled fires along the river bank, and we can hear them yelling. Whether they 'll be mad enough to come against us remains to be seen."

"The nearest settlements have been warned?"

"Ay. The Governor offered a thousand pounds of tobacco and the perpetual esteem of the Company to the man or men who would carry the news. Six volunteered, and went off in boats: three up river, three down. How many they reached, or if they still have their scalps, we know not. And awhile ago, just before daybreak, comes with frantic haste

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Richard Pace, who had rowed up from Pace's Pains to tell the news which you had already brought. Chanco the Christian had betrayed the plot to him, and he managed to give warning at Powel's and one or two other places as he came up the river."

He broke off, but when I would have spoken interrupted me with: "And so you were on the Pamunkey all this while! Then the Paspaheghs fooled us with the simple truth, for they swore so stoutly that their absent chief men were but gone on a hunt toward the Pamunkey that we had no choice but to believe them gone in quite another direction. And one and all of every tribe we questioned swore that Opechancanough was at Orapax. So Master Rolfe puts off up river to find, if not you, then the Emperor, and make him give up your murderers; and the Governor sends a party along the bay, and West another up the Chickahominy. And there you were, all the time, mewed up in the village above the marshes! And Nantauquas, after saving our lives like one of us, is turned Indian again! And your man is killed! Alackaday! there 's naught but trouble in the world. 'As the sparks fly upwards,' you know. But a brave man draws his breath and sets his teeth."

In his manner, his rapid talk, I found something forced and strange. "I thought Rolfe was behind me," he said, "but he must have been delayed. There are meat and drink set out in the great room, where the Governor and those of the Council who are safe here with us are advising together. Let 's descend. You 've not eaten, and the good sack will give you strength. Wilt come?"

"Ay," I answered, "but tell me the news as we go. I have been gone ten days: faith, it seems ten years! There have no ships sailed, Master Pory? The George is still here?" I looked him full in the eye, for a sudden guess at a possible reason for his confusion had stabbed me like a knife.

"Ay," he said, with a readiness that could scarce be feigned. "She was to have sailed this week, it is true, the Governor fearing to keep her longer. But the Esperance, coming in yesterday, brought news which removed his Honor's scruples. Now she 'll wait to see out this hand at the cards, and to take home the names of those who are left alive in Virginia. If the red varlets do swarm in upon us, there are her twelve-pounders; they and the fort guns" —

I let him talk on. The George had not sailed. I saw again a firelit hut, and a man and a panther who went down together. Those claws had dug deep; the man across whose face they had torn their way would keep his room in the guest house at Jamestown until his wounds were somewhat healed. The George would wait for him, would scarcely dare to sail without him, and I should find the lady whom she was to carry away to England in Virginia still. It was this that I had built upon, the grain of comfort, the passionate hope, the sustaining cordial, of those year-long days in the village above the Pamunkey.

My heart was sore because of Diccon; but I could speak of that grief to her, and she would grieve with me. There were awe and dread and stern sorrow in the knowledge that even now in the bright spring morning blood from a hundred homes might be flowing to meet the shining, careless river; but it was the springtime, and she was waiting for me. I strode on toward the stairway so fast that when I asked a question, Master Pory, at my side, was too out of breath to answer it. Halfway down the stairs I asked it again, and again received no answer save a "Zooks! you go too fast for my years and having in flesh. Go more slowly, Ralph Percy; there 's time enough, — there 's time enough."

There was a tone in his voice that I liked not, for it savored of pity. I looked at him with knitted brows; but we were now in the hall, and through the

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open door of the great room I caught a glimpse of a woman's skirt. There were men in the hall, servants and messengers, who made way for us, staring at me as they did so, and whispering. I knew that my clothing was torn and muddied and stained with blood; as we paused at the door, there came to me in a flash that day in the courting meadow when I had tried with my dagger to scrape the dried mud from my boots. I laughed at myself for caring now, and for thinking that she would care that I was not dressed for a lady's bower. The next moment we were in the great room.

She was not there. The silken skirt that I had seen, and — there being but one woman in all the world for me — had taken for hers, belonged to Lady Wyatt, who, pale and terrified, was sitting with clasped hands, mutely following with her eyes her husband as he walked to and fro. West had come in from the street, and was making some report. Around the table were gathered two or three of the Council; Master Sandys stood at a window, Rolfe beside Lady Wyatt's chair. The room was filled with sunshine, and a caged bird was singing, singing. It made the only sound there when they saw that I stood amongst them.

When I had made my bow to Lady Wyatt and to the Governor, and had clasped hands with Rolfe, I began to find in the silence, as I had found in Master Pory's loquaciousness, something strange. They looked at me uneasily, and I caught a swift glance from the Treasurer to Master Pory, and an answering shake of the latter's head. Rolfe was very white, and his lips were set; West was pulling at his mustaches and staring at the floor.

"With all our hearts we welcome you back to life and to the service of Virginia, Captain Percy," said the Governor, when the silence had become awkward.

A murmur of assent went round the room.

I bowed. "I thank you, sir, and these gentlemen very heartily. You have but to command me now. I find that I have to-day the best will in the world toward fighting. I trust that your Honor does not deem it necessary to send me back to gaol?"

"Virginia has no gaol for Captain Percy," he answered gravely. "She has only grateful thanks and fullest sympathy."

I glanced at him keenly. "Then I hold myself at your command, sir, when I shall have seen and spoken with my wife."

He looked at the floor, and they one and all held their peace.

"Madam," I said to Lady Wyatt, "I have been watching your ladyship's face. Will you tell me why it is so very full of pity, and why there are tears in your eyes?"

She shrank back in her chair with a little cry, and Rolfe stepped toward me, then turned sharply aside. "I cannot," he cried, "I that know" —

I drew myself up to meet the blow, whatever it might be. "I demand of you my wife, Sir Francis Wyatt," I said. "If there is ill news to be told, be so good as to tell it quickly. If she is sick, or hath been sent away to England" —

The Governor made as if to speak, then turned and flung out his hands to his wife. "'T is woman's work, Margaret!" he cried. "Tell him!"

More merciful than the men, she came to me at once, the tears running down her cheeks, and laid one trembling hand upon my arm. "She was a brave lady, Captain Percy," she said. "Bear it as she would have had you bear it."

"I am bearing it, madam," I answered at last. "'She *was* a brave lady.' May it please your ladyship to go on?"

"I will tell you all, Captain Percy; I will tell you everything. . . . She never believed you dead, and she begged upon her knees that we would allow her to go in search of you with Master Rolfe.

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That could not be; my husband, in duty to the Company, could not let her have her will. Master Rolfe went, and she sat in the window yonder day after day, watching for his return. When other parties went out, she besought the men, as they had wives whom they loved, to search as though those loved ones were in captivity and danger; when they grew weary and faint-hearted, to think of her face waiting in the window. . . . Day after day she sat there watching for them to come back; when they were come, then she watched the river for Master Rolfe's boats. Then came word down the river that he had found no trace of you whom he sought, that he was on his way back to Jamestown, that he too believed you dead. . . . We put a watch upon her after that, for we feared we knew not what, there was such a light and purpose in her eyes. But two nights ago, in the middle of the night, the woman who stayed in her chamber fell asleep. When she awoke, before the dawn, it was to find her gone."

"To find her gone?" I said dully. "To find her dead?"

She locked her hands together, and the tears came faster. "Oh, Captain Percy, it had been better so, — it had been better so! Then would she have lain to greet you, calm and white, unmarred and beautiful, with the spring flowers upon her. . . . She believed not that you were dead; she was distraught with grief and watching; she thought that love might find what friendship missed; she went to the forest to seek you. They that were sent to find and bring her back have never returned" —

"Into the forest!" I cried. "*Jocelyn, Jocelyn, Jocelyn, come back!*"

Some one pushed me into a chair, and I felt the warmth of wine within my lips. In the moment that the world steadied I rose and went toward the door, to find my way barred by Rolfe.

"Not you too, Ralph!" he cried. "I will not let you go. Look for yourself!"

He drew me to the window, Master Sandys gravely making place for us. From the window was visible the neck of land and the forest beyond, and from the forest, up and down the river as far as the eye could reach, rose here and there thin columns of smoke. Suddenly, as we stared, three or four white smoke puffs, like giant flowers, started out of the shadowy woods across the neck. Following the crack of the muskets — fired out of pure bravado by their Indian owners — came the yelling of the savages. The sound was prolonged and deep, as though issuing from many throats.

I looked and listened, and knew that I could not go, — not now.

"She was not alone, Ralph," said Rolfe, with his arm about me. "On the morning that she was missed they found not Jeremy Sparrow either. They tracked them both to the forest by the footprints upon the sand, though once in the wood the trail was lost. The minister must have been watching, must have seen her leave the house, and must have followed her. How she, and he after her, passed through the gates none know. So careless and confident had we grown — God forgive us! — that they may have been left open all that night. But he was with her, Ralph; she had not to face it alone" — His voice broke.

For myself, I was glad that the minister had been there, though I knew that for him also I should grieve, after a while.

At the firing and the shouting West had rushed from the room, followed by his fellow Councilors, and now the Governor clapped on his headpiece and called to his men to bring his back-and-breast. His wife hung around his neck, and he bade her good-by with great tenderness. I looked dully on at that parting. I too was going to battle. Once I had tasted such a farewell, the pain, the passion, the sweetness, but never again, — never again.

He went, and the Treasurer, after a few words of comfort to Lady Wyatt,

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was gone also. Both were merciful and spoke not to me, but only bowed and turned aside, requiring no answering word or motion of mine. When they were away, and there was no sound in the room save the caged bird's singing and Lady Wyatt's low sobs, I begged Rolfe to leave me; telling him that he was needed, as indeed he was, and that I would stay in the window for a while, and then would join him at the palisade. He was loath to go; but he too had loved and lost, and knew that there was nothing to be said, and that it was best to be alone. He went, and only Lady Wyatt and I kept the quiet room with the singing bird and the sunshine on the floor.

I leaned against the window and looked out into the street, — which was not crowded now, for the men were all at their several posts, — and at the budding trees, and at the smoke of many fires going up from the forest to the sky, from a world of hate and pain and woe to the heaven where she dwelt; and then I turned and went to the table, where had been set bread and meat and wine.

At the sound of my footstep Lady Wyatt uncovered her face. "Is there aught that I can do for you, sir?" she asked timidly.

"I have not broken my fast for many hours, madam," I answered. "I would eat and drink, that I may not be found wanting in strength. There is a thing that I have yet to do."

Rising from her chair, she brushed away her tears, and, coming to the table with a little housewifely eagerness, would not let me wait upon myself, but carved and poured for me, and then sat down opposite me and covered her eyes with her hand.

"I think that the Governor is quite safe, madam," I said. "I do not believe that the Indians will take the palisade. It may even be that, knowing we are prepared, they will not attack at all. Indeed, I think that you may be easy about him."

She thanked me, with a smile. "It is all so strange and dreadful to me, sir," she said. "At my home in England it was like a Sunday morning all the year round, — all stillness and peace; no terror, no alarm. I fear that I am not yet a good Virginian."

When I had eaten and had drunk the wine she gave me, I rose, and asked her if I might not see her safe within the fort before I joined her husband at the palisade. She shook her head, and told me that there were with her faithful servants, and that if the savages broke in upon the town she would have warning in time to flee, the fort being so close at hand. When I thereupon begged her leave to depart, she first curtsied to me, and then, again with tears, came to me and took my hand in hers. "I know that there is naught that I can say. . . . Your wife loved you, sir, with all her heart." She drew something from the bosom of her gown. "Would you like this? It is a knot of ribbon that she wore. They found it caught in a bush at the edge of the forest."

I took the ribbon from her and put it to my lips, then unknotted it and tied it around my arm; and then, wearing my wife's colors, I went softly out into the street, and turned my face toward the guest house and the man whom I meant to kill.

XXXVII.

IN WHICH MY LORD AND I PART COMPANY.

The door of the guest house stood wide, and within the lower room were neither men that drank nor men that gave to drink. Host and drawers and chance guests alike had left pipe and tankard for sword and musket, and were gone to fort or palisade or river bank.

I crossed the empty room and went up the creaking stairway. No one met me or withstood me; only a pigeon, perched

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upon the sill of a sunny window, whirred off into the blue. I glanced out of the window as I passed it, and saw the silver river and the George and the Esperance, with the gunners at the guns watching for Indian canoes, and saw smoke rising from the forest on the southern shore. There had been three houses there, — John West's and Minifie's and Crashaw's. I wondered if mine were burning too at Weyanoke, and cared not if 't was so.

The door of the upper room was shut. When I raised the latch and pushed against it, it gave at the top and middle, but there was some pressure from within at the bottom. I pushed again, more strongly, and the door slowly opened, moving away whatever thing had lain before it. Another moment, and I was in the room, and had closed and barred the door behind me.

The weight that had opposed me was the body of the Italian, lying face downwards, upon the floor. I stooped and turned it over, and saw that the venomous spirit had flown. The face was purple and distorted; the lips were drawn back from the teeth in a dreadful smile. There was in the room a faint, peculiar, not unpleasant odor. It did not seem strange to me to find that serpent, which had coiled in my path, dead and harmless for evermore. Death had been busy of late; if he struck down the flower, why should he spare the thing that I pushed out of my way with my foot?

Ten feet from the door stood a great screen, hiding from view all that might be beyond. It was very quiet in the room, with the sunshine coming through the window, and a breeze that smelt of the sea. I had not cared to walk lightly or to close the door softly, and yet no voice had challenged my entrance. For a minute I feared to find the dead physician the room's only occupant; then I passed the screen and came upon my enemy.

He was sitting beside a table, with his arms outstretched and his head bowed upon them. My footfall did not rouse him; he sat there in the sunshine as still as the figure that lay before the threshold. I thought with a dull fury that maybe he was dead already, and I walked hastily and heavily across the floor to the table. He was a living man, for with the fingers of one hand he was slowly striking against a sheet of paper that lay beneath them. He knew not that I stood above him; he was listening to other footsteps.

The paper was a letter, unfolded, and written over with great black characters. The few lines above those moving fingers stared me in the face. They ran thus: "*I told you that you had as well cut your throat as go upon that mad Virginia voyage. Now all 's gone,—wealth, honors, favor. Buckingham is the sun in heaven, and cold are the shadows in which we walk who hailed another luminary. There 's a warrant out for the Black Death; look to it that one meets not you too, when you come at last. But come, in the name of all the fiends, and play your last card. There 's your cursed beauty still. Come, and let the King behold your face once more*" — The rest was hidden.

I put out my hand and touched him upon the shoulder, and he raised his head and stared at me as at one come from the grave.

Over one side of his face, from temple to chin, was drawn and fastened a black cloth; the unharmed cheek was bloodless and shrunken, the lip twisted. Only the eyes, dark, sinister, and splendid, were as they had been. "I dig not my graves deep enough," he said. "Is she behind you there in the shadow?"

Flung across a chair was a cloak of scarlet cloth. I took it and spread it out upon the floor, then unsheathed a dagger which I had taken from the rack of weapons in the Governor's hall. "Loosen thy poniard, thou murderer," I cried, "and come stand with me upon the cloak!"

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"Art quick or dead?" he answered. "I will not fight the dead." He had not moved in his seat, and there was a lethargy and a dullness in his voice and eyes. "There is time enough," he said. "I too shall soon be of thy world, thou haggard, bloody shape. Wait until I come, and I will fight thee, shadow to shadow."

"I am not dead," I said, "but there is one that is. Stand up, villain and murderer, or I will kill you sitting there, with her blood upon your hands!"

He rose at that, and drew his dagger from the sheath. I laid aside my doublet, and he followed my example; but his hands moved listlessly, and his fingers bungled at the fastenings. I waited for him in some wonder, it not being like him to come tardily to such pastime.

He came at last, slowly and with an uncertain step, and we stood together on the scarlet cloak. I raised my left arm and he raised his, and we locked hands. There was no strength in his clasp; his hand lay within mine cold and languid. "Art ready?" I demanded.

"Yea," he answered in a strange voice, "but I would that she did not stand there with her head upon your breast. . . . I too loved thee, Jocelyn, — Jocelyn lying dead in the forest!"

I struck at him with the dagger in my right hand, and wounded him, but not deeply, in the side. He gave blow for blow, but his poniard scarce drew blood, so nerveless was his arm. I struck again, and he stabbed weakly at the air, then let his arm drop to his side, as though the light and jeweled blade had weighed it down.

Loosening the clasp of our left hands, I fell back until the narrow scarlet field was between us. "Hast no more strength than that?" I cried. "I cannot murder you!"

He stood looking past me as into a great distance. He was bleeding, but I had as yet been able to strike no mortal blow. "It is as you choose," he said. "I am as one bound before you. I am sick unto death."

Turning, he went back, swaying as he walked, to his chair, and sinking into it sat there a minute with half-closed eyes; then he raised his head and looked at me, with a shadow of the old arrogance, pride, and disdain upon his scarred face. "Not yet, captain?" he demanded. "To the heart, man! So I would strike an you sat here and I stood there."

"I know you would," I said, and going to the window I flung the dagger down into the empty street; then stood and watched the smoke across the river, and thought it strange that the sun shone and the birds sang.

When I turned to the room again, he still sat there in the great chair, a tragic, splendid figure, with his ruined face and the sullen woe of his eyes. "I had sworn to kill you," I said. "It is not just that you should live."

He gazed at me with something like a smile upon his bloodless lips. "Fret not thyself, Ralph Percy," he said. "Within a week I shall be gone. Did you see my servant, my Italian doctor, lying dead upon the floor, there beyond the screen? He had poisons, had Nicolo, whom men called the Black Death, — poisons swift and strong, or subtle and slow. Day and night, the earth and sunshine, have become hateful to me. I will go to the fires of hell, and see if they can make me forget, — can make me forget the face of a woman." He was speaking half to me, half to himself. "Her eyes are dark and large," he said, "and there are shadows beneath them, and the mark of tears. She stands there day and night with her eyes upon me. Her lips are parted, but she never speaks. There was a way that she had with her hands, holding them one within the other, thus" —

I stopped him with a cry for silence, and I leaned trembling against the table. "Thou wretch!" I cried. "Thou art her murderer!"

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He raised his head and looked beyond me with that strange, faint smile. "I know," he replied, with the dignity which was his at times. "You may play the headsman, if you choose. I dispute not your right. But it is scarce worth while. I have taken poison."

The sunshine came into the room, and the wind from the river, and the trumpet notes of swans flying to the north. "The George is ready for sailing," he said at last. "To-morrow or the next day she will be going home with the tidings of this massacre. I shall go with her, and within a week they will bury me at sea. There is a stealthy, slow, and secret poison. . . . I would not die in a land where I have lost every throw of the dice, and I would not die in England for Buckingham to come and look upon my face, and so I took that poison. For the man upon the floor, there, — prison and death awaited him at home. He chose to flee at once."

He ceased to speak, and sat with his head bowed upon his breast. "If you are content that it should be as it is," he said at length, "perhaps you will leave me? I am not good company to-day."

His hand was busy again with the letter upon the table, and his gaze was fixed beyond me. "I have lost," he muttered. "How I came to play my cards so badly I do not know. The stake was heavy; I have not wherewithal to play again."

His head sank upon his outstretched arm. As for me, I stood a minute with set lips and clenched hands; then I turned and went out of the room, down the stair and out into the street. In the dust beneath the window lay my dagger. I picked it up, sheathed it, and went my way.

The street was very quiet. All windows and doors were closed and barred; not a soul was there to trouble me with look or speech. The yelling from the forest had ceased; only the keen wind blew, and brought from the Esperance upon the river a sound of singing. The sea was the home of the men upon her decks, and their hearts dwelt not in this port; they could sing while the smoke went up from our homes and the dead lay across the thresholds.

I walked on through the sunshine and the stillness to the minister's house. The trees in the garden were bare, the flowers dead. The door was not barred. I entered the house, and went into the great room and flung the heavy shutters wide, then stood and looked about me. Naught was changed; it was as we had left it that wild November night. Even the mirror which, one other night, had shown me Diccon still hung upon the wall. Master Bucke had been seldom at home, perhaps, or was feeble and careless of altering matters. All was as though we had been but an hour gone, save that no fire burned upon the hearth.

I went to the table, and the books on it were Jeremy Sparrow's: the minister's house, then, had been his home once more. Beside the books lay a packet, tied with silk, sealed, and addressed to me. Perhaps the Governor had given it, the day before, into Master Bucke's care, — I do not know; at any rate, there it lay. I looked at the "By the Esperance" upon the cover, and wondered dully who at home would care to write to me; then broke the seal and untied the silk. Within the cover there was a letter with the superscription, "To a Gentleman who has served me well."

I read the letter through to the signature, which was that of his Grace of Buckingham, and then I laughed, who had never thought to laugh again, and threw the paper down. It mattered naught to me now that George Villiers should be grateful or that James Stuart could deny a favorite nothing. "*The King graciously sanctions the marriage of his sometime ward, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, with Captain Ralph Percy; invites them home*" —

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She was gone home, and I her husband, I who loved her, was left behind. How many years of pilgrimage . . . how long, how long, O Lord?

The minister's great armchair was drawn before the cold and blackened hearth. How often she had sat there within its dark clasp, the firelight on her dress, her hands, her face! She had been fair to look upon. The pride, the daring, the willfulness, were but the thorns about the rose; behind those defenses was the flower, pure and lovely, with a heart of gold. I flung myself down beside the chair, and putting my arms across it hid my face upon them, and could weep at last.

That passion spent itself, and I lay with my face against the wood and well-nigh slept. The battle was done; the field was lost; the storm and stress of life had sunk into this dull calm, as still as peace, as hopeless as the charred log and white ash upon the hearth, cold, never to be quickened again.

Time passed, and at last I raised my head, roused suddenly to the consciousness that for a while there had been no stillness. The air was full of sound, shouts, savage cries, the beating of a drum, the noise of musketry. I sprang to my feet and went to the door, to meet Rolfe crossing the threshold.

He put his arm within mine and drew me out into the sunshine upon the doorstep. "I thought I should find you here," he said; "but it is only a room with its memories, Ralph. Out here is more breadth, more height. There is country yet, Ralph, and after a while friends. The Indians are beginning to attack in force. Humphry Boyse is killed, and Morris Chaloner. There is smoke over the plantations up and down the river, as far as we can see, and awhile ago the body of a child drifted down to us."

"I am unarmed," I said. "I will but run to the fort for sword and musket"—

"No need," he answered. "There are the dead whom you may rob." The noise increasing as he spoke, we made no further tarrying, but, leaving behind us house and garden, hurried to the palisade.

XXXVIII.

IN WHICH I GO UPON A QUEST.

Through a loophole in the gate of the palisade I looked, and saw the sandy neck joining the town to the main, and the deep and dark woods beyond, the fairy mantle giving invisibility to a host. Between us and that refuge dead men lay here and there, stiff and stark, with the black paint upon them, and the colored feathers of their headdresses red or blue against the sand. One warrior, shot through the back, crawled like a wounded beetle to the forest. We let him go, for we cared not to waste ammunition upon him.

I drew back from my loophole, and held out my hand to the women for a freshly loaded musket. A quick murmur like the drawing of a breath came from our line. The Governor, standing near me, cast an anxious glance along the stretch of wooden stakes that were neither so high nor so thick as they should have been. "I am new to this warfare, Captain Percy," he said. "Do they think to use those logs that they carry as battering-rams?"

"As scaling-ladders, your Honor," I replied. "It is on the cards that we may have some swordplay, after all."

"We 'll take your advice, the next time we build a palisade, Ralph Percy," muttered West on my other side. Mounting the breastwork that we had thrown up to shelter the women who were to load the muskets, he coolly looked over the pales at the oncoming savages. "Wait until they pass the blasted pine, men!" he cried. "Then give them a hail of lead that will beat them back to the Pamunkey!"

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An arrow whistled by his ear; a second struck him on the shoulder, but pierced not his coat of mail. He came down from his dangerous post with a laugh.

"If the leader could be picked off" — I said. "It's a long shot, but there's no harm in trying."

As I spoke I raised my gun to my shoulder; but he leaned across Rolfe, who stood between us, and plucked me by the sleeve. "You've not looked at him closely. Look again."

I did as he told me, and lowered my musket. It was not for me to send that Indian leader to his account. Rolfe's lips tightened and a sudden pallor overspread his face. "Nantauquas?" he muttered in my ear, and I nodded yes.

The volley that we fired full into the ranks of our foe was deadly, and we looked to see them turn and flee, as they had fled before. But this time they were led by one who had been trained in English steadfastness. Broken for the moment, they rallied and came on yelling, bearing logs, thick branches of trees, oars tied together, — anything by whose help they could hope to surmount the palisade. We fired again, but they had planted their ladders. Before we could snatch the loaded muskets from the women a dozen painted figures appeared above the sharpened stakes. A moment, and they and a score behind them had leaped down upon us.

It was no time now to skulk behind a palisade. At all hazards, that tide from the forest must be stemmed. Those that were amongst us we might kill, but more were swarming after them, and from the neck came the exultant yelling of madly hurrying reinforcements.

We flung open the gates. I drove my sword through the heart of an Indian who would have opposed me, and, calling for men to follow me, sprang forward. Perhaps thirty came at my call; together we made for the opening. The savages who were among us interposed. We set upon them with sword and musket butt, and though they fought like very devils we drove them through the gateway. Behind us were the wild clamor, the shrieking of women, stern shouts of the English, the whooping of the savages; before us was a rush that must be met and turned.

It was done. A moment's fierce fighting, then the Indians wavered, broke, and fled. Like sheep we drove them before us, across the neck, to the edge of the forest, into which they plunged. Into that ambush we cared not to follow, but fell back to the palisade and the town, believing, and with reason, that the lesson had been taught. The strip of sand was strewn with the dead and the dying, but they belonged not to us. Our dead numbered but three, and we bore their bodies with us.

Within the palisade we found the English in sufficiently good case. Of the score or more Indians cut off by us from their mates and penned within that death trap, half at least were already dead, run through with sword and pike, shot down with the muskets that there was now time to load. The remainder, hemmed about, pressed against the wall, were fast meeting with a like fate. They stood no chance against us; we cared not to make prisoners of them; it was a slaughter, but they had taken the initiative. They fought with the courage of despair, striving to spring in upon us, striking when they could with hatchet and knife, and through it all talking and laughing, making God knows what savage boasts, what taunts against the English, what references to the hunting grounds to which they were going. They were brave men that we slew that day.

At last there was left but the leader, — unharmed, unwounded, though time and again he had striven to close with some one of us, to strike and to die striking with his fellows. Behind him was the wall: of the half-circle which he faced, well-nigh all were old soldiers

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and servants of the colony, gentlemen none of whom had come in later than Dale, — Rolfe, West, Wynne, and others. We were swordsmen all. When in his desperation he would have thrown himself upon us, we contented ourselves with keeping him at sword's length, and at last West sent the knife in the dark hand whirling over the palisade. Some one had shouted to the musketeers to spare him.

When he saw that he stood alone, he stepped back against the wall, drew himself up to his full height, and folded his arms. Perhaps he thought that we would shoot him down then and there; perhaps he saw himself a captive amongst us, a show for the idle and for the strangers that the ships brought in.

The din had ceased, and we the living, the victors, stood and looked at the vanquished dead at our feet and at the dead beyond the gates, and at the neck upon which was no living foe, and at the blue sky bending over all. Our hearts told us, and told us truly, that the lesson had been taught, that no more forever need we at Jamestown fear an Indian attack. And then we looked at him whose life we had spared.

He opposed our gaze with his folded arms, and his head held high, and his back against the wall. Many of us could remember him, a proud, shy lad, coming for the first time from the forest with his sister to see the English village and its wonders. For idleness we had set him in our midst that summer day, long ago, on the green by the fort, and had called him "your royal highness," laughing at the quickness of our wit, and admiring the spirit and bearing of the lad and the promise he gave of a splendid manhood. And all knew the tale I had brought the night before.

Slowly, as one man, and with no spoken word, we fell back, the half circle straightening into a line and leaving a clear pathway to the open gate. The wind had ceased to blow, I remember, and a sunny stillness lay upon the sand, and the rough-hewn wooden stakes, and a little patch of tender grass across which stretched a dead man's arm. The church bells began to ring.

The Indian out of whose path to life and freedom we had stood glanced from the line of lowered steel to the open gates and the forest beyond, and understood. For a full minute he waited, moving not a muscle, still and stately as some noble masterpiece in bronze. Then he stepped from the shadow of the wall, and moved past us through the sunshine that turned the eagle feather in his scalp lock to gold. His eyes were fixed upon the forest; there was no change in the superb calm of his face. He went by the huddled dead and the long line of the living that spoke no word, and out of the gates and across the neck, walking slowly that we might yet shoot him down if we saw fit to repent ourselves, and proudly like a king's son. There was no sound save the church bells ringing for our deliverance. He reached the shadow of the trees: a moment, and the forest had back her own.

We sheathed our swords, and listened to the Governor's few earnest words of thankfulness and of recognition of this or that man's service; and then we set to work to clear the ground of the dead, to place sentinels, to bring the town into order, to determine what policy we should pursue, to search for ways by which we might reach and aid those who might be yet alive in the plantations above and below us.

We could not go through the forest, where every tree might hide a foe, but there was the river. For the most part, the houses of the English had been built, like mine at Weyanoke, very near to the water. I volunteered to lead a party up river, and Wynne to go with another toward the bay. But as the council at the Governor's was breaking up, and as Wynne and I were hurrying

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off to make our choice of the craft at the landing, there came a great noise from the watchers upon the bank, and a cry that boats were coming down the stream.

It was so, and there were in them white men, nearly all of whom had their wounds to show, and cowering women and children. One boat had come from the plantation at Paspahegh, and two from Martin-Brandon; they held all that were left of the people. A woman had in her lap the body of a child, and would not let us take it from her; another, with a half-severed arm, crouched above a man who lay in his blood in the bottom of the boat.

Thus began that strange procession that lasted throughout the afternoon and night and into the next day, when a sloop came down from Henricus with the news that the English were in force there to stand their ground, although their loss had been heavy. Hour after hour they came, as fast as sail and oar could bring them, the panic-stricken folk, whose homes were burned, whose kindred were slain, who had themselves escaped as by a miracle. Many were sorely wounded, so that they died when we lifted them from the boats; others had slighter hurts. Each boatload had the same tale to tell of treachery, surprise, and fiendish butchery. Wherever it had been possible the English had made a desperate defense, in the face of which the savages gave way, and finally retired to the forest. Contrary to their wont, the Indians took few prisoners, but for the most part slew outright those whom they seized, wreaking their spite upon the senseless corpses. A man too good for this world, George Thorpe, who would think no evil, was killed, and his body mutilated, by those whom he had taught and loved. And Nathaniel Powel was dead, and four others of the Council, besides many more of name and note. There were many women slain, and little children.

From the stronger hundreds came tidings of the number lost, and that the survivors would hold the homes that were left, for the time at least. The Indians had withdrawn; it remained to be seen if they were satisfied with the havoc they had wrought. Would his Honor send by boat — there could be no traveling through the woods — news of how others had fared, and also powder and shot?

Before the dawning we had heard from all save the remoter settlements. The blow had been struck, and the hurt was deep. But it was not beyond remedy, thank God! It is known what measures we took for our protection, and how soon the wound to the colony was healed, and what vengeance we meted out to those who had set upon us in the dark and had failed to reach the heart. These things belong to history, and I am but telling my own story, — mine and another's.

In the chill and darkness of the hour before dawn something like quiet fell upon the distracted, breathless town. There was a pause in the coming of the boats. The wounded and the dying had been cared for, and the noise of the women and the children was stilled at last. All was well at the palisade; the strong party encamped upon the neck reported the forest beyond them as still as death.

In the Governor's house was held a short council, subdued and quiet, for we were all of one mind, and our words were few. It was decided that the George should sail at once with the tidings, and with an appeal for arms and powder and a supply of men. The Esperance would still be with us, besides the Hope-in-God and the Tiger; the Margaret and John would shortly come in, being already overdue.

"My Lord Carnal goes upon the George, gentlemen," said Master Pory. "He sent but now to demand if she sailed to-morrow. He is ill, and would be at home."

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One or two glanced at me, but I sat with a face like stone, and the Governor, rising, broke up the council.

I left the house, and the street that was lit with torches and noisy with going to and fro, and went down to the river. Rolfe had been detained by the Governor, West commanded the party at the neck. There were great fires burning along the river bank, and men watching for the incoming boats; but I knew of a place where no guard was set, and where one or two canoes were moored. No firelight was there, and no one saw me when I entered a canoe, cut the rope, and pushed off from the land.

Well-nigh a day and a night had passed since Lady Wyatt had told me that which made for my heart a night-time indeed. I believed my wife to be dead, — yea, I trusted that she was dead. I hoped that it had been quickly over, — one blow. Better that, oh, better that a thousand times, than that she should have been carried off to some village, saved to-day to die a thousand deaths to-morrow.

But I thought that there might have been left, lying on the dead leaves of the forest, that fair shell from which the soul had flown. I knew not where to go, — to the north, to the east, to the west, — but go I must. I had no hope of finding that which I went to seek, and no thought but to take up that quest. I was a soldier, and I had stood to my post; but now the need was past, and I could go. In the hall at the Governor's house I had written a line of farewell to Rolfe, and had given the paper into the hand of a trusty fellow, charging him not to deliver it for two hours to come.

I rowed two miles downstream through the quiet darkness, — so quiet after the hubbub of the town. When I turned my boat to the shore the day was close at hand. The stars were gone, and a pale, cold light, more desolate than the dark, streamed from the east, across which ran, like a faded blood stain, a smear of faint red. Upon the forest the mist lay heavy. When I drove the boat in amongst the sedge and reeds below the bank, I could see only the trunks of the nearest trees, hear only the sullen cry of some river bird that I had disturbed.

Why I was at some pains to fasten the boat to a sycamore that dipped a pallid arm into the stream I do not know. I never thought to come back to the sycamore; I never thought to bend to an oar again, to behold again the river that the trees and the mist hid from me before I had gone twenty yards into the forest.

XXXIX.

IN WHICH WE LISTEN TO A SONG.

It was like a May morning, so mild was the air, so gay the sunshine, when the mist had risen. Wild flowers were blooming, and here and there unfolding leaves made a delicate fretwork against a deep blue sky. The wind did not blow; everywhere were stillness soft and sweet, dewy freshness, careless peace.

Hour after hour I walked slowly through the woodland, pausing now and then to look from side to side. It was idle going, wandering in a desert with no guiding star. The place where I would be might lie to the east, to the west. In the wide enshrouding forest I might have passed it by. I believed not that I had done so. Surely, surely I should have known; surely the voice that lived only in my heart would have called to me to stay.

Beside a newly felled tree, in a glade starred with small white flowers, I came upon the bodies of a man and a boy, so hacked, so hewn, so robbed of all comeliness, that at the sight the heart stood still and the brain grew sick. Farther on was a clearing, and in the midst of it

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the charred and blackened walls of what had been a home. I crossed the freshly turned earth, and looked in at the cabin door with the stillness and the sunshine. A woman lay dead upon the floor, her outstretched hand clenched upon the foot of a cradle. I entered the room, and, looking within the cradle, found that the babe had not been spared. Taking up the little waxen body, I laid it within the mother's arms, and went my way over the sunny doorstep and the earth that had been made ready for planting. A white butterfly — the first of the year — fluttered before me; then rose through a mist of green and passed from my sight.

The sun climbed higher into the deep blue sky. Save where grew pines or cedars there were no shadowy places in the forest. The slight green of uncurling leaves, the airy scarlet of the maples, the bare branches of the tardier trees, opposed no barrier to the sunlight. It streamed into the world below the tree-tops, and lay warm upon the dead leaves and the green moss and the fragile wild flowers. There was a noise of birds, and a fox barked. All was lightness, gayety, and warmth; the sap was running, the heyday of the spring at hand. Ah, to be riding with her, to be going home through the fairy forest, the sunshine, and the singing! The happy miles to Weyanoke, the smell of the sassafras in its woods, the house all lit and trimmed, the fire kindled, the wine upon the table; Diccon's welcoming face, and his hand upon Black Lamoral's bridle; the minister too, maybe, with his great heart and his kindly eyes; her hand in mine, her head upon my breast —

The vision faded. Never, never, never for me a home-coming such as that, so deep, so dear, so sweet. The men who were my friends, the woman whom I loved, had gone into a far country. This world was not their home. They had crossed the threshold while I lagged behind. The door was shut, and without were the night and I.

With the fading of the vision came a sudden consciousness of a presence in the forest other than my own. I turned sharply, and saw an Indian walking with me, step for step, but with a space between us of earth and brown tree trunks and drooping branches. For a moment I thought that he was shadow, not substance; then I stood still, waiting for him to speak or to draw nearer. At the first glimpse of the bronze figure I had touched my sword, but when I saw who it was I let my hand fall. He too paused, but he did not offer to speak. With his hand upon a great bow he waited, motionless in the sunlight. A minute or more thus; then I walked on, with my eyes upon him.

At once he addressed himself to motion, not speaking or making any sign or lessening the distance between us, but moving as I moved through the light and shade, the warmth and stillness, of the forest. For a time I kept my eyes upon him, but soon I was back with my dreams again. It seemed not worth while to wonder why he walked with me, who was now the mortal foe of the people to whom he had returned.

From the river bank, the sycamore, and the boat that I had fastened there, I had gone northward toward the Pamunkey; from the clearing and the ruined cabin with the dead within it, I had turned to the eastward. Now, in that hopeless wandering, I would have faced the north again. But the Indian who had made himself my traveling companion stopped short, and pointed to the east. I looked at him, and thought that he knew, maybe, of some war party between us and the Pamunkey, and would save me from it. A listlessness had come upon me, and I obeyed the pointing finger.

So, estranged and silent, with two spears' length of earth between us, we went on until we came to a quiet stream flowing between low, dark banks. Again I would have turned to the northward,

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but the son of Powhatan, gliding before me, set his face down the stream, toward the river I had left. A minute in which I tried to think and could not, because in my ears was the singing of the birds at Weyanoke; then I followed him.

How long I walked in a dream, hand in hand with the sweetness of the past, I do not know; but when the present and its anguish weighed again upon my heart, it was darker, colder, stiller, in the forest. The soundless stream was bright no longer; the golden sunshine that had lain upon the earth was all gathered up; the earth was dark and smooth and bare, with not a flower; the tree trunks were many and straight and tall. Above were no longer brown branch and blue sky, but a deep and sombre green, thick-woven, keeping out the sunlight like a pall. I stood still and gazed around me, and knew the place.

To me, whose heart was haunted, the dismal wood, the charmed silence, the withdrawal of the light, were less than nothing. All day I had looked for one sight of horror; yea, had longed to come at last upon it, to fall beside it, to embrace it with my arms. There, there, though it should be some fair and sunny spot, there would be my haunted wood. As for this place of gloom and stillness, it fell in with my mood. More welcome than the mocking sunshine were this cold and solemn light, this deathlike silence, these ranged pines. It was a place in which to think of life as a slight thing and scarcely worth the while; given without the asking; spent in turmoil, strife, suffering, and longings all in vain. Easily laid down, too, — so easily laid down that the wonder was —

I looked at the ghostly wood, and at the dull stream, and at my hand upon the hilt of the sword that I had drawn halfway from the scabbard. The life within that hand I had not asked for. Why should I stand like a soldier left to guard a thing not worth the guarding; seeing his comrades march homeward, hearing a cry to him from his distant hearthstone?

I drew my sword well-nigh from its sheath; and then of a sudden I saw the matter in a truer light, knew that I was indeed the soldier, and willed to be neither coward nor deserter. The blade dropped back into the scabbard with a clang, and, straightening myself, I walked on beside the sluggish stream deep into the haunted wood.

Presently it occurred to me to glance aside at the Indian who had kept pace with me through the forest. He was not there; he walked with me no longer; save for myself there seemed no breathing creature in the dim wood. I looked to right and left, and saw only the tall, straight pines and the needle-strewn ground. How long he had been gone I could not tell. He might have left me when first we came to the pines, for my dreams had held me, and I had not looked his way.

There was that in the twilight place, or in the strangeness, the horror, and the yearning that had kept company with me that day, or in the dull weariness of a mind and body overwrought of late, which made thought impossible. I went on down the stream toward the river, because it chanced that my face was set in that direction.

How dark was the shadow of the pines, how lifeless the earth beneath, how faint and far away the blue that showed here and there through rifts in the heavy roof of foliage! The stream bending to one side I turned with it, and there before me stood the minister!

I do not know what strangled cry burst from me. The earth was rocking, all the wood a glare of light. As for him, at the sight of me and the sound of my voice he had staggered back against a tree; but now, recovering himself, he ran to me and put his great arms about me. "From the power of the dog, from the lion's mouth!" he cried brokenly. "And they slew thee not, Ralph, the hea-

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then who took thee away! Yesternight I learned that thou livedst, but I looked not for thee here."

I scarce heard or marked what he was saying, and found no time in which to wonder at his knowledge that I had not perished. I only saw that he was alone, and that in the evening wood there was no sign of other living creature.

"Yea, they slew me not, Jeremy," I said. "I would that they had done so. And you are alone? I am glad that you died not, my friend; yes, faith, I am very glad that one escaped. Tell me about it, and I will sit here upon the bank and listen. Was it done in this wood? A gloomy deathbed, friend, for one so young and fair. She should have died to soft music, in the sunshine, with flowers about her."

With an exclamation he put me from him, but kept his hand upon my arm and his steady eyes upon my face.

"She loved laughter and sunshine and sweet songs," I continued. "She can never know them in this wood. They are outside; they are outside the world, I think. It is sad, is it not? Faith, I think it is the saddest thing I have ever known."

He clapped his other hand upon my shoulder. "Wake, man!" he commanded. "If thou shouldst go mad now — Wake! Thy brain is turning. Hold to thyself. Stand fast, as thou art soldier and Christian. Ralph, she is not dead. She will wear flowers, — thy flowers, — sing, laugh, move through the sunshine of earth for many and many a year, please God! Art listening, Ralph? Canst hear what I am saying?"

"I hear," I said at last, "but I do not well understand."

He pushed me back against a pine, and held me there with his hands upon my shoulders. "Listen," he said, speaking rapidly and keeping his eyes upon mine. "All those days that you were gone, when all the world declared you dead, she believed you living. She saw party after party come back without you, and she believed that you were left behind in the forest. Also, she knew that the George waited but for the search to be quite given over, and for my Lord Carnal's recovery. She had been told that the King's command might not be defied, that the Governor had no choice but to send her from Virginia. Ralph, I watched her, and I knew that she meant not to go upon that ship. Three nights agone she stole from the Governor's house, and, passing through the gates that the sleeping warder had left unfastened, went toward the forest. I saw her and followed her, and at the edge of the forest I spoke to her. I stayed her not, I brought her not back, Ralph, because I was convinced that an I did so she would die. I knew of no great danger, and I trusted in the Lord to show me what to do, step by step, and how to guide her gently back when she was weary of wandering, — when, worn out, she was willing to give up the quest for the dead. Art following me, Ralph?"

"Yes," I answered quietly. "I was nigh mad, Jeremy, for my faith was not like hers. I have looked on Death too much of late, and yesterday all men believed that he had come to dwell in the forest, and had swept clean his house before him. But you escaped, you both escaped" —

"God's hand was over us," he said reverently. "This is the way of it: She had been ill, you know, and of late she had taken no thought of food or sleep. She was so weak, we had to go so slowly, and so winding was our path, who knew not the country, that the evening found us not far upon our way, if way we had. We came to a cabin in a clearing, and they whose home it was gave us shelter for the night. In the morning, when the father and son would go forth to their work, we walked with them. We bade them good-by when they came to the trees they meant to

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fell, and went on alone. We had not gone an hundred paces, when, looking back, we saw three Indians start from the dimness of the forest and set upon and slay the man and the boy. That murder done they gave chase to me, who caught up thy wife and ran for both our lives. When I saw that they were light of foot and would overtake me, I set my burden down, and, drawing a sword that I had with me, went back to meet them halfway. Ralph, I slew all three, — may the Lord have mercy on my soul! I knew not what to think of that attack, the peace with the Indians being so profound, and I began to fear for thy wife's safety. She knew not the woods, and I managed to turn our steps back toward Jamestown without her knowledge that I did so. It was about midday when we saw the gleam of the river through the trees before us, and heard the sound of firing and of a great yelling. I made her crouch within a thicket, while I myself went forward to reconnoitre, and well-nigh stumbled into the midst of an army. Yelling, painted, maddened, brandishing their weapons toward the town, human hair dabbled with blood at the belts of many, — in the name of God, Ralph, what is the meaning of it all?"

"It means," I said, "that yesterday they rose against us and slew us by the hundred. The town was warned and is safe. Go on."

"I crept back to madam," he continued, "and hurried her away from that dangerous neighborhood. We found a growth of bushes, and hid ourselves within it, and just in time; for from the north came a great band of picked warriors, tall and black and wondrously feathered, fresh to the fray, whatever the fray might be. They joined themselves to the imps upon the river bank, and presently we heard another great din, with more firing and more yelling. Well, to make a long story short, we crouched there in the bushes until late afternoon, not knowing what was the matter, and not daring to venture forth to find out. The woman of the cabin at which we had slept had given us a packet of bread and meat, so we were not without food, but the time was long. And then of a sudden the wood around us was filled with the heathen, band after band, coming from the river, stealing like serpents this way and that into the depths of the forest. They saw us not in the thick bushes; maybe it was because of the prayers which I said with might and main. At last the distance swallowed them; the forest seemed clear, no sound, no motion. Long we waited, but with the sunset we stole from the bushes and down an aisle of the forest toward the river, rounded a little wood of cedar, and came full upon perhaps fifty of the savages" — He paused to draw a great breath and to raise his brows after a fashion that he had.

"Go on, go on!" I cried. "What did you do? You have said that she is alive and safe!"

"She is," he answered, "but no thanks to me, though I did set lustily upon that painted fry. Who led them, d'ye think, Ralph? Who saved us from those bloody hands?"

A light broke in upon me. "I know," I said. "And he brought you here" —

"Ay, he sent away the devils whose color he is, worse luck! He told us that there were Indians, not of his tribe, between us and the town. If we went on, we should fall into their hands. But there was a place that was shunned by the Indian as by the white man: we could bide there until the morrow, when we might find the woods clear. He guided us to this dismal wood that was not altogether strange to us. Ay, he told her that you were alive. He said no more than that. All at once, when we were well within the wood and the twilight was about us, he was gone."

He ceased to speak, and stood regard-

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ing me with a smile upon his rugged face. I took his hand and raised it to my lips. "I owe you more than I can ever pay," I said. "Where is she, my friend?"

"Not far away," he answered. "We sought the centre of the wood, and because she was so chilled and weary and shaken I did dare to build a fire there. Not a foe has come against us, and we waited but for the dusk of this evening to try to make the town. I came down to the stream just now to find, if I could, how near we were to the river" —

He broke off, made a gesture with his hand toward one of the long aisles of pine trees, then, with a muttered "God bless you both," left me, and, going a little way down the stream, stood with his back to a great tree and his eyes upon the slow, deep water.

She was coming. I watched the slight figure grow out of the dusk between the trees, and the darkness in which I had walked of late fell away. The wood that had been so gloomy was a place of sunlight and song; had red roses sprung up around me, I had felt no wonder. She came softly and slowly, with bent head and hanging arms, not knowing that I was near. I went not to meet her, — it was my fancy to have her come to me still, — but when she raised her eyes and saw me I fell upon my knees.

For a moment she stood still, with her hands at her bosom; then softly and slowly through the dusky wood she came to me and touched me upon the shoulder. "Art come to take me home?" she asked. "I have wept and prayed and waited long, but now the spring is here and the woods are growing green."

I took her hands and bowed my head upon them. "I believed thee dead," I said. "I thought that thou hadst gone home indeed, and I was left in the world alone. I can never tell thee how I love thee."

"I need no telling," she answered. "I am glad that I did so forget my womanhood as to come to Virginia on such an errand; glad that they did laugh at and insult me in the meadow at Jamestown, for else thou mightst have given me no thought; very heartily glad that thou didst buy me with thy handful of tobacco. With all my heart I love thee, my knight, my lover, my lord and husband" — Her voice broke, and I felt the trembling of her frame. "I love not thy tears upon my hands," she murmured. "I have wandered far, and am weary. Wilt rise, and put thy arm around me and lead me home?"

I stood up, and she came to my arms like a tired bird to its nest. I bent my head, and kissed her upon the brow, the blue-veined eyelids, the perfect lips. "I love thee," I said. "The song is old, but it is sweet. See, I wear thy colors, my lady."

The hand that had touched the ribbon upon my arm stole upwards to my lips. "An old song, but a sweet one," she said. "I love thee. I shall always love thee. My head may lie upon thy breast, but my heart lies at thy feet."

There was joy in the haunted wood, deep peace, quiet thankfulness, a springtime of the heart, — not riotous, like the May, but fair and grave and tender, like the young world in the sunshine without the pines. Our lips met again, and then, with my arm around her, we moved to the giant pine beneath which stood the minister. He turned at our approach, and looked at us with a quiet, kindly smile, though the water stood in his eyes. "'Heaviness may endure for a night,'" he said, "'but joy cometh in the morning.' I thank God for you both."

"Last summer, in the green meadow, we knelt before you while you blessed us, Jeremy," I answered. "Bless us now again, true friend and man of God."

He laid his hands upon our bowed heads and blessed us, and then we three moved through the dismal wood and beside the sluggish stream down to the

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great bright river. Ere we reached it the pines had fallen away, the haunted wood was behind us, our steps were set through a fairy world of greening bough and springing bloom. The blue sky laughed above, the late sunshine barred our path with gold. When we came to the river, it lay in silver at our feet, making low music amongst its reeds.

I had bethought me of the boat which I had fastened that morning to the sycamore between us and the town, and now we moved along the river bank until we should come to the tree. Though we walked through an enemy's country, we saw no foe. Stillness and peace encompassed us: it was like a beautiful dream from which one fears no wakening.

As we went, I told them — speaking low, for we knew not if we were yet in safety — of the slaughter that had been made and of Diccon. My wife shuddered and wept, and the minister drew long breaths, while his hands opened and closed. And then, when she asked me, I told of how I had been trapped to the ruined hut that night, and of all that had followed. When I had done, she turned within my arm and clung to me, with her face hidden. I kissed her and comforted her; and presently we came to the sycamore tree reaching out over the clear water, and to the boat that I had fastened there.

The sunset was nigh at hand and all the west was pink. The wind had died away, and the river lay like tinted glass between the dark borders of the forest. Above the sky was blue, while in the south rose clouds that were like pillars, tall and golden. The air was soft as silk; there was no sound other than the ripple of the water about our keel and the low dash of the oars. The minister rowed, while I sat idle beside my love. He would have it so, and I made slight demur.

We left the bank behind us and glided into the midstream, for it was as well to be out of arrowshot. The shadow of the forest was gone; still and bright around us lay the mighty river. When at last the boat's head turned to the west, we saw far up the stream the roofs of Jamestown, dark against the rosy sky.

"There is a ship going home," said the minister.

We to whom he spoke looked with him down the river, and saw a tall ship with her prow to the ocean. All her sails were set; the last rays of the sinking sun struck against her poop windows and made of them a half-moon of fire. She went slowly, for the wind was light, but she went surely, away from the new land back to the old, down the stately river to the bay and the wide ocean, and to the burial at sea of one upon her. With her pearly sails and the line of flame color beneath, she looked a dwindling cloud; a little while, and she would be claimed of the distance and the dusk.

"It is the George," I said.

The lady who sat beside me caught her breath.

"Ay, sweetheart," I went on. "She carries one for whom she waited. He has gone from out our life forever."

She uttered a low cry and turned to me, trembling, her lips parted, her eyes eloquent.

"We will not speak of him," I said. "As if he were dead let his name rest between us. I have another thing to tell thee, dear heart, dear court lady masking as a waiting damsel, dear ward of the King whom his Majesty hath thundered against for so many weary months. Would it grieve thee to go home, after all?"

"Home?" she asked. "To Weyanoke? That would not grieve me."

"Not to Weyanoke, but to England," I said. "The George is gone, but three days since the Esperance came in. When she sails again I think that we must go."

She gazed at me with a whitening face. "And you?" she whispered. "How will you go? In chains?"

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I took her clasped hands, parted them, and drew her arms around my neck. "Ay," I answered, "I will go in chains that I care not to have broken. My dear love, I think that the summer lies fair before us. Listen while I tell thee of news that the Esperance brought."

While I told of new orders from the Company to the Governor and of my letter from Buckingham, the minister rested upon his oars that he might hear the better. When I had ceased to speak he bent to them again, and his tireless strength sent us swiftly over the glassy water toward the town that was no longer distant. "I am more glad than I can tell you, Ralph and Jocelyn," he said, and the smile with which he spoke made his face beautiful.

The light streaming to us from the ruddy west laid roses in the cheeks of the sometime ward of the King, and the low wind lifted the dark hair from her forehead. Her head was on my breast, her hand in mine; we cared not to speak, we were so happy. On her finger was her wedding ring, the ring that was only a link torn from the gold chain Prince Maurice had given me. When she saw my eyes upon it, she raised her hand and kissed the rude circlet.

The hue of the sunset lingered in cloud and water, and in the pale heavens above the rose and purple shone the evening star. The cloudlike ship at which we had gazed was gone into the distance and the twilight; we saw her no more. Broad between its blackening shores stretched the James, mirroring the bloom in the west, the silver star, the lights upon the Esperance that lay between us and the town. Aboard her the mariners were singing, and their song of the sea floated over the water to us, sweetly and like a love song. We passed the ship unhailed, and glided on to the haven where we would be. The singing behind us died away, but the song in our hearts kept on. All things die not: while the soul lives, love lives; the song may be now gay, now plaintive, but it is deathless.

Mary Johnston.

(*The end.*)

THE TRANSITION FROM SCHOOL TO COLLEGE.

College life is the supreme privilege of youth. Rich men's sons from private schools may take it carelessly, as something to enjoy unearned, like their own daily bread; yet the true title to it is the title earned in college day by day. The privilege of entering college admits to the privilege of deserving college; college life belongs to the great things, at once joyous and solemn, that are not to be entered into lightly.

Now the things that are not to be entered into lightly (such as marriage and the ministry) are often the things that men enter prepared viciously or not prepared at all; and college life is no exception. "There had always lain a pleasant notion at the back of his head," says Mr. Kipling of Harvey Cheyne's father, who had left the boy to the care of a useless wife, "that some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner, and ally; and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together, — the old head backing the young fire."

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Such fatal gaps in calculation, common with preoccupied fathers, are not uncommon with teachers, — the very men whose life work is fitting boys for life.

To prepare a boy for examinations that admit to college requires skill, but is easy; to prepare a boy for college is a problem that no teacher and no school has ever solved. In the widest sense, the transition from school to college is almost coincident with the transition from youth to manhood, — often a time when the physical being is excitable and ill controlled, when the mind suffers from the lassitude of rapid bodily growth, and when the youth's whole conception of his relation to other people is distorted by conceit. Sensitive to his own importance, just beginning to know his power for good or evil, he is shot into new and exciting surroundings, — out of a discipline that drove and held him with whip and rein into a discipline that trusts him to see the road and to travel in it. If we add to this the new and alluring arguments for vice as an expression of fully developed manhood, we have some notion of the struggle in which a boy — away from home, it may be, for the first time — is expected to conquer. The best school is the school that best prepares him for this struggle; not the school that guards him most sternly or most tenderly, nor the school that guards him not at all, but the school that steadily increases his responsibility, and as steadily strengthens him to meet it. The best college is the college that makes him a man.

The first feeling of a Freshman is confusion; the next is often a strange elation at the discovery that now at last his elders have given him his head. "I never shall forget," says a noted preacher, "how I felt when I found myself a Freshman, — a feeling that all restraint was gone, and that I might go to the Devil just as fast as I pleased." This is the transition from school to college.

In a man's life there must be, as everybody knows, a perilous time of going out into the world: to many it comes at the beginning of a college course; to many — possibly to most who go to college at all — it has already come at school. The larger and less protected boarding school or academy is constantly threatened with every vice known to a college; the cloistered private school affords, from its lack of opportunity for some vices, peculiar temptation to others; the day school, if in or near a large city, contains boys for whose bad habits, not yet revealed, their parents by and by will hold the college responsible. I remember a group of boys going daily from cultivated homes to an excellent school, each of whom, in college, came to one grief or another, and each of whom, I am convinced, had made straight at home and at school the way to that grief. The transition from school to college was merely the continuation in a larger world of what they had begun in a smaller.

A continuation is what the transition ought to be: the problem is how to make it a continuation of the right sort. "What is the matter with your college?" says a teacher who cares beyond all else for the moral and religious welfare of his pupils. "I keep my boys for years: I send them to you in September, and by Christmas half of them have degenerated. They have lost punctuality; they have lost application; they have no responsibility; and some of them are gone to the bad." "What is the matter with your school," the college retorts, "that in half a dozen years it cannot teach a boy to stand up three months? College is the world; fitting for college is fitting for life: what is the matter with your school?" He who loses his ideals loses the very bloom of life. To see a young man's ideals rapidly slipping away, while his face grows coarser and coarser, is one of the saddest sights in college or out of it. What is his training good for, if it has not taught him the folly, the misery, and the

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wrong of dabbling in evil? If he must believe that no man is wise till he has come to know the resorts of gamblers and harlots, and has indulged himself for experience' sake in a little gentlemanly vice, can he not put off the acquaintance four years more, by the end of which time he may have learned some wiser way of getting wisdom? Besides, in the course of those four years (and the chance is better than even) he may meet some girl for whose sake he will be glad that his record has been clean. Cannot a school which closely watches its boys while their characters are moulding teach them to keep their heads level and their hearts true, save them from the wrongs that never can be righted, send them to college and through college, faulty it must be, but at least unstained?

The main object of school and college is the same, — to establish character, and to make that character more efficient through knowledge; to make moral character more efficient through mental discipline. In the transition from school to college, continuity of the best influence, mental and moral, is the thing most needful. Oddly enough, the only continuity worthy of the name is often (in its outward aspects) neither mental nor moral, but athletic. An athlete is watched at school as an athlete, enters college as an athlete; and if he is a good athlete, and if he takes decent care of his body, he continues his college course as an athlete, — with new experiences, it is true, but always with the thread of continuity fairly visible, and with the relation of training to success clearly in view. Palpably bad as the management of college athletics has been and is, misleading as the predominance of athletics in an institution of learning may be, the fact remains that in athletics lies a saving power, and that for many a boy no better bridge of the gap between school and college has yet been found than the bridge afforded by athletics. The Freshman athlete, left to himself, is likely to fall behind in his studies; but unless he is singularly unreasonable or vicious, he is where an older student of clear head and strong will can keep him straight, — can at least save him from those deplorable falls that, to a greater or less degree, bruise and taint a whole life. "The trouble will begin," said a wise man, talking to sub-Freshmen, "in the first fortnight. Some evening you will be with a lot of friends in somebody's room, when something is proposed that you know is n't just right. Stop it if you can; if not, go home and go to bed, and in the morning you will be glad you did n't stay." The first danger in the transition from boyhood to manhood is the danger in what is called "knowing life." It is so easy to let mere vulgar curiosity pose as the search for truth. A Senior, who had been in a fight at a public dance, said in defense of himself: "I think I have led a pretty clean life in these four years; but I believe that going among all sorts of people and knowing them is the best thing college life can give us." The old poet knew better: —

> "Let no man say there, 'Virtue's flinty wall
> Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none but know all.'
> Men are sponges, which, to pour out, receive;
> Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive:
> For in best understandings sin began;
> Angels sinned first, then devils, and then man."

Here comes in to advantage the ambition of the athlete. Football begins with or before the college year. Training for football means early hours, clean life, constant occupation for body and mind. Breach of training means ostracism. That this game tides many a Freshman over a great danger, by keeping him healthily occupied, I have come firmly to believe. It supplies what President Eliot calls "a new and effective motive for resisting all sins which weaken

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or corrupt the body;" it appeals to ambition and to self-restraint; it gives to crude youth a task in which crude youth can attain finish and skill, can feel the power that comes of surmounting tremendous obstacles and of recognition for surmounting them; moreover, like war, it affords an outlet for the reckless courage of young manhood, — the same reckless courage that in idle days drives young men headlong into vice.

Has not hard study, also, a saving power? Yes, for some boys; but for a boy full of animal spirits, and not spurred to intellectual effort by poverty, the pressure is often too gentle, the reward too remote. Such a youth may be, in the first place, too well pleased with himself to understand his relation to his fellow men and the respectability of labor. He may fail to see that college life does not of itself make a man distinguished; in a vague way, he feels that the university is gratefully ornamented by his presence. No human creature can be more complacent than a Freshman, unless it is a Sophomore: yet the Freshman may be simply a being who, with no particular merit of his own, has received a great opportunity; and the Sophomore may be simply a being who has abused that opportunity for a year.

Now the Freshman meets, in a large modern college, a new theory of intellectual discipline. As Professor Peabody has beautifully expressed it, he passes "from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as an opportunity." Too often he regards study as an inferior opportunity; and having an option between study and loafing, he takes loafing. "In the Medical School," said a first-year medical student, "they give you a lot to do; and nobody cares in the least whether you do it." In other words, the Medical School may rely on the combined stimulus of intellectual ambition and bread and butter: its Faculty need not prod or cosset; it is a place of Devil take the hindmost. Yet the change in the attitude of teacher to pupil is not more sharply marked between college and medical school than between preparatory school and college. "There are only two ways of getting work out of a *boy*," said a young college graduate. "One is through emulation; the other is to stand behind and kick him.[1] Mr. X [a well-known schoolmaster] says, 'Jones, will you please do this or that;' Mr. Y stands behind Jones and kicks him into college." I do not accept the young graduate's alternative; but I have to admit that many boys are kicked, or whipped, or cosseted, or otherwise personally conducted into college, and, once there, are as hopelessly lost as a baby turned loose in London. "It took me about two years in college to get my bearings," said an earnest man, now a superintendent of schools. "I did n't loaf; I simply did n't know how to get at things. In those days there was nobody to go to for advice; and I had never *read* anything, — had never been inside of a public library. I did n't know where or how to take hold."

This is the story of a man who longed to take hold; and we must remember that many of our college boys do not at first care whether they take hold or not. It is only in football, not in study, that they have learned to tackle, and to tackle low. "A bolstered boy," says a wise mother, "is an unfortunate man." Many of these boys have been bolstered; many are mothers' boys; many have crammed day and night through the hot season to get into college, and, once in, draw a long breath and lie down. The main object of life is attained; and for any secondary object they are too tired to work. The old time-table of morning school gives place to a confusing arrangement which spreads recitations and lectures unevenly over the different days. They walk to a large lecture room, where

[1] Both ways are known in football, besides what is called "cursing up."

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a man who is not going to question them that day talks for an hour, more or less audibly. He is a long way off;[1] and though he is talking to somebody, he seems not to be talking to them. It is hard to listen; and if they take notes (a highly educational process) the notes will be poor: besides, if they need notes, they can buy them later. Why not let the lecture go, and sleep, or carve the furniture, or think about something else (girls, for instance)? These boys are in a poor frame of mind for new methods of instruction; yet new methods of instruction they must have. They must learn to depend upon themselves, to become men; and they must learn that hardest lesson of all, — that a man's freedom consists in binding himself: still again, they must learn these things at an age when the average boy has an ill-seasoned body, a half-trained mind, jarred nerves, his first large sum of money, all manner of diverting temptations, and a profound sense of his own importance. How can they be taken down, and not taken down too much, — thrown, and not thrown too hard? How can they be taught the responsibility of freedom? They face, it may be, an elective system which, at first sight, seems to make elective not this or that study, merely, but the habit of studying at all. Already they have been weakened by the failure of the modern parent and the modern educator to see steadily the power that is born of overcoming difficulties. What the mind indolently shrinks from is readily mistaken, by fond mothers, mercenary tutors, and some better people, as not suited to the genius of the boy in question. "It is too much for Jamie to learn those stupid rules of syntax, when he has a passion for natural history;" or, "George never could learn geometry, — and after all, we none of us use geometry in later life. He expects to be a lawyer, like his father; and I can't think of any good geometry can do him."

The change "from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as an opportunity" is a noble change for persons mature enough to turn opportunity into obligation; it is not a noble change for those who choose such studies only as they think they can pass with bought notes. Knowledge that does not overcome difficulties, knowledge that merely absorbs what it can without disagreeable effort, is not power; it is not even manly receptivity. Milton, to be sure, patient toiler and conqueror though he was, cried in his pain, "God loves not to plough out the heart of our endeavors with overhard and sad tasks:" but an overhard and sad task may be a plain duty; and even Milton, when he said this, was trying to get rid of what some people would call a plain duty, — his wife. When we consider the mass and the variety of the Freshmen's temptations, and what some one has called the "strain on their higher motives," we wonder more and more at the strength of the temptation to knowledge, whereby so many stand steady, and work their way out into clear-headed and trustworthy manhood.

One way to deal with these strange, excited, inexperienced, and intensely human things called Freshmen is to let them flounder till they drown or swim; and this way has been advocated by men who have no boys of their own. It is delightfully simple, if we can only shut eye and ear and heart and conscience; and it has a kind of plausibility in the examples of men who through rough usage have achieved strong character. "The objection," as the master of a great school said the other day, "is the waste; and," he added, "it is such an awful thing to waste human life!" This method is a cruel method, ignoring all the sensibilities of that delicate, high-strung instrument which we call the soul. If none but the fittest survived, the cruelty might be defended; but some, who un-

[1] A student whose name begins with Y told me once that he had never had a good seat in his life.

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happily cannot drown, become cramped swimmers for all their days. Busy and worn as a college teacher usually is, thirsty for the advancement of learning as he is assumed always to be, he cannot let hundreds of young men pass before him, unheeded and unbefriended. At Harvard College, the Faculty, through its system of advisers for Freshmen, has made a beginning; and though there are hardly enough advisers to go round, the system has proved its usefulness. At Harvard College, also, a large committee of Seniors and Juniors has assumed some responsibility for all the Freshmen. Each undertakes to see at the beginning of the year the Freshmen assigned to him, and to give every one of them, besides kindly greeting and good advice, the feeling that an experienced undergraduate may be counted on as a friend in need.

Whether colleges should guard their students more closely than they do — whether, for example, they should with gates and bars protect their dormitories against the inroads of bad women — is an open question. For the deliberately vicious such safeguards would amount to nothing; but for the weak they might lessen the danger of sudden temptation. Of what schools should do I can say little; for with schools I have little experience: but this I know, that some system of gradually increased responsibility is best in theory, and has proved good in practice. The scheme of making the older and more influential boys "Prefects" has worked well in at least one large preparatory school, and shows its excellence in the attitude of the Prefects when they come to college. This scheme makes a confident appeal to the maturity of some boys and the reasonableness of all, trusting all to see that the best hopes of teacher and scholar are one and the same.

The system of gradually increased responsibility at school must be met halfway by the system of friendly supervision at college, — supervision in which the older undergraduates are quite as important as the Faculty. The Sophomore who enjoys hazing (like the Dean who employs spies) is an enemy to civilization. The true state of mind, whether for professor or for student, was expressed by a college teacher long ago. "I hold it," he said, "a part of my business to do what I can for any wight that comes to this place." When all students of all colleges, and all boys of all schools, believe, and have the right to believe, that their teachers are their friends; when the educated public recognizes the truth that school and college should help each other in lifting our youth to the high ground of character, — the school never forgetting that boys are to be men, and the college never forgetting that men have been boys, — we shall come to the ideal of education. Toward this ideal we are moving, slowly but steadily. When we reach it, or even come so near it as to see it always, we shall cease to dread the transition from school to college.

L. B. R. Briggs.

REEFS.

LIKE unto reefs, bared by an ebbing sea,
Love's fears, erstwhile aflood with ecstasy,
Lift their dark brows above my heart's content,
As, step by step, he goes away from me.

Frances Bartlett.

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THE PLACE OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE preëminence of French literature over its modern rivals has been complacently taken for granted by most Frenchmen. There is something not unnatural — indeed, there is something worthy of respect — in this view, even though their manner of putting it may irritate or amuse. French national vanity has been gratified by many eminent writers, from Voltaire to M. Brunetière, at no small sacrifice of true perspective. Yet they have made brilliant and interesting comparisons between their own national literary product and that of Italy, Spain, Germany, and England, and one would hesitate to blame them for drawing chiefly self-flattering conclusions, if only they were less narrow in their methods, and did not follow one another so closely in their reading of foreign works. For what value has an estimate of Italian literature which is based almost entirely upon a knowledge of Tasso and Ariosto, with Dante omitted? What ground of comparison is furnished by an acquaintance with English literature through Shakespeare, Pope, Addison, and Byron only? And what are the chances of progress in the views of French critics, if they pursue merely the traditional round of English or Italian reading?

A foreigner's conception of the place of French literature may be equally ill balanced; but if so, it will be from some other cause than inability to appreciate anything that is not French. There are several excellent reasons why it may be useful to make a survey of the general relations of French literature. It may be that we entertain a high opinion of its merits, and wish to review the grounds of our liking; or we may want to consider, in the presence of so many claims for various studies, whether it is worth while, as much as ever, to read French. To diminish the danger which such an attempt invites, we must guard against merely conventional estimates, and leave out of account those authors whom, in some mysterious way, we have come to hold in honor without having really felt their power, or perhaps even read them. We are concerned with only so much of our own and of foreign literature as is vital to us now for purposes of general culture. Of Italian literature, a well-educated Frenchman might say Boccaccio, Tasso, and Ariosto were vital to him; but if he added Dante he would not be truly representative of his countrymen. We Americans and English, for our part, should perhaps say the Divine Comedy, parts of the Decameron, a very few of Petrarch's sonnets, and something of Manzoni and Leopardi; if we added Tasso and Ariosto it would be singular. Of French literature a much larger quantity is accessible to us and full of life, yet we must beware not to speak of even such great men as Pascal, Racine, Bossuet, and Saint-Simon as if their works were really our daily bread. And we must be careful not to take for granted that to Frenchmen all of English literature can mean what it does to us. Indeed, if we are frank, we shall admit that a large part of our literature has ceased to yield much sustenance even to us, whether through its remoteness or our own fault.

French literature possesses a signal advantage in the fact that a very large proportion of it is really vital to Frenchmen, and that most of what they enjoy we foreigners may also relish. It is easier in the case of French than in the case of English to say what is literature. The national genius has led to the maintenance of a rigid censorship by the highest courts of public opinion, — the Academy, the centralized system

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of education, and especially the most cultivated circles of Parisian readers. A few eminent critics and a succession of women distinguished for wit and taste have been the acknowledged jurists in these matters. The conventions thus established decide between excellent and inferior work, between the permanent and the ephemeral. The debates are long and minute; but when once the boundaries are sharply fixed, no educated person in France is exempt from reading the approved authors. A time limit is also set, not so much by convention as by convenience; it is generally agreed that one is not obliged to be acquainted with much that was written before the seventeenth century, on the ground that the language of the sixteenth century was not yet really modern French.

One result of these exclusions has been to render possible and necessary for Frenchmen a comprehensiveness of reading which is relatively infrequent with us, and in this way to supply, as it were, a national subject of thought, a national topic of conversation, a national fund of common interests. You can seldom be sure that more than a small minority of an English or American audience will appreciate a literary allusion; for though every one in the room may be well read, there is no telling just what he has read. In France you may quote from the canonized list of approved authors with full assurance of being understood by all educated persons.

Another result is that some tincture of literary taste and accomplishment has penetrated lower in the social mass than with us. Most French people, above the merely illiterate, do actually know something of their literature for the last three hundred years. They go to hear the plays of Racine, Corneille, Molière, Regnard, and Beaumarchais, as well as of Dumas fils and Augier. They are really acquainted at first-hand, however slightly, with Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Bossuet, La Bruyère, Madame de Sévigné, La Fontaine, Boileau, and Saint-Simon, with Montesquieu, Lesage, Voltaire, and Rousseau, as well as with the poets of 1830 and the recent novelists.

For the last three hundred years French literature has maintained a sort of corporate existence. We find in it less diversity of type than in ours; and it has been possible for one great critic to prove it to be the homogeneous product of a singularly unified people, and for another to trace the evolution of its forms. There may indeed be in the dogmatism of Taine and M. Brunetière a ruthless severity which has blinded them to whatever did not accord with their theories; but it is easy to see how the solidarity of French literature must tempt a speculative mind. For French literature is like a family dwelling in one great mansion. We advance to knock at the front door, and a troop of lively children flock about us on the steps. They are the gay farces and sparkling comedies and the sprightly stories which have enlivened the world from Molière's time to the days of the elder Dumas, Scribe, and Labiche. At the portal, if we are wise, we shall place ourselves under the guidance of Sainte-Beuve; for no one else is so well acquainted with the family history, ancient and modern, public and private, with genealogies and titles, with deeds of prowess, and with whispered scandals. He knows to a nicety the intricate relationships of every branch, and all degrees of cousinship. In his genial society we wander on, through quiet firelit rooms where easy-slippered old gentlemen are composing memoirs, — Joinville in his honorable eld, Sully unused but active in retirement, Saint-Simon indignant, resentful, his head smoking with fervor; through the cold cells of austere Pascal and gentle François de Sales; through apartments bright with a hundred tapers, where the ladies of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, or Madame de La Fayette, or Madame Sophie Gay, or our

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guide's friend, Madame Récamier, receive great wits and poets. He conducts us finally to the throne room, or hall of honor, where, on gilded chairs and with laurel-crowned brows, the family dignitaries sit in high confabulation: the king of comedy, sad-smiling Molière; the kings of tragedy, Corneille and Racine; the prince of preachers, Bossuet, with warning hand; Montaigne, asking hard questions; Rabelais, himself a riddle; La Fontaine, who chafes at so much pomp; Voltaire, whose vanity helps him endure it; Hugo, lord of many realms; noble Musset, bulky Balzac. In every countenance some lineament proclaims the family blood. Fathers here are proud to own renowned sons, and sons to claim high lineage from great sires. The marks of race are not to be mistaken. Of adopted children there are a few, and in them the family traits are wanting. Rousseau, for one, is plainly not of this blood, though he does honor to the house.

When we make the acquaintance of one member, we soon learn to know many. Introductions fly from lip to lip, and before long we are at home and hospitably entertained. There is much banter and anecdote and gossip. It is a world in itself, for many inmates have never stirred abroad, and these four walls hold everything they love. Others have traveled, but with reluctance, and have always been glad to return. There is a family hierarchy and an etiquette and order of precedence very definitely settled. Several members of the household, besides Sainte-Beuve, are enthusiastic antiquarians, and their researches are continually adding vitality to the family bond.

If no other literature presents to the world so solid a front, the reason probably is that French men and women of letters, with singularly few exceptions, have really lived in personal contact. Paris, at one time or another in their careers, has contained them all. Nor have social barriers been able, as a rule, to separate those whom common talents have joined together. And the traditions of each generation have passed, through groups of intimate acquaintances, to the next. In marked contrast to these circumstances, the hearthstone of English letters has been now London, now the northern Athens, now beside Grasmere, now Boston, and at times the flame has burned warm, but of various hues, on all at once. There is pathos indeed in Wordsworth's lament at the grave of Burns: —

> "Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
> By Skiddaw seen, —
> Neighbors we were, and loving friends
> We might have been."

As the Brontës are of Yorkshire, so Jane Austen is of Hampshire. What an abyss of education and social feeling yawns between Charles Dickens and Walter Pater! What uncongenial couples would be Keats and Carlyle, Swinburne and Newman! How vain to attempt a search for typical English features in Shelley, Browning, or Landor, whose chief racial trait seems to be the strong determination to have none. There is scarcely a French writer that cannot be classified. But who shall put a label on Izaak Walton, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, or George Herbert, on Samuel Johnson, Gilbert White, Arthur Young, or William Blake, on Thomas Hood or Coleridge, on William Godwin or Harriet Martineau, on William Morris or the Rossettis, on George Borrow or Sir Richard Burton, on Emerson, on Thoreau, on Ruskin?

This diversity of type is but a reflection of the complex political, social, and religious life of the English-speaking world. We are Englishmen, Americans, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Canadians, Australians; we are democrats, socialists, frontiersmen, feudal lords; we are divided into a hundred stubborn sects. Local pride is often stronger in us than national patriotism.

As both cause and effect of the unity

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of French literature must be noted the peculiar zeal of the French people in literary controversy. They never weary of reading and writing about those matters which, as one of their critics declares, "are always in order." That Sainte-Beuve, for instance, has discoursed charmingly on some seventeenth-century worthy is deemed no reason why M. Doumic should not approach the same subject from another side, even though, in the interval, Schérer has revealed its moral aspect, or Taine has made it illustrate his evolutionary theory. It is very properly assumed by the French that each generation, each literary school indeed, may refashion the past, because no single era can lay claim to complete knowledge or a perfect standard of judgment. And to systematize its knowledge is a necessity of the Gallic mind.

So then the French may be right in saying, as they often do, that their great authors truly represent the national life, and that in their literature has been drawn a faithful portrait of the ideal Frenchman and the ideal Frenchwoman. We are just as well pleased that no such statement can be for a moment maintained in regard to English literature. And indeed, to maintain it at all rigidly in regard to French literature leads to strange and amusing inconsistencies. Yet not a few eminent critics, among them Taine and the estimable Nisard, have made this contention the very backbone of their teaching, — with what curious results, sometimes, the latter's History of French Literature may serve as an illustration. Still, it is undeniable that French literature is singularly homogeneous, and that France may well be proud of the very definite and in the main favorable representation which it gives of her character and life.

There must be something exhilarating to a Frenchman in the omnipresence of French books. In all civilized countries outside of France they enjoy a popularity second only to that of books in the native languages, if indeed they do not take the first place itself. I remember seeking Dutch books in the shops of Delft, and finding chiefly French. I recall that in a summer resort among the Apennines I could neither buy nor borrow an Italian novel, because everybody was reading Daudet and Zola, Bourget, Loti, and Maupassant. It is said that in the eastern states of Europe French works are even more prominent than in Holland and Italy; that in Athens, Constantinople, and the cities of Russia they far exceed all others in sale and circulation. In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, in Spain and Portugal, in Egypt, in Mexico and South America, the French novel, the French comedy, the French book of travel or speculation, occupy at least the second rank. It is only where American, English, or German influence prevails that French writing is not thus almost or altogether paramount.

Connected with this great popularity, both as cause and effect, is the prevalence of the French language. No other modern tongue is so much studied by aliens. German is perhaps studied by a larger number of Americans, owing to the presence of a German population in our country, and to the influence of the German universities upon the last two generations of our choicest young scholars. But in Great Britain and throughout the rest of the world French is the favorite foreign language.

And there is another respect in which the ascendency of French letters is almost as great as this mere popular vogue. Our Anglo-Saxon civilization, by its antiquity, continuity, and vitality, is well adapted to resist foreign influence; yet it is remarkable for how much of recent progress in literary workmanship we are indebted to France. Every new phenomenon in French literature, every fresh departure in method, occasions the development of theories in criticism. Our critics cannot afford to neglect these doc-

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trines, and do in fact adopt them, with advantage. The French masters of the short story have given invaluable lessons to the world, in brevity, simplicity, and concentration. One has but to investigate the sources of half the new plays that appear in an English dress, to discover that they are adaptations from the French. English style is constantly being modified by French example, and often with good results in the direction of order and clearness.

In spite of these titles to our favor, perhaps it will seem that as much as has been claimed for French literature might be claimed for Italian or German. The Divine Comedy alone easily outweighs the entire mass of French poetry. Yet Italian literature is, as a whole, less effective than French literature. Its current has not been so continuously well supplied. In prose it is comparatively very poor. For much of Italian prose is singularly unlike what one would expect the thought of Dante's countrymen to be; it is languid and obscure, not quick and vigorous. Much of it is deficient in intellectual substance. Nevertheless, the one man Dante and his incomparable poem suffice to keep Italian literature forever in the front rank.

For all the charm of German poetry, — and its charm is deep, and clings in memory like music loved in childhood, — for all the tenderness and depth, the homely warmth and kind simplicity, which make German poetry so dear to us, I am not sure but that French prose is more likely to do us good. There is in our own poetry much that may enlarge our capacity for sentiment. And this, moreover, is not what we need so much as something to sharpen our purely intellectual faculties, — something not at all abundant in our own, but almost superabundant in French literature. To make precise distinctions, to observe rules, to cultivate artistic clearness, — these are habits which we may acquire by reading French prose.

Italian and German thought, especially as expressed in poetry, have again and again been the refuge and inspiration of our great English writers; but the influence of French literature has been more constant and broader. It has reached us all. Considering both quantity and quality, both good effects and bad, it is surely no exaggeration to say that French ideas and French fashions of writing have invaded the English mind and English letters more than have the thoughts and style of any other nation except the Hebrew.

The preëminence of French literature in the non-English world has been so unquestioned that much of English literature, although at least as excellent, has been obscured and relegated to a second place. It would not be impossible, perhaps, to maintain the proposition that ours, in depth and seriousness, in scope and variety, is the greater literature of the two, and indeed superior to any other since the Greek. Yet whereas, for most educated people on the Continent, Milton is only a name, and Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Burke, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Ruskin are but shadows, Montaigne, Molière, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo, Balzac, have wrought a mighty work in political and social life, and their thought is being woven, night and day, into the complex tissue of European civilization. There must be some peculiar quality in French literature which has made it thus universally pervasive. If it has been received by all other European peoples as their favorite foreign body of thought, the cause must be its adaptability to the minds of all men. It must be that it abounds in general and easily comprehended excellences. It must be closely connected with the unvarying realities of life. It must be remarkably normal to the average human intelligence. In short, if French literature is universally pervasive, it is because it is universally applicable.

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The character of a thing depends upon its origin, its environment, and the special mode or instrument employed in its production. The origin of French literature is in the minds of Frenchmen, and when comparing general traits we may speak collectively of the French mind. The environment in which this literature has been created, and by which it has been modified, is the life of the French people. The special instrument employed is the French language. So, to apprehend the causes of the peculiar adaptability of French literature to the world's need, we may, not unreasonably, seek them in these three factors, French character, French history, and the French tongue. And considering first the character of the average Frenchman to-day and in the past, and the nature of French society, we observe the same centrality which we have remarked in the literature. The French think straight. Their minds work along the lines of normal universal logic, in company with one another, above ground, in the full sunlight; not by labored processes, through subterranean caverns, as German minds do; not erratically, like a river, now hiding in the sands, then sparkling forth again, as do Russian minds; not paddling along in personal seclusion, like tortoises, each with his own house on his back, as do the minds of Englishmen. French thought is simple and direct, and so are French manners. This is why the etiquette of French society has become the accepted form of intercourse in most other civilized countries. It is a mistake to think of the French as excessive or artificial in their expression of politeness. It is rather in German, Scandinavian, and Spanish social circles that unreasonable formalities persist. And two French traits — traits, moreover, which have a close connection with literary production — are the desire to please and the artistic instinct. The Frenchman is fond of producing satisfaction, — partly from genuine kindliness, and partly because it reflects credit upon himself. His artistic instinct comes to the aid of his love of pleasing, so that if he wishes to give flowers to a lady, he will not thrust them at her, in an awkward handful, but lay them gracefully at her feet, in a well-ordered bouquet. If he has occasion to sing a song, or ride a horse, or write a letter, he will be at pains to avoid a shabby performance. He would be humiliated if he misspelled a word or wrote it illegibly. Thus the French seek for their thought an interesting form, lucid, readily diffusible, and therefore practical. They are led naturally to a dramatic rather than a philosophical expression of their thought, because the dramatic form is more immediately telling. Their thought is expressed also in general rather than technical terms, and is therefore more widely understood. It aims at simplicity rather than completeness, and thus avoids anything like pedantry. French thought may often be vague and peculiar enough before it has reached artistic expression, but when moulded into form it stands out free from eccentricity. Whatever is fantastic is not French. The French have also a horror of obtrusive individuality, and one of their strongest terms of reprobation is to say of a man, "C'est un original." It is in a measure true of them, and truer of them, perhaps, than of any other people, that

> "The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

Of the second factor, the environment, determined chiefly by political change, by history, it is enough to say that in the three great phases of institutional development since the fall of the Roman Empire — feudalism, absolutism, democracy — France has been the initiatory and typical example. The feudal system was first and most fully developed in France, and introduced thence into England at the Conquest. It was Louis XI. who first broke the power of the barons, in which feudalism consisted, and

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Louis XIV. who perfected his work and became the most absolute personal sovereign that western Europe has known. It was the French philosophers of the eighteenth century who undermined the royal power in France, and through Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, and Benjamin Franklin effected the theoretical preparations for the American Revolution, which otherwise might indeed have been an armed protest against taxation, but would hardly have resulted in a refusal, on principle, of allegiance to King George. The slower process of reform by act of Parliament has, to be sure, given the England of to-day a freer government than republican France possesses or has ever possessed; but it must not be forgotten that the American Revolution and the French Revolution forced the tardy hand of English legislation, and that many solid British liberties, acquired in peace and quietness, are indirectly due to the "red fool-fury of the Seine."

Until recently, French affairs have ever been foremost in European politics, and to write of French kings or French generals or French diplomacy has been to address the world on subjects in which it was interested. Thus we may attribute to French history the same quality of centrality which we found to belong to French character, and once more infer that this may well be a cause of the universal applicability and acceptability of French literature.

In one great historical movement, however, France has not occupied as prominent a place as Germany and England, namely, in the religious and moral Reformation which became widespread in the sixteenth century, and is still operative in all Teutonic countries. Every attempt to establish generally the reformed principles in France has been crushed by the arm of despotism, or thwarted by the folly and shallowness of Protestant nobles, or nullified by the lukewarmness and moral feebleness of the middle classes. To the failure of France to grasp her opportunities in this respect, I believe we must attribute a decadence, moral and physical, which is becoming precipitate, and which bids fair to reduce her to a secondary rank among nations.

A third cause of the universality and popularity of French literature is the fitness of the French language. To it, also, as to French character and French history, we may apply the words "central" and "normal." Its grammar is simple, — though not so simple as that of Italian or Spanish. Its vocabulary, in which the Latin originals are often clearly discernible, is easy to acquire and retain. Its orthography, while not phonetic, is based on rigid principles, the same combination of letters being, with rare exceptions, always pronounced alike. The firmness of its mechanism makes French a satisfactory language to foreigners. There is usually some one accepted way of expressing a given idea, and the idioms are so striking that, once thoroughly learned, they are never forgotten. It is only the degenerate writers of our own time, the so-called naturalists, who have gathered slang and thieves' jargon from the gutters of Paris and attempted to force them into good company, and the half-crazed decadent poets who, in their ignoble scramble for notoriety, have invented meaningless phrases, — it is only through the deliberate efforts of these men that the French language has suffered any radical change in the last three hundred years. For the Romanticists of 1830, while, it is true, they enriched the vocabulary of poetry, did so mainly by reviving certain ancient and half-forgotten but thoroughly French expressions, and admitting these and many terms of the prose or colloquial language into the "consecrated" list of words allowable in verse. As a rule, they took no improper liberties with syntax, and did not cultivate either obscurity or slang. You can read Molière more easily than you can read Paul Verlaine; and the vocabulary of Zola is

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vastly larger and more unfamiliar than that of Saint-Simon and Voltaire. In short, until the last forty years there was no very serious alteration in either the grammar or the vocabulary since the close of the sixteenth century; so that it has been eminently worth while to know French, because a command of the language enabled one to read indiscriminately in the literature of the last three hundred years. It is interesting to observe that Old French, also, or the language as written from the middle of the eleventh to the beginning of the sixteenth century, preserved a character of remarkable uniformity for nearly five hundred years. The case of English has been quite different. A foreigner who can read Byron, Addison, and Washington Irving may not know the language well enough to understand Dickens or Carlyle, Shelley or Swinburne. Nor is the ability to read the simple love songs of Heine a guarantee that one can even make sense out of Schiller's noble ballads or Goethe's intricate and learned prose. It is not likely, however, that the modern innovators will be able to corrupt permanently the French language, so clear, facile, and solidly constructed. It will probably continue to resist the encroachments of personal and local idiosyncrasy. It is still amply protected by the Academy, and by the traditions of the University and the National Theatre.

We read in the writings of Wace, a Norman-English poet, that the French bard Taillefer went into the battle of Hastings singing of Charlemagne and Roland. What he sang was probably from the Chanson de Roland, composed most likely, in some form or other, before the middle of the eleventh century. And the Chanson de Roland was but one of many epic poems that grew up in France at the same time. Thus French literature is much more ancient than Italian literature and English literature. For it is fair to admit that English literature does not begin before the age of Chaucer. The Anglo-Saxon language, although modern English is bone of its bone, differs from modern English so widely that for practical purposes it is another tongue. We cannot read Beowulf or the Saxon Chronicle or Alfred without long and serious preparation, any more than we could read Dutch or Norwegian; but this earliest French, the French of the Chanson de Roland, wears the physiognomy of modern French. A French schoolboy, with intelligence and patience, can make out its meaning. We do not have to give it another name, as we do Anglo-Saxon. It is French.

What is still more remarkable, from the earliest times of its history, eight hundred and fifty years ago, there has been no break in the seamless unity of French literature. Its characteristics have been the same from age to age. It has been a living organism, marked by the same excellences, the same defects, at all stages of its development. Take it at any point you will, and you must find it interesting, full of life, vividly concerning itself with contemporary history. M. Brunetière, in his fine essay entitled Le Caractère Essentiel de la Littérature Française, sums up the distinguishing quality of French literature in the word "social;" meaning that it has, in the main, and more than other literatures, been produced with direct consideration of the tastes and needs of an immediate circle of readers. The appropriateness of M. Brunetière's remark becomes apparent when we consider what a large part of French literature consists of letters, memoirs, literary criticism, comedies, and dramas of private life. I would go a step farther than M. Brunetière, and say that French literature is not only social, but appeals to the taste of a high and aristocratic society. It is marked by a noble distinction and courtly grace. It has the urbane quality which comes from city life. It has that lucidity, that definite-

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ness and positiveness, which seem also to be the results of high-pressure existence in a metropolis. On the other hand, its deficiencies, as compared with English literature, seem to be a want of variety and freedom, a want of depth too, which three qualities, I think, — variety, freedom, and depth, — are the glory of English literature. The remarkable thing is that it has maintained its character from first to last, so that one studying the poems of Charles d'Orleans and Villon in the fifteenth century finds them, in spirit and weight, curiously like the poems of Théophile Gautier and Alfred de Musset in our own day. This majestic fullness and this sustained identity of character are mainly due to the fact that the French have been, generally speaking, a very homogeneous and united people, — one in religion, in patriotic ideals, and in social impulses.

Moreover, it is not merely in recent times that French literature has maintained either the supremacy as compared with other modern literatures, or at least a position in the first rank. It has been of such a sort that if you wish to know what the choice spirits of the world were thinking, at any given time, about the most important contemporary happenings, you will not be far astray if you read the French books of that period. The position of French literature has all along been much like the geographical situation of the country, in the centre of western Europe, or like the political standing of the nation, in the forefront of progress. To be imbued with the French spirit has almost always meant to be near the heart of the age. And furthermore, French literature has shared with Italian the distinction of being a large part of the channel through which Greek and Roman civilization and the traditions of ancient scholarship have flowed downward into the modern world.

All this immense success has not been achieved without conscious effort. It has not all been due to impersonal causes. Nowhere has literary competition been so severe as in France. Nowhere has good work been so openly and dazzlingly rewarded. And nowhere, also, has failure been so quickly remarked and unhesitatingly derided. So that, in order to receive the stamp of authoritative approval, literary work in France has had to come up to a high standard. Frenchmen have the artistic conscience more highly developed than Englishmen or Germans, and are less likely to commend a badly written book or a poor painting. It is the carefulness resulting from such sharp competition and such outspoken criticism that, more than anything else, has made French prose so clear, until now it is perhaps a more easily handled instrument of expression than English, and certainly more facile than German, and more precise than Italian.

There are certain fields in which the preëminence of French literature is acknowledged. It holds the palm for memoirs and letters, for criticism, and for comedy. It is doubtful whether any other periods of history are so abundantly and entertainingly represented in correspondence and diaries as the age of Louis XIV., the Regency, and the reign of Louis XV. Something comparable, indeed, has been done for the age of Queen Anne by English men of letters; but the feminine element here is not sufficiently prominent, and the scene, while not lacking in color, is too vaguely outlined. We have had one literary critic of the very first rank in Matthew Arnold, and many men of genius, like Coleridge and Lamb, who were great critics occasionally. But in general criticism has not been viewed seriously among us, as one of the grand, natural, necessary, and distinct divisions of literature. Even Lowell, with his splendid critical gift, was too often willing to lower the tone of an essay by admitting a pun or other irrelevancy. What we need as much as we need great critics of the

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first rank, and what can be more easily supplied, is a sound tradition, in which minor reviewers may grow into usefulness; a standard or standards which shall promote consistency, or at least define real issues. As compared with the chaos in America and England, criticism has, in France, reached the development of a fine art. What exalted names are Geoffroy, Villemain, Sainte-Beuve, Planche, Schérer, and Taine, to mention only the dead! What an abundance, what a superabundance, what a pullulation, of schools and methods have we seen there even in our own day!

Yet we too have had some critics, as we have had some letter-writers and diarists. But what must be said of English comedy as compared with French comedy? It is practically non-existent, so far as present vitality is concerned, except for Shakespeare and Sheridan. Meanwhile, for every phase in the development of French society, during the last three centuries, there has been an accompanying comment in the form of comedy, which is capable of being made the most useful of all arts, from a moral and social point of view. The history of the French people for the last three hundred years may be traced in their comedies. And their comedies have helped to make history. Le Mariage de Figaro was worth more to the Revolutionary cause than ten barricades or ten thousand bayonets. At every point, in this long period, we find French comedy still vital. The ancients are as popular as the moderns: Tartuffe, Le Joueur, Le Barbier de Séville, see the footlights as often as Le Fils de Giboyer and La Dame aux Camélias. Moreover, these lively creations appeal not only to the French, but to us all.

Perhaps it is that the French take more seriously to light things than we do, and make serious successes out of what with us are only light attempts; whatever the cause, they excel us in comedy, criticism, and the epistolary art. But in spite of enormous effort and productiveness by the French in prose fiction, there can be little doubt that the English novel, and also the Russian novel, present nobler and more varied and especially truer types of men and women, and a vastly wider range of action. The almost exclusive preoccupation of French novelists has been and is the study of sexual relations, preferably immoral. The rest of life does not attract them. The spacious world of masculine strife for power seems to them small in comparison. The miniature world of home, vital and common to all, they have despised, in favor of a demimonde which one cannot help suspecting them of having rather created than observed. Woman they have abundantly, though discouragingly portrayed. But there is scarcely a man in French fiction, let alone a gentleman. Outdoor life, physical danger and prowess, the joy of muscular effort and victory over things, the glory of self-control, the intoxication of free movement amid nature's terrible and fascinating sport, — all these are infinitely better and more copiously rendered by Gogol and Tolstoi, by Fielding, Scott, and Stevenson, than by any Frenchman; for Dumas is unnatural, and Loti silly. Nor, apart from the description of sexual emotions, and apart from Balzac, has French literature a master of social synthesis to compare with Jane Austen, Thackeray, or Trollope, or with Turgenieff. And for novels of psychological analysis, with the same exceptions, there is no French diviner of the heart like Hawthorne and George Eliot; for Stendhal is dreary, and Bourget chooses to limit his fine powers to studying the outworn and wearisome question of illicit love. Balzac alone of French novelists is great in a world-wide sense, but the traveler through the city of his creation needs a cicerone to save time.

In the highest kind of dramatic writing, in tragedy, France is excelled by Germany, with her Goethe and Schiller, and by England, with her Shakespeare

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and the other Elizabethans, whom we should know better did he not overshadow them. This is almost pitiful, for in no field have the French so plumed themselves and made such determined effort. Perhaps the cause of their comparative failure here lies in the peculiar qualities of the language, — its want of natural rhythm, and the absence of a natural division in its diction between homely words and merely rhetorical words. Perhaps it lies deeper, — in the racial aversion to individuality. Parts of Corneille and Hugo, and all of Molière's real tragedy, Le Misanthrope, and Alfred de Musset's little *proverbe*, On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour, are tragic in a universal, and not merely French sense; but even they cannot be named with Wallenstein or Macbeth.

In lyric poetry it is the same causes which account for the same or even a more marked inferiority. Life purely social may produce charming *vers de société*, exquisite *émaux et camées*, — may produce, even, as its fine flower, the fables of La Fontaine; but only a land of intellectual and moral Protestantism, a land of warm personal religious conviction, a land where the individual feels himself standing alone, with the abyss of hell below him and the eternal heaven within his reach above, can give us the Divine Comedy, Faust, or the Ode to Duty. The French poems which can be compared, not with the poems of Dante, Goethe, and Wordsworth, or with those of Milton, Shelley, and Keats, but with the love songs of Germany, the plaintive monologues of Leopardi, the hundreds of minor English lyrics whose sweet undertone has been unbroken for six hundred years, are few indeed: three or four superb things by Villon in the fifteenth century, six or eight by Ronsard and du Bellay in the sixteenth, nothing in the seventeenth, nothing in the eighteenth till we come to André de Chénier, who was half a Greek! In the nineteenth century, however, there has been a very extensive production of what the non-French world recognizes as poetry in a universal sense. To deny that France is great in poetry is to deny that she is great in the better half of literature. Yet in poetry English holds the primacy, with Italy a noble second, and Germany third.

It is unnecessary to dwell further on the importance of French literature. Even though it were not so valuable, it would be attractive still, and men would read it for its immense resources of entertainment. And having once made ourselves acquainted with it, we shall realize its nobler qualities; shall acknowledge how sane and curative it is, what an antidote to morbidness of many sorts, what an enemy of melancholy and fanaticism, how it will preserve the mind from vain excesses and confusion and dull sloth.

George McLean Harper.

THE UNOFFICIAL GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

THERE is probably no subject to which, during the last few years, the attention of public-spirited Americans has been more carefully directed than that of municipal government. It is admitted that the government of great cities in the United States is in many respects unsatisfactory. This result is attributed partly to the defective machinery provided by law, and partly to defects in administration. The real cause of the evils which all deplore appears to be this: The American people, with their characteristic conservatism, have adhered to

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forms of government which were suited well enough to the conditions existing seventy-five years ago. Then our population was more homogeneous, the distinction between rich and poor less marked, the relations of the different members of society were more intimate; and consequently, individual citizens were able to, and did in fact, coöperate more effectively to administer the government of cities, as they had done that of their towns. Moreover, many subjects, which have since come to be recognized as a proper or even necessary part of municipal administration, were then left entirely to individual direction and control; so that organizations which were suited well enough to the simpler requirements of the social conditions of that time might well have proved inadequate to the more difficult task which is now required of city governments, even if the other obstacles alluded to had not multiplied.

It is no part of my purpose to underrate the evils to which I have referred, but I desire to point out some of the ways in which they have been mitigated or obviated altogether.

One of the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race is its indisposition to consider theoretical objections, and its willingness to adopt methods which for the time being are convenient and adequate, even though they may be subject to many such objections. In no respect is this more manifest than in the means which have been adopted for dealing with these admitted evils of municipal administration. Individual citizens, without sharing in the official administration of the city government or holding offices mentioned in its charter, in many cases discharge duties which are now recognized as being incumbent upon any intelligent government of a great civilized city; and that, too, in cases relating both to criminal and to civil administration. Very little attention, apparently, has been paid to this amelioration of conditions which has been produced by the voluntary action of public-spirited citizens. Experience shows that when a person loses his sight his sense of touch becomes more delicate; if he lose a hand, the other hand becomes more dexterous, and supplies, as far as may be, the deficiency. In like manner, individuals have stepped in and performed voluntarily the duties that, theoretically and in the ideal city, would be performed by the officials of the local government.

It would seem that nothing could be more distinctively the function of public officials than the enforcement of the laws. This duty is devolved by the charter of all cities upon certain officers mentioned therein. Yet in practice, private corporations, chartered by the legislature, but receiving no pecuniary aid from the state, do in fact discharge a very considerable and important part of the functions which by charter are devolved upon officials. Among the oldest and most notable instances are the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which are to be found in all our important cities. The New York association was incorporated in 1866, "to enforce all laws which then were or might thereafter be enacted for the protection of animals, and to secure by lawful means the arrest and conviction of all persons found violating such laws." This parent society (which is indeed designated as the "American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals") has authority, under its charter, "to provide effective means for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout the United States." But in practice, as stated in its last report, "the organization and influence of the American Society soon led to the establishment of local societies in all parts of the Union, and in other countries on the American continent and elsewhere. The number of local societies incorporated in the United States is now 209, and in other American nations eleven societies have been established and incorporated since 1866, making a

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total of 220." To quote again from its last report: —

"The officers of the society are clothed with ample police powers. They wear a distinctive uniform, and patrol the streets by day and by night. They have full power to arrest and prosecute offenders against the laws relating to animals. In addition to the uniformed police, the society has nearly two hundred special agents in different parts of the state, clothed with the same authority, and engaged in enforcing the laws for the prevention of cruelty. In the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, the society has ambulances for the removal of injured, sick, and disabled animals; appliances for the rescue of drowning animals and animals which have fallen into excavations; and a patrol wagon which carries with it the necessary apparatus and medicines for rendering aid to injured animals in the streets."

Yet this society, which thus aids essentially in the performance of some of the recognized functions of municipal government, "receives no appropriations from the city or state, and is dependent upon voluntary donations and bequests."

A similar Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was incorporated in 1875. A Society for the Prevention of Vice has since been incorporated in New York, which is charged with the enforcement of other laws of the state which, theoretically, should be enforced by the district attorney and his subordinates, and by the police.

Indeed, to such an extent are these societies recognized as an unofficial but actual part of the city government that in the Criminal Court House one of them has an office, in which an officer, employed by it, is regularly stationed, who has come to be considered as really a part of the municipal organization.

On the civil side of municipal administration, a still more notable development of this unofficial government is to be noted. This is more marked in some cities than in others. For example, in the city of New York, the entire duty of providing public circulating libraries is performed by private corporations, chartered under state laws for that purpose. These are under the supervision of the regents of the university, and receive aid from the city, pursuant to a general law of the state. But their officers are not selected by the city authorities. In Boston, however, the Public Library is managed by the municipal authorities. In Washington the Library is under the control of Congress. It would be unreasonable to say that either method is practically better than the other.

One great fault of constitution and charter makers is to assume that a method which is advantageous in one locality is necessarily the best for another. It might as well be said that because a suit of clothes fits one man, it must therefore fit every other. This Procrustean method of compelling the sleeper to fit the bed was laughed at long ago by the Greeks, and ought to be the subject of ridicule in every intelligent community.

The New York system has two distinct advantages. In the first place, it tends to encourage private liberality. The entire plant of the public libraries in that city, including the buildings which they occupy and most of the books which they use, has been furnished without expense to the city, by private benefactions.

Again, in a polyglot city like New York or Chicago, the tendency of the foreigners who come there is to form colonies in particular localities. In New York city, for example, the Italians are mostly in one quarter, the Bohemians in another, the Chinese in another, the colored people in still another. In Buffalo the Poles occupy a separate district. Each neighborhood has its distinctive requirements, and intelligent librarians in each district, administering a library founded for the requirements of that locality, are far more likely to meet the special needs of that neighborhood than

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public functionaries appointed by a central authority, necessarily chosen under general rules and without adequate attention to individual needs.

The provision of museums of art and natural history, zoölogy, and similar subjects has also come to be recognized as an appropriate function of a city. Such museums exist in many large cities, and are supported to a great degree at public expense. Yet experience in this country has shown that these museums are more intelligently conducted by private corporations chartered by the legislature, and under the management of public-spirited and art-loving citizens, than they would be if directed by committees of the board of aldermen. The truth is (and no intelligent reforms can be accomplished in municipal government without the recognition of this truth) that the official government of our large cities is democratic, founded upon universal suffrage. Each voter likes to feel that there is somebody in the city government who represents him. This is the reason why the democracy has clung so persistently to the district system of electing members of one branch, at least, of the city council. The alderman is alderman of the district. He represents his constituents, not merely in his functions as a member of a municipal legislature, but in all his relations with the constituted authorities. It is very well that it should be so, and that voters should feel that there is some official personage to whom they can directly appeal, and who does distinctly represent the people of his district.

It is equally natural that these voters should elect a representative of their own kind. The fact that a man is very much wiser and better educated than the majority in his district is rather a disqualification for this kind of representation. On the other hand, the voters are intelligent enough to know that the representative they elect for their particular district is not necessarily qualified to discharge all the duties that might theoretically be intrusted to the municipal legislature. To devolve general legislative functions upon a municipal council elected on the district system is one of the absurdities of theoretical charter-makers, and a blunder into which no one should fall who has studied the subject of municipal government intelligently and practically, and is not misled by the ordinary vice of charter-makers, who want to turn out a pretty piece of work, all shining with the last gloss of the most recent theory.

Another very important function of municipal government is the administration of public charities. In all cities there are hospitals and asylums which are supported at the expense of the public, and managed by officials who are either elected by the people or appointed by those who are so elected. It must be said that in the administration of these charities something is lacking of that personal tenderness and thoughtful care which ought, if possible, to attend ministrations to the sick, to the insane, and especially to young children. The mortality among infants in public institutions in the city of New York, for example, is certainly greater than it is in the best private institutions. How this may be in other cities I have no means of knowing. But it is almost inevitable that the causes which have produced these results in one city should, to some extent at least, produce similar results in others.

These deficiencies in public charities are to a large degree supplied by private institutions. Any one who is at all familiar with the feeling of the plain people must be aware that, as a rule, they are more willing to be sent, in case of sickness, to a hospital managed by a private corporation than to one managed by the public. Yet a vigorous agitation to abolish all public aid to private charities has been lately set on foot by many well-meaning citizens, who, it seems to me,

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look at the subject too exclusively from a theoretical standpoint. On the other hand, as the supervisor of Catholic charities in New York city has very well put that side of the question, the "private institutions give the use of their grounds, buildings, and equipments to the public without charge, and in addition do the work cheaper than it could be done in public institutions." Mr. Kinkead then takes as an instance the work of the New York Foundling Asylum, and puts the case for this institution so clearly that it is worth quoting as an admirable illustration of the point under consideration: —

"The public wards of this institution are paid for by the city only while they are in the institution or being nursed at its expense. At the age of three or four years, or even younger, these children are placed in good permanent family homes, where for at least twelve or fifteen years longer they are under the supervision of the institution; and the institution receives no compensation for this long after-care. It costs an average of $1000 for each group of about fifty children sent to homes in the West, and for the supervision of those already placed. Several of these trips are made during the year, yet the institution is not reimbursed for its outlay. Thus the city has been relieved, during thirty years, of the care and maintenance of thousands of children for whom it could not have provided in the same manner without maintaining a force of officials at great expense in other states, — a thing evidently impracticable."

The argument against the continuance of this unofficial system is based largely upon abuses that have grown up in its administration. These abuses do undoubtedly exist, and ought to be prevented. No private institution should claim exemption from the most rigorous public inspection. Its accounts and its management should at all times be open to the examination of the public authorities. Because it is an unofficial part of the government of the city, it should not therefore claim to be free from public control. But such control is equally necessary for public institutions, in which similar and even greater abuses have frequently been discovered. It is trite to say that the possibility of abuse is no argument against the existence of a system. The question always for the lawmaker to determine is, not whether abuse is possible, but whether, on the whole, under existing conditions, one system is more likely to produce satisfactory results than the other. It is quite possible that, in the future development of municipal government, some of the functions that are now discharged by unofficial agencies may be performed by public officials; and this change will come when the public is ready for it, and when the administration of the municipality so improves that the change will be desirable. For example, it is not more than twenty years since many residents of the city of New York paid private persons to clean the streets in front of their houses more frequently and more efficiently than the city was prepared to do it, and employed a private watchman to patrol the street in which they lived, because patrol duty was not done efficiently by the public police. So great an improvement has taken place in the management of the street-cleaning department and of the police department that these private agencies have gone out of use.

There is another branch of the unofficial government of cities that deserves consideration, but which has had an entirely different origin from those already referred to. In all large cities, political leaders, holding no municipal office, perform a very important part in the selection by the public officials of their subordinates. These leaders very frequently determine that one proposed public improvement shall be undertaken, and another postponed or rejected. It is to

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them, as well as to the public officials, that persons having dealings with the city government go in order to get business done to their satisfaction. A great deal of invective has been bestowed on these "bosses," as they are commonly called, and certainly there is no occasion to enter upon a defense of their acts. Yet candor compels the admission that in some cases these political leaders give very intelligent directions, which are distinctly beneficial to the public, and that in many respects public business is better done through their influence than it would be without it. The great point on which good citizens should insist is, that these political leaders should perform their functions with more regard to the public interest. The machinery of party government, from which municipalities have not yet been freed, gives to citizens some opportunity of punishing the selfish actions of political leaders, and of securing for legitimate public uses at least the larger part of the money raised by public taxation. But the indiscriminate abuse of political leaders tends to dishearten the average man, and to quench his purpose to better the administration of the city in which he lives. It is in the public interest to give even the devil his due, and to perceive that during one campaign a political leader may be sincere in his expressed desire to elect honest and capable candidates, even though at another election his influence has been thrown into the opposite scale.

The wise reformer should be an opportunist. He should "sow beside all waters," and "mitigate where he cannot cure."

The explanation of the facts to which attention has thus been drawn is this; In large cities the function of a pure democracy has been indeed to give to the humblest citizen a right to vote, and by means of his vote to protect, according to his choice, his personal liberty and individual rights. But these democracies, as yet, have not proved themselves equal to the task of administering, even to their own satisfaction, the complicated functions of municipal government. It is by the consent of the people, through their chosen representatives, that all the associations before referred to have been incorporated, for the discharge of functions which might very well have been performed by public officers elected or appointed for that specific purpose, had these proved adequate to the task. These associations have actually become a part of the *de facto* government of our cities. They constitute an essential part of it. Functions recognized by all thinking men as essential to the completeness of municipal government are performed solely by them. It is of great importance that the actual situation should be appreciated, and that these associations should realize the responsibility of their position, and should be satisfied that the duties they perform, though unsalaried and not compensated in any way out of the public treasury, are just as necessary a part of the administration of the city and of the state as if they were specified in the charter and paid by the public.

It is interesting to notice that, centuries ago, the same conditions, in wealthy and prosperous cities, produced the same results. The free cities of Italy, during the Middle Ages, while their government continued democratic, were the abodes of wealth, the homes of literature and art, the centres of thriving commerce and manufactures. Their organization was as complicated as ours, and their democratic governments proved as inadequate as ours to discharge all the complex municipal functions that were devolved upon them. To use the language of Armstrong in the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici: —

"As the functions of government in Florence became more extensive, its constitutional forms proved inadequate. The predominant feature was the fear of a strong executive, the elimination or

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emasculation of ability by division of authority, by rapid rotation in office, by an intricate tangle of checks and councils, by the substitution of lot for selection, by the denial of military power. Thus it was that when vigor and experience, secrecy and rapidity, were needed, they must be sought outside the official government. This is the secret of all Florentine history until the republic became a principality. This, therefore, was the secret of that unofficial organization the 'Parte Guelfa,' which, when the conflict with the Ghibellines was closed, still continued to control the state, possessing large independent resources and a highly organized executive."

Walter B. Scaife, in his monograph on Florentine Life during the Renaissance, thus describes the Parte Guelfa:

"For a time the Guelph party was so powerful in the affairs of the city that it may almost be said to have exercised an *imperium in imperio*. They had their own captains, who were the mouthpiece and executor of the will of the party. . . . As their power increased, the pride of party leaders waxed apace, and their insolence toward the remainder of the citizens became almost intolerable. They were feared more than the signoria, and the decisions of their court appear to have been more respected than those of any other body of men in the Commonwealth. . . . The party was composed largely of the ancient nobility, who in this guise continued for a long period to be among the leaders of the city."

No doubt the condition thus described by the historian was largely due to the party feuds in these mediæval republics, which were even more fierce than those which prevail in modern cities. These feuds exercised an important and sometimes a disastrous influence upon the administration of the government. Their parties were organized as thoroughly as our own. The description which Hallam gave of the condition of Milan was true of other cities, and is equally true, in substance though not in form, of New York and Chicago: —

"Milan had for a considerable time been agitated by civil dissensions between the nobility and inferior citizens. These parties were pretty equally balanced, and their success was consequently alternate. Each had its own podesta, as a party leader, distinct from the legitimate magistrate of the city."

The American word "boss" is a very good vernacular translation of the Italian word mentioned by Hallam. The existing facts in municipal history, when compared with the past, show plainly enough that history repeats itself, and that the same conditions in human life and character produce similar results in successive epochs.

The Anglo-Saxon race has usually been indifferent to the logical construction of its government, provided its practical results were satisfactory, or even tolerable, and has constantly utilized legal forms for purposes very different from those for which they were originally intended. We need not be apprehensive that these ancillary associations upon which so many important duties have been devolved by law will be deprived of power, if they use it well. Notwithstanding all the imperfections in the government of American cities, we may rationally hope that if public spirit continues to be vigorous enough to maintain these various associations in active life, and they use fearlessly and well the powers given them by their charters, the aggregate result of municipal administration will become more and more satisfactory. The development may be slow and uneven, but it will be continuous.

Everett P. Wheeler.

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THE PRINCESS PITY.

THE man looked any age between twenty and thirty. He wore a rusty alpaca coat, and a coarse shirt without a collar. As he sat on the pile of boards against the wall of the cooper shop, it was hard to say whether he was a hunchback. Certainly, his body was very short and crooked, his legs and arms uncouthly long and thin. The dead brownish skin was drawn tight over the big bones of his wide face.

Perhaps Miss Stein's assumption of seniority rested upon nothing more tangible than her pleasure and his bodily weakness. Standing before him, tall, graceful, finely made, she could easily have stooped and picked him up. But many other things were involved in her attitude. For example, the enormous chimney that towered into the sky behind the shop bore the sign down its gigantic sides "Stein Brewing Company," and the dozen buildings of the immense brewery plant dominated the neighborhood like a hill set on a plain. It was a poor sort of neighborhood. The little dirty streets were made up of rotten wooden pavement, warped plank walks, and dilapidated little houses. There were sheds piled with rusty iron; others where old bottles were collected in dismal heaps. In some small rooms, open to the street, patient women sewed all day. Ragged children played over mounds of junk in a vacant lot, as though it were their park. Narrow runways between the houses led down to forbidding back yards, populous as rabbit warrens. Nowhere a sprig of living green. Everywhere the stupid iteration of squalor and ugliness. But the great brewery was like a feudal city in itself. Little streets, narrow and clean, brick-paved, led between the huge blank walls of its buildings. Processions of wide wagons, heavy enough for artillery, drawn by splendid horses in brass trappings, entered its arched, fortress-like gateways.

The man had ceased speaking a moment before. Now he looked aside at the barelegged, bareheaded child that, with grave industry, carried little wooden blocks and handfuls of shavings from the littered floor of the shop, and added them to the pile on the brick pavement in front of the door. Miss Stein watched the child, too. She looked serene enough, but in fact she was gaining time. She did not quite trust herself to speak. This abrupt encounter had found her unprepared, although she had half hoped for it. She felt that it was offered her as a last chance, and she wished so much to succeed. It seemed to her that a certain large justification of herself depended upon succeeding, and this fluttering at the heart was not a good condition to begin with.

"Careful, there, Fritz!" she called, as the toddler stumbled, collided with the door, and dropped some blocks.

The child looked around at her with infantile seriousness. It lifted an ineffectual hand, the chubby fingers of which still grasped the precious blocks, to its curly head where it had come in collision with the door. Its helplessness against the bump was at once comical and indescribably pathetic, so that the young woman felt a powerful impulse to swoop down upon the mite, to gather it in her vigorous arms, to kiss it. Ah, she meant so well! The generosity welled up so strong and warm in her breast! She wished so mightily to stretch out her arms to these people, to these very streets themselves, and cry, "Dear, ugly little streets, be less ugly!" She restrained her impulse in respect of the child. It was the man who must be won, and one had to be careful. She knew well enough his strong, rude fence that

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did not hesitate to meet her advances with rough blows.

It was her wish to succeed, her sense of a secure background, perhaps also an amiability of temper, which modulated her voice to the perfection of cheery friendliness. "But you are too bitter," she said. "You keep on the defensive when there is no need. You try to make it too dreadfully personal. You bring in a lot of things that don't belong in it at all. Just say to yourself that I had the will to friendship. I had said that you and I were friends. One does n't quit one's friends at the first hint. I will tell you. When I came out here the first time, — that is, last spring, and that was as good as a first time, for I had n't seen the place since I was a child, — it was really, in a way, more than wishing to see the brewery. I suppose I had seen a good deal of a certain sort of life abroad. At least, most things were open to me. Maybe I had thought of myself as being a success, in a way, according to the plan of things there. Then" —

She hesitated an instant over the details. She did not wish to say that she had been on the point of committing herself to the European plan by marrying it, when her count had been summoned as a co-respondent.

"Then something very disagreeable, very painful, happened, and I saw that I had not been a success at all, but a very dismal failure. All at once I decided to come back here. And I decided that I really belonged here. Perhaps my name on the brewery chimney gave me the idea. Well, I started in, finally, to be friends with you, and I did n't wish to give it up. There ought to be something genuine about one somewhere. And after all, it 's just the simplest matter of human good will. That ought to cover everything between human beings, — only you will not believe in me." She smiled and shook her head at him.

"Oh yes, I believe in you," he replied quickly. "I understand what you mean, too, — maybe better than you do. Still, it 's no good. It won't do. You don't understand me. I believe in you more than anything else in the world — and that 's just why" — He sought the word a moment amid evident emotions. He got up, standing beside the shop door, at the case of which the bony fingers of one hand picked nervously. His eyes were downcast. He hurried on: "To see you is to believe in you, because you are beautiful. That day last March when it rained, and you came into the shop, after I had peeked at you awhile I got up courage to say a word. I did that because I wanted to hear you speak. I wanted to see you move, so I would know you were really alive there near me. We both ought to understand this now. Too much has happened."

"Yes, go on; tell me about it," said Miss Stein quickly. She had an excited perception that at last she might understand him. His mood was more like a confession than any other had been. Merely for the relief of motion she took a few steps up the long, empty shop. But he limped away from the door, and fell in beside her. They walked on slowly, she with a curious underconsciousness of the ungainliness of his figure, of his shuffling, awkward gait.

"I wanted to come close to you, you understand, to make sure of you. For it was an old dream with me. And pretty soon you mentioned your name, you remember? 'Miss Stein.' And I said, — I remembered it all afterward, — 'Not Miss Ilse Stein? Not the Prinzessin Ilse?' Because you were a sort of legend to me, and it seemed still more impossible that it could be you, really alive there. I was astonished out of my wits. You said, 'You know about the prinzessin?' I guessed afterward that you were kind of joking. I was still confused. I said,

'Dein Haupt will ich benetzen
Mit meiner klaren Well,'

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just to show you that I knew about her, you see. I could n't get the two unmixed for a minute. You were surprised. You said, 'You read Heine, then?' And I saw it come up in your eyes, the big, deep surprise and compassion. But I did n't understand how it was to be then, and you have n't understood at all. Someway it 's like this brewery. These great big walls like castles, and the big arched doorways, — everything still and strong, — why, I 've had all sorts of pageants and fights here, when I was a boy; not lately, for of late I 've hated this place. But after I got through having courts and armies here, there was something else, bigger than all the rest and more real than all the rest, because, in a way, it might happen, while the armies and courts could n't. That was the Princess Ilse. I don't know how I got hold of it, — things in the newspapers, I guess. But I knew there was an Ilse Stein, and somebody had called her Prinzessin Ilse; and of course she was a princess to me, *schön und blühend.* You can understand. A man can't be a king or great general or a court poet, — that gets to be a boy's fancy, after a while. But a princess, — to any man, you see, that 's possible enough. If she comes along, he can talk with her and look at her sure enough."

They had reached the upper end of the long cooper shop. Through an open door they saw three horses standing abreast, filling the width of the little street, still harnessed to a great wagon from which two workmen, brawny in undershirt and trousers, were rolling beer kegs. An idler stood against the stable wall, near the horses' heads, smoking his pipe. They passed on and stopped by the window, leaning against the sill.

"Well, you do talk with her sure enough," the woman suggested, smiling.

"But you don't understand," the man insisted. "A man don't talk to his princess as a beggar. He don't want her to give him tickets to a soup kitchen."

The woman made a protesting exclamation.

"Oh, I know," he cut in. "You 've never done that, although" — He was going to say she had done it for his sister, but he forbore. Instead he made a swift, positive gesture. "I understand now that you 're really more impossible than anything else, — more impossible than my kings. You 're further off. It 's just pity on your part. You like to feel pitiful. It makes you feel good. It makes you feel as though you were doing something serious and good, after you 'd been so long amusing yourself. But this is just amusing yourself in another way. It can't be serious to you. You can't belong here. You say I 'm too bitter, but I think I 'm not bitter enough. It 's like the brewery. I hate it, you see, just because I 've led armies to capture it, and been a king and ruled in it; and then after all it 's been just the same huge, stupid old thing, having nothing to do with me. Its walls shame me with the dreams I 've dreamed over them. If I had money enough, I guess I 'd blow it up." His voice had gathered passion, and he plunged on doggedly: "The same way, I can't have anything to do with you. I 'm getting old. I won't have anything more to be ashamed of in my old clothes and my humpback. I 've got to be bitter to keep some self-respect."

He turned away quickly, and stepped half a dozen feet toward the open door. The woman looked after him, agitated, profoundly pitying, wishing to pour out her generosity to him, to make him feel that she liked him.

At that moment, staring after the man with pitying eyes, in act to speak, she was aware of a faint coloration in the light. In the momentary confusion, before she could quite direct her mind, the glow deepened; there was the quick stroke of shod hoofs on the pavement outside, the rattle of harness, the long snort of a frightened horse, a loud warn-

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ing shout. The next instant Miss Stein turned to the window. From the little heap of shavings at the horses' heads, where the lounger had emptied his pipe, a broad feather of smoke and a little tongue of flame curled up. The horses had crowded aside, and now stood, held for an instant in the habit of obedience, straining, quivering, with terrified eyes. A workman was edging rapidly along between the wagon and the wall to reach the bits. But the flame flared up. The horses sprang forward, dragging the heavy wagon, headed down the narrow street between the cooper shop and the great blank wall of the next building, and in Miss Stein's mind, as a part of this swift picture, was a consciousness of the child playing with its blocks full in the path. She screamed, "Fritz!" The man rushed from the door. In a flash she saw him running with all his might, in a fast, uncouth hobble; and the horses tore by her window, mad with fear, their hoofs ringing furiously against the pavement, the wagon bounding and crashing behind them.

She fell back from the window in a weak, sick way. Without knowing it she began to sob. She put her finger over her lips, like a child that would keep from crying, and ran down the shop toward the lower door. At once crashing and grinding sounds came thence from a wreck of horses and wagon, and these sounds crazed her, as though amid them she could hear the helpless wails of the child and the moans of the man.

But like a vision the man appeared in the doorway just before her, carrying the child. As he limped swiftly toward her, as she rushed to meet him, she felt the glowing of his triumph which melted into her receptivity, fusing and blending in one high, dramatic moment of complete contact.

Without hesitation, without pause, as she met him, he raised the child and laid it in her arms, as though he gave her all he had.

Holding the child to her breast, bending slightly toward him, her eyes full upon him, she said, "I really love you."

For an instant their eyes were together. She heard him give a little quick catching of the breath, and saw him standing before her, looking down. Then, in their dramatic height, a frightened workman thrust his head through the door and peered in. Evidently he saw that no one was hurt, and he at once withdrew. Some other men ran by. They were subduing the thrown, tangled horses. Neither the man nor the woman could have said afterwards just how long a time elapsed; but it was long enough for a certain rough consciousness of the relationship of things to reassert itself. Outside an excited hostler was swearing ludicrously in broken English. Miss Stein grew sensible of a certain weakness and lassitude, now that the crisis was passed. These things happened in five minutes or five seconds; but they had not yet got back to speech. She stepped to a corner of the shop where a rough workbench stood, and let the heavy child slide down to the bench.

The man came with her. As she stood in that nook of the shop, one arm still over the child's shoulder, he gave a quick look at her face; looked down again; then, in a mighty desperation, in an irresistible impatience to know, he took a step nearer and threw his arm around her. He felt her start from his embrace; but for an instant of passionate stubbornness he held her close. Her hand touched his shoulder — rested upon it; she stood passive, perfectly still, and the intoxication of an incredible triumph spread through the man's blood; a suffusion from the touch of her body smothered his heart.

In a moment he lifted his head from her breast and looked up, aglow, beatified — and at the first glance he understood everything.

The lids had fluttered down over her

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eyes. The corner of her lip was drawn between her teeth. Her face was perfectly white. She seemed ready to faint. He saw in the instant that her passiveness had been a sheer physical inability; that the touch of her hand on his shoulder had been the beginning of a movement to throw him off; that every fibre of her body rebelled against his touch.

He flung furiously away from her.

"It 's a lie!" he cried loudly. He shook with hot resentment. "It 's a lie! You hate me! It makes you sick when I touch you!"

"You did n't understand me," she murmured faintly. "I did n't mean — in that way." The lids still fluttered down over her eyes. It could be seen that she was quite sick.

"No, I did n't understand!" he repeated harshly. "I thought I was a human being. Don't you know I feel everything that you do? You did n't mean loving me as a human being. You meant loving your own pity. You meant you 'd love me to be your nice prize beggar. I 'm ugly. I 'm deformed. You can't love ugliness. You can only pity! Well, go away. What did you come here for? Get a dog to pity, and be satisfied. Don't insist on a dog that can read Heine and talk. We were all right without you. Go away!"

It came to Miss Stein in a large, helpless way, amid a whirl of shame and remorse, that nothing could really make it any better; that nothing could make it right; that anything else would probably make it worse, — especially the fit of weeping that was so near. She could not even repeat that she had meant so well. She turned and walked out, her eyes downcast.

The man watched her go. He still burned with a raging resentment. He saw her tall figure disappear. He thought: "Let her go! She could only degrade me!"

In a moment he turned back to pick up the child, which still sat, grave and undisturbed as a midget Fate, on the workbench. The shop seemed very large and empty, and the man had a sense of that large emptiness extending indefinitely, illimitably, all around. His affection moved subtly toward the child. "Fritzie," he whispered, and touched his cheek against the curly head. The child put up its arms to be taken, and at their touch, as though by some mechanical process, the man felt again that ineffable suffusion from the touch of the princess's body smothering his heart. For an indescribable moment his consciousness nestled down in that memory, and he thought that nothing could take that away.

Will Payne.

AN INDIAN TEACHER AMONG INDIANS.

I.

MY FIRST DAY.

THOUGH an illness left me unable to continue my college course, my pride kept me from returning to my mother. Had she known of my worn condition, she would have said the white man's papers were not worth the freedom and health I had lost by them. Such a rebuke from my mother would have been unbearable, and as I felt then it would be far too true to be comfortable.

Since the winter when I had my first dreams about red apples I had been traveling slowly toward the morning horizon. There had been no doubt about

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the direction in which I wished to go to spend my energies in a work for the Indian race. Thus I had written my mother briefly, saying my plan for the year was to teach in an Eastern Indian school. Sending this message to her in the West, I started at once eastward.

Thus I found myself, tired and hot, in a black veiling of car smoke, as I stood wearily on a street corner of an old-fashioned town, waiting for a car. In a few moments more I should be on the school grounds, where a new work was ready for my inexperienced hands.

Upon entering the school campus, I was surprised at the thickly clustered buildings which made it a quaint little village, much more interesting than the town itself. The large trees among the houses gave the place a cool, refreshing shade, and the grass a deeper green. Within this large court of grass and trees stood a low green pump. The queer boxlike case had a revolving handle on its side, which clanked and creaked constantly.

I made myself known, and was shown to my room, — a small, carpeted room, with ghastly walls and ceiling. The two windows, both on the same side, were curtained with heavy muslin yellowed with age. A clean white bed was in one corner of the room, and opposite it was a square pine table covered with a black woolen blanket.

Without removing my hat from my head, I seated myself in one of the two stiff-backed chairs that were placed beside the table. For several heart throbs I sat still, looking from ceiling to floor, from wall to wall, trying hard to imagine years of contentment there. Even while I was wondering if my exhausted strength would sustain me through this undertaking, I heard a heavy tread stop at my door. Opening it, I met the imposing figure of a stately gray-haired man. With a light straw hat in one hand, and the right hand extended for greeting, he smiled kindly upon me. For some reason I was awed by his wondrous height and his strong square shoulders, which I felt were a finger's length above my head.

I was always slight, and my serious illness in the early spring had made me look rather frail and languid. His quick eye measured my height and breadth. Then he looked into my face. I imagined that a visible shadow flitted across his countenance as he let my hand fall. I knew he was no other than my employer.

"Ah ha! so you are the little Indian girl who created the excitement among the college orators!" he said, more to himself than to me. I thought I heard a subtle note of disappointment in his voice. Looking in from where he stood, with one sweeping glance, he asked if I lacked anything for my room.

After he turned to go, I listened to his step until it grew faint and was lost in the distance. I was aware that my car-smoked appearance had not concealed the lines of pain on my face.

For a short moment my spirit laughed at my ill fortune, and I entertained the idea of exerting myself to make an improvement. But as I tossed my hat off a leaden weakness came over me, and I felt as if years of weariness lay like water-soaked logs upon me. I threw myself upon the bed, and, closing my eyes, forgot my good intention.

II.

A TRIP WESTWARD.

One sultry month I sat at a desk heaped up with work. Now, as I recall it, I wonder how I could have dared to disregard nature's warning with such recklessness. Fortunately, my inheritance of a marvelous endurance enabled me to bend without breaking.

Though I had gone to and fro, from my room to the office, in an unhappy

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silence, I was watched by those around me. On an early morning I was summoned to the superintendent's office. For a half hour I listened to his words, and when I returned to my room I remembered one sentence above the rest. It was this: "I am going to turn you loose to pasture!" He was sending me West to gather Indian pupils for the school, and this was his way of expressing it.

I needed nourishment, but the midsummer's travel across the continent to search the hot prairies for overconfident parents who would intrust their children to strangers was a lean pasturage. However, I dwelt on the hope of seeing my mother. I tried to reason that a change was a rest. Within a couple of days I started toward my mother's home.

The intense heat and the sticky car smoke that followed my homeward trail did not noticeably restore my vitality. Hour after hour I gazed upon the country which was receding rapidly from me. I noticed the gradual expansion of the horizon as we emerged out of the forests into the plains. The great high buildings, whose towers overlooked the dense woodlands, and whose gigantic clusters formed large cities, diminished, together with the groves, until only little log cabins lay snugly in the bosom of the vast prairie. The cloud shadows which drifted about on the waving yellow of long-dried grasses thrilled me like the meeting of old friends.

At a small station, consisting of a single frame house with a rickety board walk around it, I alighted from the iron horse, just thirty miles from my mother and my brother Dawée. A strong hot wind seemed determined to blow my hat off, and return me to olden days when I roamed bareheaded over the hills. After the puffing engine of my train was gone, I stood on the platform in deep solitude. In the distance I saw the gently rolling land leap up into bare hills. At their bases a broad gray road was winding itself round about them until it came by the station. Among these hills I rode in a light conveyance, with a trusty driver, whose unkempt flaxen hair hung shaggy about his ears and his leather neck of reddish tan. From accident or decay he had lost one of his long front teeth.

Though I call him a paleface, his cheeks were of a brick red. His moist blue eyes, blurred and bloodshot, twitched involuntarily. For a long time he had driven through grass and snow from this solitary station to the Indian village. His weather-stained clothes fitted badly his warped shoulders. He was stooped, and his protruding chin, with its tuft of dry flax, nodded as monotonously as did the head of his faithful beast.

All the morning I looked about me, recognizing old familiar sky lines of rugged bluffs and round-topped hills. By the roadside I caught glimpses of various plants whose sweet roots were delicacies among my people. When I saw the first cone-shaped wigwam, I could not help uttering an exclamation which caused my driver a sudden jump out of his drowsy nodding.

At noon, as we drove through the eastern edge of the reservation, I grew very impatient and restless. Constantly I wondered what my mother would say upon seeing her little daughter grown tall. I had not written her the day of my arrival, thinking I would surprise her. Crossing a ravine thicketed with low shrubs and plum bushes, we approached a large yellow acre of wild sunflowers. Just beyond this nature's garden we drew near to my mother's cottage. Close by the log cabin stood a little canvas-covered wigwam. The driver stopped in front of the open door, and in a long moment my mother appeared at the threshold.

I had expected her to run out to greet me, but she stood still, all the while staring at the weather-beaten man at my

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side. At length, when her loftiness became unbearable, I called to her, "Mother, why do you stop?"

This seemed to break the evil moment, and she hastened out to hold my head against her cheek.

"My daughter, what madness possessed you to bring home such a fellow?" she asked, pointing at the driver, who was fumbling in his pockets for change while he held the bill I gave him between his jagged teeth.

"Bring him! Why, no, mother, he has brought me! He is a driver!" I exclaimed.

Upon this revelation, my mother threw her arms about me and apologized for her mistaken inference. We laughed away the momentary hurt. Then she built a brisk fire on the ground in the tepee, and hung a blackened coffeepot on one of the prongs of a forked pole which leaned over the flames. Placing a pan on a heap of red embers, she baked some unleavened bread. This light luncheon she brought into the cabin, and arranged on a table covered with a checkered oilcloth.

My mother had never gone to school, and though she meant always to give up her own customs for such of the white man's ways as pleased her, she made only compromises. Her two windows, directly opposite each other, she curtained with a pink-flowered print. The naked logs were unstained, and rudely carved with the axe so as to fit into one another. The sod roof was trying to boast of tiny sunflowers, the seeds of which had probably been planted by the constant wind. As I leaned my head against the logs, I discovered the peculiar odor that I could not forget. The rains had soaked the earth and roof so that the smell of damp clay was but the natural breath of such a dwelling.

"Mother, why is not your house cemented? Do you have no interest in a more comfortable shelter?" I asked, when the apparent inconveniences of her home seemed to suggest indifference on her part.

"You forget, my child, that I am now old, and I do not work with beads any more. Your brother Dawée, too, has lost his position, and we are left without means to buy even a morsel of food," she replied.

Dawée was a government clerk in our reservation when I last heard from him. I was surprised upon hearing what my mother said concerning his lack of employment. Seeing the puzzled expression on my face, she continued: "Dawée! Oh, has he not told you that the Great Father at Washington sent a white son to take your brother's pen from him? Since then Dawée has not been able to make use of the education the Eastern school has given him."

I found no words with which to answer satisfactorily. I found no reason with which to cool my inflamed feelings.

Dawée was a whole day's journey off on the prairie, and my mother did not expect him until the next day. We were silent.

When, at length, I raised my head to hear more clearly the moaning of the wind in the corner logs, I noticed the daylight streaming into the dingy room through several places where the logs fitted unevenly. Turning to my mother, I urged her to tell me more about Dawée's trouble, but she only said: "Well, my daughter, this village has been these many winters a refuge for white robbers. The Indian cannot complain to the Great Father in Washington without suffering outrage for it here. Dawée tried to secure justice for our tribe in a small matter, and to-day you see the folly of it."

Again, though she stopped to hear what I might say, I was silent.

"My child, there is only one source of justice, and I have been praying steadfastly to the Great Spirit to avenge our wrongs," she said, seeing I did not move my lips.

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My shattered energy was unable to hold longer any faith, and I cried out desperately: "Mother, don't pray again! The Great Spirit does not care if we live or die! Let us not look for good or justice: then we shall not be disappointed!"

"Sh! my child, do not talk so madly. There is Taku Iyotan Wašaka,[1] to which I pray," she answered, as she stroked my head again as she used to do when I was a smaller child.

III.

MY MOTHER'S CURSE UPON WHITE SETTLERS.

One black night mother and I sat alone in the dim starlight, in front of our wigwam. We were facing the river, as we talked about the shrinking limits of the village. She told me about the poverty-stricken white settlers, who lived in caves dug in the long ravines of the high hills across the river.

A whole tribe of broad-footed white beggars had rushed hither to make claims on those wild lands. Even as she was telling this I spied a small glimmering light in the bluffs.

"That is a white man's lodge where you see the burning fire," she said. Then, a short distance from it, only a little lower than the first, was another light. As I became accustomed to the night, I saw more and more twinkling lights, here and there, scattered all along the wide black margin of the river.

Still looking toward the distant firelight, my mother continued: "My daughter, beware of the paleface. It was the cruel paleface who caused the death of your sister and your uncle, my brave brother. It is this same paleface who offers in one palm the holy papers, and with the other gives a holy baptism of firewater. He is the hypocrite who reads with one eye, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and with the other gloats upon the sufferings of the Indian race." Then suddenly discovering a new fire in the bluffs, she exclaimed, "Well, well, my daughter, there is the light of another white rascal!"

She sprang to her feet, and, standing firm beside her wigwam, she sent a curse upon those who sat around the hated white man's light. Raising her right arm forcibly into line with her eye, she threw her whole might into her doubled fist as she shot it vehemently at the strangers. Long she held her outstretched fingers toward the settler's lodge, as if an invisible power passed from them to the evil at which she aimed.

IV.

RETROSPECTION.

Leaving my mother, I returned to the school in the East. As months passed over me, I slowly comprehended that the large army of white teachers in Indian schools had a larger missionary creed than I had suspected.

It was one which included self-preservation quite as much as Indian education. When I saw an opium-eater holding a position as teacher of Indians, I did not understand what good was expected, until a Christian in power replied that this pumpkin-colored creature had a feeble mother to support. An inebriate paleface sat stupid in a doctor's chair, while Indian patients carried their ailments to untimely graves, because his fair wife was dependent upon him for her daily food.

I find it hard to count that white man a teacher who tortured an ambitious Indian youth by frequently reminding the brave changeling that he was nothing but a "government pauper."

Though I burned with indignation upon discovering on every side instances no less shameful than those I have mentioned, there was no present help. Even

[1] An absolute Power.

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the few rare ones who have worked nobly for my race were powerless to choose workmen like themselves. To be sure, a man was sent from the Great Father to inspect Indian schools, but what he saw was usually the students' sample work *made* for exhibition. I was nettled by this sly cunning of the workmen who hoodwinked the Indian's pale Father at Washington.

My illness, which prevented the conclusion of my college course, together with my mother's stories of the encroaching frontier settlers, left me in no mood to strain my eyes in searching for latent good in my white co-workers.

At this stage of my own evolution, I was ready to curse men of small capacity for being the dwarfs their God had made them. In the process of my education I had lost all consciousness of the nature world about me. Thus, when a hidden rage took me to the small white-walled prison which I then called my room, I unknowingly turned away from my one salvation.

Alone in my room, I sat like the petrified Indian woman of whom my mother used to tell me. I wished my heart's burdens would turn me to unfeeling stone. But alive, in my tomb, I was destitute!

For the white man's papers I had given up my faith in the Great Spirit. For these same papers I had forgotten the healing in trees and brooks. On account of my mother's simple view of life, and my lack of any, I gave her up, also. I made no friends among the race of people I loathed. Like a slender tree, I had been uprooted from my mother, nature, and God. I was shorn of my branches, which had waved in sympathy and love for home and friends. The natural coat of bark which had protected my oversensitive nature was scraped off to the very quick.

Now a cold bare pole I seemed to be, planted in a strange earth. Still, I seemed to hope a day would come when my mute aching head, reared upward to the sky, would flash a zigzag lightning across the heavens. With this dream of vent for a long-pent consciousness, I walked again amid the crowds.

At last, one weary day in the schoolroom, a new idea presented itself to me. It was a new way of solving the problem of my inner self. I liked it. Thus I resigned my position as teacher; and now I am in an Eastern city, following the long course of study I have set for myself. Now, as I look back upon the recent past, I see it from a distance, as a whole. I remember how, from morning till evening, many specimens of civilized peoples visited the Indian school. The city folks with canes and eyeglasses, the countrymen with sunburnt cheeks and clumsy feet, forgot their relative social ranks in an ignorant curiosity. Both sorts of these Christian palefaces were alike astounded at seeing the children of savage warriors so docile and industrious.

As answers to their shallow inquiries they received the students' sample work to look upon. Examining the neatly figured pages, and gazing upon the Indian girls and boys bending over their books, the white visitors walked out of the schoolhouse well satisfied: they were educating the children of the red man! They were paying a liberal fee to the government employees in whose able hands lay the small forest of Indian timber.

In this fashion many have passed idly through the Indian schools during the last decade, afterward to boast of their charity to the North American Indian. But few there are who have paused to question whether real life or long-lasting death lies beneath this semblance of civilization.

Zitkala-Ša.

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BRITISH SHIPPING SUBSIDIES.

THE much-talked-of legislation in regard to shipping subsidies, which promises soon to become an accomplished fact so far as the United States is concerned, renders particularly interesting the policy pursued by the British government toward the great mercantile marine of that country, and its general effect upon it. It is important to note that the growth of British shipping has been due entirely to natural causes, and shipowners complain that so far as government or parliamentary action is concerned, it has been rather in the direction of hampering than of assisting the industry. Freedom to manage their ships and work their business in their own way is all they have asked for; and if this has not always been granted them, it is because the less scrupulous would take advantage, and be less careful than they should of life and limb and of the property committed to their charge.

There are no subsidies or grants of any kind made out of the public funds to shipbuilders. Every British vessel, as it leaves the stocks, represents neither more nor less than the cost of the material and labor expended upon it, plus whatever profit the builder has been able to make upon them. The great majority of such vessels have, then, to take their chance in open competition with the whole world, and the profits they earn for their owners are dependent entirely upon the freights and passage money they secure from the public in the ordinary way of business. There are, of course, some exceptions, and it is with these we have to deal. Large sums are paid for the carriage of mails to various parts of the world, and in this guise it is quite possible that the companies receiving them may be specially favored. We shall see.

There are five of these mail subsidies which may be classed as of first-rate importance, namely, to the United States, India and the Far East, Australia, the British West Indies, and South Africa. The last-named is a colonial contract, and beyond the control of the British government, the governments of South Africa having only recently concluded terms for its renewal. There is another important service, namely, with Canada, for which £60,000 per annum is paid; but this has undergone so many changes of late, and is even yet so subject to change, that it is difficult to discuss, particularly as it includes the overland service via Vancouver to China, Japan, and Australasia. There are one or two smaller contracts, like those for West Africa and South America, the latter being regulated strictly by weight of matter carried. Of the five we are to deal with, provision has been made for the current year as follows: —

For the United States, divided between the Cunard and White Star lines, outward to New York only, £130,000.

For India, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, China, and Japan, paid to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, outward and homeward, £245,000.

For Australia, divided between the Peninsular and Oriental and Orient companies, out and home, £170,000.

For the West Indies, to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, out and home, £80,000.

For South Africa, divided between the Union and Castle Mail lines, out and home, £90,000. After September, 1900, this will be increased, under the new contract, to £135,000.

Before discussing the details of these, it will be as well to add that there is a further annual payment made to four companies, amounting to £50,000, for

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the right to call upon certain steamers as armed cruisers in the event of hostilities between Great Britain and a foreign power. This is divided among four companies, namely, the Cunard, White Star, and Peninsular and Oriental, named in the preceding list, and the Canadian Pacific Railway for its Pacific mail steamers, the largest amount any one of them receives being £15,000, and for the total, ten or eleven of the finest and quickest steamers in the world can at very short notice be added to the British navy. A good deal of comment has been made upon the circumstance that none of them was at first chartered for the conveyance of troops to South Africa, but it must be borne in mind that the subsidy is paid for retention for fighting purposes, and not for transport service.

To return once more to the mail subsidies: it cannot be too strongly impressed that they are paid with the primary object of securing steamers for the respective services of great power and speed, which, owing to the enormous consumption of coal, are exceedingly costly to work and maintain. On the whole, the various companies act up to the spirit of their agreements, and are constantly adding to their fleets new and improved boats, calculated to increase the efficiency of the service they are called upon to render to the public. The two South African companies, for instance, have made so much progress in this direction that a number of their steamers are now delivering the mails several days ahead of actual contract time, thus permitting replies to be sent fully a week earlier than has been customary. The effective fleets, according to the latest reports of the respective companies, were as follows, though additions to several have since been made: —

	Number of Steamers.	Total Tonnage.	Total Effective Horse Power.	Average Tonnage.	Average Horse Power.
Cunard	20	112,650	145,000	5625	7250
P. & O.	56	276,100	286,050	4930	5100
Orient	6	32,000	—	5330	—
Union	21	120,620	—	5745	—
Castle Mail	18	87,170	83,200	4850	4620
Royal Mail	23	83,700	90,500	3640	3940

The White Star does not issue reports available to the public, the company being owned by a private body of shareholders, and the shares never coming upon the market.

The Cunard and White Star lines practically confine the mails to eight of their very considerable fleets, performing with them a bi-weekly service. Since the launch of the Oceanic, five of the eight are among the finest boats the world has yet seen, the only one so far comparable with them in size and speed combined being the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and the mails are delivered with a celerity and regularity which leave nothing to be desired. The Peninsular and Oriental and Orient companies have their entire fleet of ocean-going steamers more or less regularly employed in mail-carrying, the newest, largest, and most powerful, as well as the smaller ones. The same remark applies to the Union and Castle lines, every new steamer being promptly utilized for mail purposes. The Royal Mail Company, however, adopts a different policy with regard to the West Indies, and of the five steamers employed in the fortnightly service during the current year, one stands fifth on the list, the others seventh, eighth, ninth, and eleventh respectively; three of the five, moreover, being a quarter of a century old as regards the hulls, though fitted with machinery much more recent. This company has no boats at all equal, either in tonnage or horse power, to those of the other lines, and the best of what it

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possesses are regularly occupied in the South American service, for which, jointly with others, they are under contract for the mails, though, as already stated, receiving payment by actual weight, and not, as in the case of the West Indies, by subsidy.

In considering these subsidies, however, there are other things to be taken into account besides the size and speed of the vessels, important as these are from an international and political as well as a commercial point of view. Note must be taken of the distances to be covered as well as the weight of mail matter to be carried, and it is interesting to discover the rate per mile the payments indicate, as well as the rate per pound. This can be calculated, approximately at least. The distance, for example, between New York and Queenstown is 2850 miles, and as this is covered twice a week, 5700 miles per week must be traversed for the payment of £130,000. From Brindisi to Bombay is not quite 4000 miles, and as the mails are conveyed each way once a week, this is equivalent to a mileage of 8000 per week. From Brindisi to Shanghai is a trifle over 8000 miles, and as there is an outward and a homeward mail every fortnight, this is equivalent to another 8000 miles per week, or say 16,000 in all, for the subsidy of £245,000. From Brindisi to Albany the distance is 7500 miles, the service weekly each way: consequently, the total covered is 15,000 miles per week for £170,000. Cape Town is 6250 miles from Plymouth or Southampton, and weekly service each way makes 12,500 miles for £90,000, or, as it will be shortly, £135,000. The West Indian mileage is more difficult to estimate. The most distant colony, Jamaica, is 4500 miles from Plymouth, but the steamers subsequently proceed under contract to Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama, which would, however, probably be their destination in any case, if they were to obtain much homeward freight. There is also an inter-island delivery distributed from Barbados, though by small and slow steamers, which cannot involve very much outlay in working. A fair allowance would perhaps be 5000 miles per week. Thus we arrive at the following results: —

	Miles traversed per Annum.	Subsidy paid.	Rate per Mile.
New York . .	300,000	£130,000	8*s.* 6*d.*
India and China . . .	830,000	245,000	6
Australia . .	780,000	170,000	4 6
South Africa .	650,000	90,000	3
West Indies .	260,000	80,000	6

Though the New York service is apparently, according to this table, the most costly, the much greater speed compared with any of the other routes must be taken into account, and, as we shall discover later, the difference is much more than compensated for in other ways.

Then there is another very important test, namely, the weight of mail matter, and for particulars of this we can refer to the British Postmaster General's annual report, from which the following information is taken: —

	Total Weight of Letters, Book Packets, etc.	Subsidy paid.	Rate per Pound.
New York (outward only) .	2,750,000	£130,000	11*d.*
India, Ceylon, China, etc. .	3,400,000	245,000	1*s.* 5
Australia . . .	2,900,000	170,000	1 2
South Africa .	1,500,000	90,000	1 2½
West Indies .	400,000	80,000	4

Some allowance, of course, must be made for distance: thus the rate per pound per thousand miles would be less to Australia and China than to the United States, so that the comparisons are by no means perfect. Then some of the contracts include parcels dispatched by parcels post, which, if added to the weights given above, would lessen the rate per pound materially. Parcels, however, must be regarded more in the light of general cargo earning a high freight, and the deductions to be made would

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not then amount to anything considerable.

There is still another most important aspect to be taken into account. The International Postal Convention takes no note of distances, and permits the same charge to be made for a letter dispatched from Dover to Calais as from London to Yokohama. Whether the mail-carrying companies or the post offices of the respective countries are to benefit from the short distances must be settled between them; but there can be little doubt that, in arranging the British contracts, account is taken as far as possible of postal earnings. Again, the actual disbursements of the British post office are in all cases much less than the amounts of the respective subsidies. A certain proportion of the latter are surcharged to the colonies and India for homeward mails. Further sums are collected from foreign post offices, or from colonial ones not directly concerned, for postage on matter dispatched from their respective countries by British mail routes, and in the case of the contracts for the West India mails a small portion of the subsidy has to be provided by the Haytian government. To arrive at the net cost, therefore, deduction must be made, first of the colonial and foreign reimbursements, and then of the amount of postage collected. The latter can be arrived at with an approximation to accuracy by calculating on the basis of the current rate of postage on the total weight; but inasmuch as many letters fall below the maximum weight allowed for the postage paid, the actual receipts must be somewhat in excess of the calculation.

The figures which follow are based upon two and a half pence per half ounce for foreign, and one penny for Indian and colonial postage, with the exception of Australia, which still maintains the old rate of two and a half pence, and a half-penny for every two ounces of book or newspaper matter: —

	Total Subsidy.	Colonial Contribution.	Foreign. Receipts.	Approximate Receipts for Postage in U. K.	Approximate Profit.	Loss.
New York. . . .	£130,000	—	£27,280	£140,000	£37,250	—
India and China . .	245,000	£69,400	26,500	70,000	—	£80,000
Australia	170,000	71,650	7,750	70,000	—	20,000
West Indies . . .	80,000	17,650	16,100	7,500	—	40,000

A further credit must be allowed — except in the case of the United States, with which country there does not exist at present a parcels post — for the postage received on parcels, but on the other hand there are charges which cannot easily be arrived at. Mails are dispatched to the farthest possible points by land routes, which involves considerable expense. It cannot be supposed, for example, that the large sum paid for the service between Great Britain and Ireland, amounting to about £100,000, is in the interests of the business connections between the two countries. The real purpose of the Irish Channel service is the acceleration of the American mails to and from Queenstown, though the actual saving of time does not now exceed a few hours in any instance. Then, again, mails going eastward have the advantage of quick overland transit to Brindisi, or some other port on the Italian or Southern French littoral, and payments for this have to be made in the English Channel service as well as to foreign post offices. In the West Indian and South African mail services an English port is used in each instance, and they get the benefit of the ordinary postal service, the weight of matter adding little to the cost of the ordinary contracts with the respective railway companies. Further, something must be allowed for the services of the post-office staff, — many employees being required for the

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handling of the foreign mails, — and also for the use of buildings and stock. It is probable, therefore, that, were these things taken into account, the apparent profit on the American mail service would disappear, and that the loss on the others would be somewhat increased.

When everything is considered, however, the fact remains that the gigantic foreign mail service of the United Kingdom costs the British taxpayer little if anything more than a quarter of a million sterling per annum, and this represents the subsidy which the entire British mercantile marine receives from the government. Something, of course, is added by the colonies and India, as they do not receive in postage the equivalent of the sums surcharged them; but the net disbursements in these cases all together probably fall short of £100,000. The fact is, the conveyance of British mail to all parts of the world is purely a matter of commercial arrangement, and in no case does the government make it the vehicle for favoring any particular line of steamships or group of shipowners. The contracts are thrown open to public competition, and if, as is contended, the amounts paid are sometimes extravagant, it is either because the company tendering has bought off its competitors, or, as is more probable, that none of the latter are in a position to fulfill the exceedingly onerous conditions demanded. The British Postmaster General has more than once in recent years attempted to set the companies at defiance, where he has considered the terms demanded excessive, or the conditions of the service in any way objectionable. But in taking such a step he invariably finds himself in an exceedingly unpleasant position. The amount involved is never sufficient to make any appreciable difference to the individual taxpayer, who consequently does not thank the Postmaster for his efforts, while the inconvenience arising from even a temporary dislocation of the mail service is so great that the small portion of the public affected immediately raises an outcry which compels a settlement, and as likely as not results in the victory of the recalcitrant company.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the post-office authorities to make economical contracts, there has been much dissatisfaction of late years on the part of a section of the mercantile and manufacturing community, who are aggrieved at what they consider to be the excessive rates of freight they are called upon to pay, in comparison with some of their Continental competitors. The contention is that the large subsidies paid enable the companies receiving them to form combinations or rings, and beat off competitors not so favorably situated, yet willing to work at cheaper rates. This grievance has never extended to the Atlantic trade, which is too immense to be dominated by a couple of companies, however powerful, and rates of freight are invariably regulated by the laws of supply and demand. It is in the Eastern and South African trades that the dispute is particularly rife, and here, undoubtedly, the terms enforced upon shippers are of a despotic nature. The combination, or conference, as it is more generally termed, fix their rates of freight conditionally upon shippers confining themselves exclusively for a definite period to their lines of steamers. The nominal rate charged is in excess of the actual, the difference being returned as rebate when the term has elapsed, if the conditions have not been infringed. Thus a shipper is precluded from taking advantage of an occasional outsider which may be put upon the berth at a cheap rate, because in doing so he would forfeit rebates extending perhaps over many months, and amounting to hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds sterling.

It might reasonably be supposed that, enjoying the double advantage of handsome subsidies and of combination which

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they appear to afford, these companies would be among the most lucrative investments to be found in the list of British shipping. Many of the steamers, moreover, are floating palaces, and at certain periods of the year earn very large sums for the conveyance of passengers. Yet in spite of all this, the requirements under the mail contracts are so exacting and onerous that the sum distributed to bondholders and stockholders as interest and dividends falls far short of the amount received as subsidy, as the following figures amply testify: —

	Subsidy received.	Interest and Dividends paid for 1898.
Cunard	£65,000	£56,000
P. & O.	330,000	202,000
Orient	85,000	—
Union	45,000	50,000
Castle Mail	45,000	53,500
Royal Mail	80,000	48,500

Where a subsidy is divided between two companies, it has been assumed that each receives one half. The Union and Castle lines are the only two, therefore, which distribute more than their subsidy; and this is more apparent than real, as the capital of the companies has been steadily growing for years, while the fleets have assumed an importance which will soon entitle them to £67,500 each per annum, instead of £45,000, when they, like the other companies, will show a deficiency. Nor are the rates of dividend, with one exception, in excess of, or even equal to, what might reasonably be looked for from first-class industrial undertakings. The Cunard Company, for instance, paid its shareholders in 1898 three and a half per cent, the highest rate for a number of years. The distribution to the shareholders of the White Star line is known to have been much higher, but it is equally well known that the profits of the company are derived, not from the subsidized mail steamers, but from its magnificent fleet of cargo boats. The P. & O. is the one instance where a really substantial dividend is paid, and this is the company which more than any other has roused the animosity of the mercantile community. Its colleague in the Australian service is quite at the other extreme, as for 1898 the Orient Company paid no dividend at all, and it is doubtful if it really succeeded in meeting its fixed charges. The two South African lines divided five and a half and five per cent respectively, the Royal Mail five per cent, though to do so an inroad had to be made into the insurance fund. Most of these companies have debenture or bond issues bearing very moderate rates of interest, so that the average distribution over the entire capital employed is less even than the figures named. This is markedly the case with the P. & O., the £202,000 paid being equal to very little over six per cent on all the money actually invested in the enterprise.

Were this a fair representation of the returns from the shipping industry, it would compare most unfavorably with other British industrial enterprises, and there would be little eagerness exhibited to invest accumulated wealth in it. British shipowners do not by any means rank among the poorest members of the community, and it must be assumed that the average earnings upon their capital are very much more than five per cent. Private owners are naturally in a better position than public companies, as by personal attention they can save a great deal in the cost of management, and many private owners are known to derive handsome incomes from their property. There are numerous instances, however, of companies earning substantial dividends without any aid whatever in the form of subsidies. Take the Leyland line, which traverses much the same routes as the Cunard. After paying a moderate dividend for the first year or two of its existence, it transpired that a reserve had been accumulated sufficient to justify an additional distribution to bring the average of the whole

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period up to eleven per cent, the rate now current. Compare this with three and a half per cent paid by its subsidized competitor. Again, the West India and Pacific Steamship Company, with its headquarters at Liverpool, covers a good deal of the same ground as the Royal Mail, but has recently been earning as much as twelve and a half per cent against the doubtful five per cent of its rival. So far, then, from subsidies being an advantage, they appear in some instances, at least, to be positively detrimental to the companies receiving them.

In face of these facts, it is scarcely to be wondered at that few shipowners care to enter the lists as competitors for government mail contracts. They much prefer to sail their vessels in their own way and to suit their own convenience; and though many of the non-subsidized lines maintain as regular and punctual a service as the subsidized ones, they are under no legal compulsion, and can break it whenever serious loss is threatened. The mail service has to be regarded as a totally distinct branch of the business, and treated accordingly. The state of perfection to which it has been brought has been the outcome of the developments of many years, and only those who have taken part in them are able to cope with them. No shipowner would build a Campania or an Oceanic on the off chance of getting a share of the American mail contract; the consequences of his failing to do so, after it was built, being too serious to contemplate. There are many steamers trading with the East equal to or superior to some of the P. & O. boats carrying the mails, yet it would be impossible to find any single line or any combination sufficiently well equipped to carry on the whole service. Steamers quite equal, if not superior, both in size and speed, to those of the Royal Mail Company, call at ports in the British West Indies, yet £80,000 per annum is not sufficient inducement to their owners to compete for the mails. In these days, trade fluctuations are so violent, and channels so apt to change, that nobody likes to bind himself to one route for so long a period as five years, particularly where, as in the case of the West Indies, the prospects are anything but inviting.

It cannot be urged too strongly that the British mercantile marine owes practically nothing of its enormous development to government assistance, and were this entirely withdrawn only a very slight percentage of the total tonnage would be affected. For all the government pays it both expects and gets full value. The conditions necessary to secure its patronage are most costly, while there is no guarantee that it will be continued beyond a limited period. The P. & O. contracts, for instance, were renewed last year until 1905, but a good deal of uncertainty exists as to what may occur after that. With the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, that route is almost certain to be adopted for the transmission of the mails to the Far East, and perhaps eventually to Australia: in the first instance, at any rate, the time occupied will be about one third of what it is now. There may some day be a transcontinental route to South Africa; the transatlantic companies alone may feel tolerably secure that their route will not be disturbed, whatever other changes may take place in the arrangements. These are all risks which must be taken into account, and which few shipowners care to run; those who do so often gain more credit than profit. In the great Atlantic liners, the new and powerful steamers of the two South African lines, and in a lesser degree the crack boats of the Eastern companies, the British public feel a legitimate pride, and it is quite true that without the prospect of the subsidies such vessels would never be constructed. But they are sometimes costly luxuries, and it is not upon them that the prosperity of British shipping rests.

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These facts are well worth consideration before an attempt is made by any other government to build up, by wholesale subventioning, a mercantile marine to compete with the British. France has tried the experiment, at an enormous cost, with anything but satisfying results. The stimulus to the great expansion of German shipping has been from within, and not from heavy grants of taxpayers' money; and though two or three of the larger companies do receive mail subsidies in excess of those paid for like service by the British government, their success is in much greater degree attributable to their independent efforts. The shipping industry is, in its very essence, an international one, and the application to it of principles which may have proved successful in the internal industries of a country may be found to end in very disastrous results.

J. W. Root.

A GIRL OF SIXTEEN AT BROOK FARM.

Of all the memorable company whom I found seated at the tea table when I arrived at Brook Farm, a few weeks after its opening, not one is now alive. I myself, sole survivor of the men and women who occupied that first table in the parlor of the Hive, have already passed nearly a lustrum beyond the allotted term of life.

I realize, therefore, that if I am to comply with the repeated requests of many friends, and record my recollections of the earliest days of what, with Hawthorne, I may call "my old and affectionately remembered home," I must not longer defer the task. I esteem it both a duty and a privilege not only to correct some inaccuracies and supply some omissions in the accounts of those less familiar than myself with the inner life of those early days, but also to express my gratitude to my friends and teachers at Brook Farm for the noble, sweet simplicity of the life there, which has been to me one of the most precious influences of the past threescore years.

The idea of Brook Farm originated with Rev. George Ripley, settled over Purchase Street Church in Boston, and his wife, Sophia Dana Ripley, a niece of Richard H. Dana, the poet and scholar. Mr. and Mrs. Ripley had boarded for several summers at the Ellis Farm in West Roxbury, and were convinced that it was the ideal spot for their enterprise. They invited all interested in the scheme to meet at their pleasant home in Boston one evening a week, through the winter of 1840–41, to discuss the matter and form definite plans. These meetings called together such "cultivated and philosophic minds" as Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, William Henry Channing, John S. Dwight, David Mack, and others of similar character and culture. The proposed association became the current topic of conversation in Boston and the neighboring towns. Some laughed at it, of course, but some were as much frightened as men and women have since been by the talk of the anarchists.

I was then a girl of nearly sixteen, living in a college town. My mother, a woman of rare discernment, wishing to send me away to a good school, and knowing that teaching as well as farming was included in the scheme, attended the meetings at the Ripleys' house, not without some opposition and ridicule from her Philistine friends.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Ripley, then Miss Dana, had been a most successful teacher in Cambridge. She was

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a woman of elegant manners and perfect self-control, qualities which insured her a remarkable degree of influence over her pupils. My mother felt that she could intrust my intellectual and moral training to her with the greatest confidence; but my father was a clergyman, with a large family and the usual small income of his profession, and there was some hesitation. On learning, however, that I could work four hours a day for my board, leaving only my tuition to be paid for in money, my parents decided to send me.

One pleasant afternoon in June, 1841, my father drove over to West Roxbury with me in the family chaise, with my trunk securely strapped beneath, and left me at the Nest. This was a small house occupied by Miss Ripley, a sister of George Ripley, and a few young boys brought with her from her school in Boston, among them two sons of George Bancroft. In the care of these children and of the house I was to assist her. We all took our meals at the Hive, and in the autumn went there to live.

The Hive was the Ellis farmhouse, one of the lovely old New England houses with a broad hall running through the whole length, and having a door at each end. From the left side of this hall, as you entered, a staircase went straight up to the second floor. The walls of the hall were lined with open bookshelves filled with rare English, French, and German books, belonging to Mr. Ripley, who had, I imagine, one of the finest libraries in Boston at that time, especially in foreign works. After the Eyrie was built the Hive became merely the working headquarters, and this library was removed to the new building; but the books were always free to all, a fact which showed the real generosity of Mr. Ripley.

There was a comfortable sofa in the hall, under the stairs, on which Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the front room at the right, used to sit for hours at a time, with a book in his hand, not turning a leaf, but listening with sharp ears to the young people's talk, which he seemed to enjoy immensely, perhaps with the satisfaction of Burns's "Chiel amang ye takin' notes." It is, however, but just to Mr. Hawthorne to say that, whatever use he made in Blithedale Romance of the scenery and "romantic atmosphere" of Brook Farm, he cannot be accused of violating the sanctities of the home and holding up to public observation exaggerated likenesses of his associates there. I spent some delightful hours with him the winter he died, when he assured me that Zenobia represented no one person there.

The company on which my eyes fell, when I arrived at the farm, included Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; George P. Bradford, kinsman and friend of Emerson; John S. Dwight, musician and scholar, founder and editor of the Journal of Music; Nathaniel Hawthorne, then a young man, not yet married, but engaged; Rev. Mr. Burton, a Unitarian clergyman; Miss Sarah Stearns, niece of Mr. Ripley, a young woman of much culture and charm; the family from the Nest; and a pupil of about my own age, tall, fair-haired, and beautiful to look upon, Ellen Slade, mentioned by name in Hawthorne's American Note-Books, and the original Diana of that book and The Blithedale Romance, with whom I was proud to be associated.

There soon came others to our little company: Miss Georgiana Bruce, one of the most interesting persons at the farm, the writer of Years of Experience; Minot Pratt, who brought with him his wife and two little sons, one of whom afterwards married Annie Alcott, the Meg of Little Women. The Pratts were admirable people, and became very useful members of the association. Mr. Pratt, a printer, wanted, I imagine, more liberty to labor as he chose, and to find time for reading and study, and took an important part in the farmwork. Mrs.

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Pratt I remember as a most kind and motherly woman.

Charles A. Dana, the late editor of the New York Sun, then a handsome collegian, came over from Cambridge and passed a day or two in the course of the summer, and later he took up his abode with us.

Theodore Parker's farmer, William Allen, had been deeply interested in the idea of the association, and soon came to take charge of the farm. This new farmer, William, was a sturdy young fellow from Westmoreland, Vermont. He married just before coming to us, and brought his pretty wife, Sylvia. William's brother also came, bringing his bride. These four were, I think, among our most efficient workers. The education of their hands had not been neglected, and these were well trained by good heads. It was such as they, perhaps, who kept the daily machinery running smoothly.

William, as I remember him, must have been a man of power in his way, as he was the head farmer, and the four or five men who fitted boys for college (I fancy this was the surest source of income to the association) must have been directed by him and his brother in all the work of the farm. I remember well that George P. Bradford and Mr. Hawthorne had the care and milking of the cows, but not to the exclusion of other less Arcadian labors, as is evident from the American Note-Books. Mr. Hawthorne seems to have had a rather tender feeling for his charges, expressing forcibly in The Blithedale Romance, chapter xxiv., his indignation at their "cold reception" of him on his return from an absence of several weeks. I recall distinctly the names of two cows, Daisy and Dolly, from the fact that Messrs. Hawthorne and Bradford were particular always to assign to these cows adjoining stalls in the barn at night, because they were always together in the pasture. I recollect also Mr. Bradford's often begging me to stop at the gate through which the long line of cows came at evening, and watch the varying and interesting expressions on their faces.

The pigs too came in for their share of Mr. Hawthorne's care. When, in the the following winter, the Brook Farmers, as a delicate attention, sent a spareribb to Mrs. George S. Hillard, with whom he was then staying in Boston, thinking to please him, he raised his hands in horror, and exclaimed, "I should as soon think of a sculptor's eating a piece of one of his own statues!"

Besides those whom I have mentioned others joined us, with well-trained hands, but not of such good New England blood. I recall among them two Irishwomen, one of whom, a fine cook, had lived with the Danas and others of the best families of Boston. This woman came to Brook Farm for the sake of her beautiful young daughter, an only child, who looked like a Madonna and possessed much native delicacy. Her mother was desirous that she should be well educated. These women were perfectly welcome to sit at the table with us all, but they preferred not to sit down until the two courses had been put upon the table, if at all.

As I remember our meals, they were most delightful times for talk, humor, wit, and the interchange of pleasant nonsense. When our one table had grown into three, Charles A. Dana, who must have been a very orderly young man, organized a corps of waiters from among our nicest young people, whose meals were kept hot for them, and they in their turn were waited on by those whom they had served. I have seen Mr. Dana reading a small Greek book between the courses, though he was a faithful waiter. The table talk was most delightful and profitable to me. Looking back over a long and varied life, I think that I have rarely sat down with so many men and women of culture, so thoroughly unself-

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ish, polite, and kind to one another, as I found at those plain but attractive tables. All seemed at rest and at their best. There was no man, tired with the stock market and his efforts to make or to increase a big fortune, coming home harassed or depressed, too cross or disappointed to talk. There was no woman vying with others in French gowns, laces, and diamonds. The fact that all felt that they were honored for themselves alone brought out more individuality in each, so that I have often said that I have never elsewhere seen a set of people of whom each seemed to possess some peculiar charm.

I do not recollect Hawthorne's talking much at the table. Indeed, he was a very taciturn man. One day, tired of seeing him sitting immovable on the sofa in the hall, as I was learning some verses to recite at the evening class for recitation formed by Charles A. Dana, I daringly took my book, pushed it into his hands, and said, "Will you hear my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?" He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book, and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

One evening he was alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the farther end, when my roommate, Ellen Slade, and myself were going upstairs. She whispered to me, "Let's throw the sofa pillows at Mr. Hawthorne." Reaching over the banisters, we each took a cushion and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, warded off our cushions, and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could throw them at him he returned them with effect, hitting us every time, while we could hit only the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements. Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars. Wonderful eyes they were, and when anything witty was said I always looked quickly at Mr. Hawthorne; for his dark eyes lighted up as if flames were suddenly kindled behind them, and then the smile came down to his lips and over his grave face.

My memories of Mr. Hawthorne are among the pleasantest of my Brook Farm recollections. His manners to children were charming and kind. I saw him one day walking, as was his custom, with his hands behind his back, head bent forward, the two little Bancrofts and other children following him with pleased faces, and stooping every now and then with broad smiles, after which they would rise and run on again behind him. Puzzled at these manœuvres, I watched closely, and found that although he hardly moved a muscle except to walk, yet from time to time he dropped a penny, for which the children scrambled.

Among our regular visitors in that first year were: Emerson, who came occasionally to spend a day; Margaret Fuller, who passed weeks at a time with us; and Theodore Parker, who was a frequent caller. The last, a warm personal friend of Mr. Ripley, lived within walking distance, and we were often amused at the ceremonies of his leave-taking. When he took his departure, after spending two or three hours in close conversation with Mr. Ripley, the latter always started to accompany him part of the way; at the end of a mile or so, when Mr. Ripley turned back, Mr. Parker, in his turn, became escort, Mr. Ripley resuming the rôle when Brook Farm was reached. In this way, the two men, always absorbed in conversation, walked back and forth, until sometimes another couple of hours were added to the solid talk.

Wendell Phillips came once, but I was away and did not see him. On my return I was flattered to hear that he had especially asked for me; but my pride had a fall when I learned that he had supposed the "Ora" of whom he had heard so much to be a favorite cat.

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All sorts and conditions of men were kindly received at Brook Farm, and of course many peculiar persons came to claim our hospitality. I remember well the man mentioned by Mr. Codman in his book on Brook Farm, who, when Mr. Ripley offered to show him to his room for the night, declined, averring that he never slept, and would sit up all night in the parlor, which he was allowed to do.

As our family soon grew too large for the Hive, two other houses were built while I was there. One, perched on a hill not far from the Hive, and built upon the rock, was named the Eyrie. In this was a good-sized room for our musical evenings and dancing; also a library, to which, on its completion, the books were removed from the hall in the Hive. At the Eyrie Mr. and Mrs. Ripley had their rooms; also my sister, who came a year after me, and myself, with several other young people; but we continued to go to the Hive for our meals and recitations. That the Eyrie was built on the Scriptural foundation I know, from having once seen the elegant Burrill Curtis, brother of George William Curtis, filling the oil lamps of the house on the cellar floor of solid rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Minot Pratt took charge of the Hive, and there all the cooking and washing were done. Mr. Bradford continued to keep his room there until he left, I believe.

One of the houses was a cottage built in the form of a cross, by a cousin of Mrs. Wendell Phillips, a wealthy lady, who lived in it herself. Charles A. Dana and other young people also had rooms there.

Later, Ichabod and Edwin Morton, of Plymouth, Mass., who came to Brook Farm after I left, built a large house after Fourier's plan, with a common kitchen, dining room, and laundry on the lower floor, and separate rooms above. This was called the Phalanstery. I think it was the outcome of a pet plan of Mr. Ripley's. The inmates might either eat at the common table, or, by paying a certain sum, might have their meals sent to their apartments. This would clearly indicate that Brook Farm was not a *community*, as so often miscalled, but an *association*, where the members could more easily live out the aims for which it was founded. Possibly the whole settlement might in time have grown to be a sort of coöperative village, but unfortunately the Phalanstery was burned to the ground, in March, 1846, before it was quite finished. The financial loss was heavy, and I know that the destruction of the Phalanstery was a great blow to the association in many ways.

Perhaps my recollections of Brook Farm are tinted by the rose-colored optimism of sixteen, but as I have grown old, and, looking back to the general standard of half a century ago, have compared the lives led at Brook Farm with the most useful ones of these days, I am more and more convinced that my estimates are true, that there was very much "sweetness and light" there, — a light too bright for most people at that time to bear.

With the progress of time, as higher moral and scientific developments have improved the internal as well as the external vision, the world is coming to see that living for others is true living. Certainly, most of the persons whom I knew at Brook Farm lived on a higher plane than their contemporaries, recognizing, as they did, others' needs as of equal moment with their own. I can recall so many unselfish, loving, gentle-mannered people that I am sure that if others of a different stamp did come, they could not have lived contentedly there, but must soon have slid out. Thank God, there were always enough of the old stock left to keep the spirit of the place as it had been at first. Among the boarders, too, were some who entered into that spirit, and though not sharing the labors, yet added greatly to the pleasures of the

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association. Among these I remember particularly Mr. Charles Newcomb, of Providence.

One may easily imagine the influence such a man as George P. Bradford had on the people assembled at Brook Farm. He knew the woods and fields well, — indeed, all outdoor things; the flora, especially, which, as my memory recalls it, was very rich; astronomy, too. Many, many nights he showed us the constellations, quietly talking of all this beauty in a way that inspired love and reverence in us.

He loved the beautiful pine wood which we called the Cathedral, using it as a magnificent hall, for our amusement. Hawthorne tells in one of his Note-Books of the masquerade we had there, where more beautiful people met, I think, than usually falls to one's lot to see in a lifetime.

The brook he loved, I fancy, as much as I did, as it ran in front of the Hive, through the large green meadow; talking sometimes in a serious undertone, sadly, as if finding fault with me, and sometimes so gay and frolicking that even now, after more than half a century, it comes to me as a voice either blaming or making me joyous.

The dearest friend I have ever had since I left Brook Farm often used to stop beside some singing brook, as we were driving through the country, and ask me: "How about this brook? Is n't its voice as sweet as the one at Brook Farm?" But only once did I ever hear one that even approached to the sweetness of Brook Farm's brook, and I believe firmly that the memory of its voice has helped many of those who were happy enough to have heard it to bear their successes and failures with gratitude, sweetness, and strength. I have often wondered if such a place, so pure, refined, and entirely democratic, could have been started nearly "sixty years since" in any other place than the United States, and in Boston or its vicinity.

One thing I early learned there was to discern the small importance of outward worldly distinctions as compared with true worth of character. This has helped me much in life in choosing friends, finding them sometimes even among servants. It has enabled me to treat them as if they were really equals, and to recognize sometimes their superiority to myself. This lesson has done much to make the practical part of my life run smoothly, I am sure. That such men as George P. Bradford and George William Curtis should muffle themselves up in the stormy and freezing weather, and work hard in the unaccustomed business of hanging out clothes, to save women, some of whom had toiled all their lives, seems to me more chivalrous than Raleigh's throwing his cloak in front of Elizabeth. I have never seen such true politeness as prevailed there. The selfish and consequently impolite people who occasionally came were either ashamed and left, or learned to follow the customs.

The boys studying there did not fight, as at other schools, for they were treated courteously, and had few rules. My tender conscience, however, has kept alive the memory of my connivance in one violation of a rule. One of my morning duties was to dust and adorn the parlor in the Hive, after it had been swept. Mrs. Ripley had made a strict rule that none of the boys who used that room for morning study should enter it before I had finished my task. Early one morning, on entering the room, dust-cloth in hand, I was surprised to see there three boys on three different sides of the room, each in a chair drawn forward from the wall, with heads bent over their books, apparently deeply absorbed in study. Not a head was raised nor a movement made, when I went in. "Boys," I said, "you know you must n't be here." "Oh, please let us stay, Ora, and we won't disturb you a bit. We 've dusted our chairs, — see," and, suiting

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the action to the word, they polished their chairs with their coat sleeves.

Finding them bent upon staying, I crossed the hall to the dining room and told Mrs. Ripley. She went immediately back to the parlor with me; but the room was empty, the boys having jumped out of the window. I continued my dusting. Soon one of the delinquents thrust his head in at the window and said: "Now, Ora, if you 'll dust that sofa, you may take as much time for it as you please; and then I 'll come in and put my feet up on it, so as to be out of your way, and I 'll read hymns to you just the way some of the Unitarian ministers around Boston do." As some of the Unitarian pulpits in Boston and vicinity were filled, at that time, by men with very peculiar voices and styles of delivery, the temptation was too great to be resisted. The entertainment was certainly unique and mirth-provoking. My entertainer, George Wells, became one of the youngest judges ever on the bench in Massachusetts. Later, the dear fellow gave his life to his country in the civil war. Some years after leaving, he said that he felt all the good there was in him he owed to Brook Farm.

In keeping with this testimony of Judge Wells was a remark once made to me by George William Curtis, when staying at our house in the course of one of his lecturing tours: "In many places where I lecture I meet old Brook Farmers whom I have not seen for years, and they are always, I find, among the very best people of the place."

The teaching at Brook Farm was fine, and, to one who really wished to learn, of the very best kind. It was not confined to daytime study hours, for some, not only of the teachers, but of the scholars, used to work a portion of each day on the farm. In order to get our work done early enough for the evening pleasures, among which we reckoned Mr. Ripley's classes, Georgiana Bruce, Sarah Stearns, and myself, whose duty it was to wash the tea dishes, used to hurry through the task with great rapidity, the young men helping by wiping them. I recollect particularly one evening in the moral philosophy class, — which must have been very interesting to rouse and keep the enthusiasm of a girl of sixteen, — when the question of free will came up. Mr. Ripley read aloud Jonathan Edwards's famous chapter on Golden, Silver, Wooden, and Pottery Vessels, and this was followed by a most exciting discussion between Mr. Ripley and Miss Bruce.

The arrival of George William Curtis, then a youth of eighteen, and his brother Burrill, two years his senior, was a noteworthy event in the annals of Brook Farm, at least in the estimation of the younger members. I shall never forget the flutter of excitement caused by Mr. Ripley's announcing their expected coming in these words: "Now we 're going to have two young Greek gods among us." Nor have I forgotten their first appearance at the gate at the bottom of the hill leading to the Eyrie. This was the gate by which I had stood, at Mr. Bradford's request, to study the expressions on the faces of the cows as they came through. After we moved up to the Eyrie, this gate always seemed to me to separate the two different lives led at Brook Farm: on one side, the rest and recreation of the Eyrie; on the other, the busy, active, happy life of the Hive, where sweeping, dusting, lessons with Mrs. Ripley, and pleasant chitchat filled the morning hours. On a bright morning in May, 1842, soon after Mr. Ripley's announcement, as I was coming down from the Eyrie to the Hive, I saw Charles A. Dana with two strange young men approaching my "magic gate" from the direction of the Hive. Arriving at the gate before me, Mr. Dana threw it open with the flourish peculiar to his manner, and stood holding it back. His companions stood beside him, and all three waited for me to pass through. I saw at a glance that these must be the

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"two young Greek gods." They stood disclosed, not, like Virgil's Venus, by their step, but by their beauty and bearing. Burrill Curtis was at that time the more beautiful. He had a Greek face, of great purity of expression, and curling hair. George too was very handsome, — not so remarkably as in later life, but already with a man's virile expression.

Burrill, whom I soon came to know very well, was quite unconscious of himself, and interested in all about him. He talked of the Greek philosophers as if he had sat at their feet. He carried this high philosophy into his daily life, helping the young people in their studies, and ready at any time to take his share of the meanest and commonest work. He had that thoroughgoing truthfulness that made him feel that every mood *must* be lived through. One result of this was that he gave himself up so completely to the person in whom he was for the moment interested as to create false impressions, and sometimes cause disappointment. But he was so much more attuned to another life than to anything here, so entirely fine in thought, manner, and deed, that one could not resolve to pain him by speaking of this. He was unworldly and wholly indifferent to what others thought of him, as also to their laughter when he changed his opinions, which he often did. Burrill's influence must have been of value to George in keeping him from caring too much for the admiration showered upon him later in life, the pleasures of this world being in many ways more enticing to him than to his brother. George had the greatest love and respect for Burrill, and, I always understood, was led by him to go to Brook Farm. Their intimacy was like that of two sisters. They worked, walked, talked, and sang together. Burrill's power is acknowledged most tenderly in the last chapter of Prue and I. George himself once told me that "our cousin the curate" was in part a portrait of his brother.

About George William Curtis there was a peculiar personal elegance, and an air of great deference in listening to one whom he admired or looked up to. There was a certain remoteness (at times almost amounting to indifference) about him, but he was always courteous. His friends were all older than himself, and he appeared much older in manners and conversation than he was in years; more like a man of twenty-five than a youth of eighteen. I, being a year younger and quite immature, did not then know him so well as a few years later, from which time the privilege of calling him my friend became one of the greatest pleasures of my life. As time passed he grew more genial, but he was always more sociable with some of the older men and women — George P. Bradford, Caroline Sturgis, and Mrs. Shaw, the last two being our near neighbors — than with any of the younger people at that time, excepting Charles A. Dana, with whom he and his brother used to take long walks. I remember Mr. Bradford's telling me that he and the other older men saw more promise in George than in Burrill, perceiving as they did, I suppose, the steady practical side of his nature; but I must always think that the influence of "our cousin the curate" was an important factor in the development of his character.

I passed a happy year and a half as a scholar at Brook Farm; but for the following three years, until I left New England, I was in the habit of making frequent visits there, and was always received as one of their own, — "a child of the farm," as it were. In the course of these visits I made the acquaintance, and in some cases the friendship, of later comers. Among these I must not omit to mention Abby Morton (Mrs. Diaz), who became very dear to me, and whose peculiar combination of liveliness and dignity, together with her beautiful singing, made her a favorite with all the members, old and new.

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Another whom I first met at the farm, and whose friendship I prized, was Isaac Hecker. It was on one of my earliest visits after leaving the school that I went out to the kitchen to see some of my friends, and there beheld, on one side of the chimney, a strange young man with the regulation baker's cap on his head. His face attracted me. It was pockmarked and not handsome, but it was earnest, high-minded, and truthful. Circumstances — among other things the friendship then existing between him and Georgiana Bruce — led to a somewhat intimate acquaintance and frequent correspondence between him and myself, the latter continuing after Mr. Hecker went to the Catholic college at Worcester. Young as we both were, our correspondence was yet on high, spiritual themes, and his persuasive powers almost made me too a Roman Catholic. Undoubtedly, Isaac Hecker's influence had much to do with Mrs. Ripley's conversion to the church in which his restless mind finally found "surcease of doubt." My dear young friend Sarah Stearns became not only a Catholic, but a nun.

Among the unwarranted calumnies formerly circulated about Brook Farm was the assertion that a good deal of flirting was carried on there. I have been much with young people in my life, — a teacher for some years, a mother with several children, and now a grandmother with hosts of grandchildren, — and I have never seen more truly gentlemanly and gentlewomanly relations between youths and maidens than at Brook Farm. I am sure not only that no harm was done, either to young men or maidens, by the healthful and simple intercourse that was invariable between them, but that very much good came, especially to the young men. There seemed a desire in each person to make Brook Farm a happy home. There were few of us who had not enough work each day, either manual or intellectual, generally both, to give a keen zest to the pleasures of the evening. It seems to me, as I look back upon the happy hours of recreation, that we were more amiable and content with ourselves and one another than any circle of people I have ever known since.

Among our daytime amusements were some charming picnics in the pine-tree grove, one of which is almost exactly described in The Blithedale Romance. Hawthorne's one variation from the facts was in making me, both there and in the American Note-Books, the gypsy fortune teller, whereas that part was really taken by Mrs. Ripley, and I was merely the messenger to bring persons to her; but it would seem that I must have done some talking on my own account.

In the happy Brook Farm evenings there were games for the young people at the Hive, while once or twice a week, at the same place, the older classes listened to Mr. Bradford's readings of Racine's and Molière's plays, — delightful readings they were, — or to discussions in Mr. Ripley's moral philosophy class. At the Eyrie we had charming singing by the two Curtis brothers, occasional concerts given by people from "the world," talks by Margaret Fuller, William H. Channing, and others, sometimes dancing in moderation, and once in a while a fancy-dress party.

Everybody on the farm knew that he or she was cordially invited to all these various amusements, and would be kindly received. The result was that all sorts and conditions of men mingled freely and without sense of constraint. There were often side by side three of the most beautiful women I have ever seen from the Shaw and Russell families, a girl who had been nursemaid in my uncle's family, and others of even lowlier station in the world. When the chairs gave out, as they not infrequently did in our more crowded assemblies, our aristocratic guests did not disdain to sit upon the Eyrie floor, — a fact that

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was made a subject of no little ridicule in Boston at the time, it not being known, perhaps, that it was impossible to get extra chairs.

At one fancy-dress party George William Curtis took the part of Hamlet. Our delightful neighbors, the Shaws and Russells, who were much interested in us, and who had plenty of money and many pretty things to wear themselves, not only came to these simple little balls, but generously lent many of their fine things to Brook Farmers. Jonathan Russell, a not remote ancestor, had been our Minister to Russia, and I remember that some of his court clothes appeared at our fancy parties, particularly a sky-blue silk frock coat, which J. S. Dwight wore. I recollect being dressed as a Persian girl in satin trimmings and tartan, lent by these neighbors, who made our assembly shine by their beauty and charming garments, warming our hearts by their constant kindness.

That many of the Brook Farmers went to church I know; for I remember well the hot walk with them two miles and back on summer Sundays. Most of them fulfilled their duty as citizens by voting, although a few refrained on the ground taken by Garrison and Samuel J. May, that the United States Constitution was a pro-slavery document.

Not long after the burning of the Phalanstery, Brook Farm closed its six years of existence. I cannot regard it as a failure. The influence of the fine, magnanimous living there must have carried blessing to all parts of our land, as its members scattered and planted in distant communities the seeds of the harvest they had themselves gathered at Brook Farm.

Yes, it was indeed a very happy and wholesome life. I wish I had the power to tell in earnest, glowing words how wide its influence seems to me to have been, and still to be. I have not this power, and so quote from an article by my dear friend George P. Bradford, who lived at Brook Farm throughout the six or seven years during which it was maintained: —

"And some there are who still revere all the dreams of their youth, not only those that led them there, but those also that hovered around them while there, and gave a color of romance to their life, and some of whom perhaps still cherish the hope that in some form or mode of association or of coöperative industry may be found a more equal distribution of the advantages, privileges, and culture of society; some mitigation of its great and painful inequalities; a remedy, or at least an abatement, of its evils and sufferings. But it may be thought that I have dwelt too much on the pleasantness of the life at Brook Farm, and the advantages in the way of education, etc., to the young people, which is all very well, but not quite peculiar to this institution, and some may ask what it really accomplished of permanent value in the direction of the ideas with which it was started. This I do not feel that I can estimate or speak of adequately, neither is it within the scope of this paper. But I would indicate in a few words some of the influences and results that I conceive to belong to it. The opportunity of very varied culture, intellectual, moral, and practical; the broad and humane feelings professed and cherished toward all classes of men; the mutual respect for the character, mind, and feelings of persons brought up in the most dissimilar conditions of living and culture, which grew up from free commingling of the very various elements of our company; the understanding and appreciation of the toils, self-denial, privations, which are the lot to which so many are doomed, and a sympathy with them, left on many a deep and abiding effect. This intercourse or commingling of which I have spoken was very simple and easy. When the artificial and conventional barriers were thrown down, it was felt how petty and poor they are. They were easily

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forgotten, and the natural attractions asserted themselves. So I cannot but think that this brief and imperfect experiment, with the thought and discussion that grew out of it, had no small influence in teaching more impressively the relation of universal brotherhood and the ties that bind all to all, a deeper feeling of the rights and claims of others, and so in diffusing, enlarging, deepening, and giving emphasis to the growing spirit of true democracy."

Ora Gannett Sedgwick.

A DAUGHTER OF SAINT ANNE.

THE flat Sardinian fields lay submerged by autumnal inundations; through the falling sheets of rain could be only dimly discerned the outlines of a *nurago*, unique, mysterious monument of a forgotten civilization. All over the island these conical stone erections mock the scholar with impenetrable reserve, and seem to say, "You read the hieroglyphs of Egypt and the signs of the Assyrian, but what was I?" When the sun colors the red moss on these prehistoric *nuraghi*, and picks out the crimson prickly pear, splashed like a blood stain on the gigantic gray-green cactus hedge; when the light floods the purple "lilies of the field" and the scarlet pomegranate flowers, limning the stone pines against tropical sunset skies and horizons softly wreathed with blue mountains, there is singular beauty in this unvisited island of the Mediterranean. Its men, dark-browed and reticent, capped and clad in dense black homespun, mounted on long-tailed, softly stepping black horses, seem only sable velvet silhouettes to throw into more salient relief the pervading brilliance of light and color; and the women, with bared bosoms, crimson stays, heavily shawled heads, and barbaric ornaments, have an Oriental aspect foreign to Italy.

But when the rains come, and the sun magician withdraws his reconciling rays, the desolation and grim misery of the island lie revealed. It is like a woman in whose eyes hope and the light of love are quenched. Every autumn the country is flooded. Then the squalor of the low adobe huts and the poverty of the inhabitants is patent, and fever prevails. No wonder that, in spite of fine shooting, officials and army men deem it an exile to be stationed in Sardinia.

My eye vainly sought some consoling object through the mist-dimmed window panes of the second-class compartment, and came back for relief to study my three fellow travelers. Opposite sat my elect companion, the minister whose sweet, unworldly face confirmed the affectionate sobriquet of "the Angelical Doctor," and showed that this sensitive, conscientious New England nature "sloped to the southern side." As my glance lingered on his transparent face and shining blue eyes, a smile rose to my lips at recollection of one person's remark that he looked as if he had lived on nothing more material than white ostrich plumes, and the no less characteristic ejaculation of the Calabrian peasant, "He is a wax Jesus!"

In Italy a smile always finds its twin on another face, and when I raised my eyes they met the dark, sympathetic ones of a tall, graceful young officer occupying the third corner.

I am young, I am a woman, I am a blonde. In Sardinia it is enough, and there was no vanity in the conviction that at the junction of Chilivani my face at the car window had drawn this

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comely fellow and his belongings from the neighboring first-class compartment. His interest was courteous, but a flame of heat flew to my cheeks, and my glance shifted to the remaining occupant of the carriage, a small creature in the garb of a nun, with hands, feet, and brow so withdrawn under the overlapping folds of black as to seem merely a sombre little drift of merino in the corner. She had gotten in alone at the last station, sorely cumbered with a canary cage, a basket of live chickens, and two heavy blue bags of knobby, uncertain contents, which the Angelical Doctor and the officer had wedged into the nets overhead. Then her slight figure and beseeching black eyes had said: "Take care of me, be good to me. I am quite helpless."

As I scanned her rusty draperies to discover to what order she belonged, the car gave a sudden lurch, and one of her bags, which had been set up by the scholarly, unpractical hands of my Angelical, was dislodged and flung forwards; but ere it descended upon my unoffending head the quick eye of the officer saw the danger. With a swift bound and a deft turn of the wrist he averted the avalanche, and thrust the weighty blue homespun firmly back into its place. The little nun's smothered "Perdoni" was lost in my exclamation of gratitude and the young man's deprecatory reply. Of course my Angelical touched his hat, murmuring, "Obbligatissimo," and the other was quick to respond. A rattling, crackling gust of rain supplied an impersonal topic, and the social ice was cracked. My dear Angelical is deaf, so the captain's remarks had to be repeated by me in clear, familiar accents close to his ear; and erelong he retreated from the conversation with the words: "Susy, dear, don't bother to repeat; leave me to my book."

A second's frost fell on the dialogue, and then it bravely blossomed again. I had been imprisoned for a week by washouts in a dreary, comfortless, bookless Sardinian hostelry, and the captain had not spoken to a woman for eighteen months. Perhaps he remembered Count Lamarmora's advice to a young man from the Continent: "Never look at a Sardinian woman unless you wish to marry her, or be shot in the back by one of her relatives." Given the slow, tentative crawl of the locomotive through the sodden fields and swamps, with the affinities of youth and congenial taste, was it any wonder we talked? At first our chat was of Sardinia, no less a foreign country to the cultured, progressive Milanese than to my American eyes. He told of the Sard feuds, — stern, irreconcilable from generation to generation; of the *vendette* drowned in the blood of men and flocks; of old usages such as the loving cup, which it were a deadly insult for a stranger to refuse. Through the impersonal tale pierced the isolation of the Italian exiled among alien Italians, far from the glories of La Scala and the social life of rich, emancipated Milan. From Sardinia the conversation flew to other countries. He had been one of the commissioners to the Chicago Exposition.

While he spoke of "the White City" I heard a slight movement in the corner. It was the nun drawing her thick veil closer over her head. The action chilled me with its implied withdrawal, but an instant's reflection convinced me that the bundle of black merino could scarcely become more oblivious of us than she already was. Again our talk flamed up. Italy's trials were the topic, and with it came mention of the socialistic disturbances in Milan and the military occupation. I quite forgot the reproving presence of the nun, while he told of mounting guard for twenty-four hours, and the scene when the ladies of Milan came out from their arcaded courts into the streets and squares to distribute bread and wine to the common soldiers, never dreaming that the officers who sat their horses impassively and waved their

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gleaming sabres in the sunlight had borne a fast as strenuous and were quite as hungry.

At a wayside station he went to another car to smoke, and I approached the open door for a breath of damp, soft air. The nun's veil dropped back from her head, and she lifted two eyes aglow with interest. My smile called forth one from her, and she burst out with abrupt eagerness, "Do the bars on his sleeve mean that he is lieutenant or captain?" And when I replied she said musingly: "Ah, I had been wondering. But he is a beautiful man, is he not? — so tall, so straight, so aristocratic!" There was a slight pause, and then she continued wistfully: "How interesting it has been! How far you both have traveled! What a satisfaction! If I had not been a Daughter of St. Anne, I should have chosen to see the world. I would have been a great traveler."

The slight person with her rusty black gown, her livestock, and her clumsy bundles spoke, unconscious of her own pathos. Her friendliness made me ask where she was going, and she responded readily, "I am sent to the Continent, to Genoa, to do private nursing."

Having spent three happy, busy years in an American hospital, my sympathies leaped out to her with the fellowship of a common craft, and I was glad that this little woman of traveling aspirations should leave her miserable mud village for superb Genoa with its patrician palaces and pictured villas.

"Ah, you will like that!" I exclaimed.

But, to my surprise, she replied with Italian frankness that she was sorry, adding, "To tell the truth, signorina, one is only the servant of the rich, but the poor are our little brothers and sisters." In the affectionate diminutives *fratellini e sorelline* was a note of St. Francis and thirteenth-century Christianity.

"They must have loved you very much in Oristano!" exclaimed I involuntarily.

"They did indeed," she answered, with childlike candor; "they have been so good to me. If you knew how they all acted when the government took it with me about their teeth!"

"About their teeth?" I queried, quite puzzled.

"Eh, you cannot know; but this government does not allow any one who has not a diploma to pull teeth, and there was no dentist nearer than Cagliari."

"And did *you* pull them?" I exclaimed, so unique a dentist did this small, shrinking nun appear.

"Every tooth drawn in Oristano for three years," and when she met my wondering gaze she clasped to herself the dignity of her motive: "When they suffered there was no one else. I did it for no gain; they only brought thankofferings to the Madonna's shrine."

"And the government?" asked I.

"Ah, the government condemned me to pay five hundred francs or go to prison."

"And you paid it?"

"Eh, where should a Daughter of St. Anne get such a fortune? Mother Superior reproved me. She said no one should ever break the letter of the law, and I must bear the penalty."

"So you decided" —

"To go to prison; there was nothing else. It was a great passion, dear signorina, but then I found what were the hearts in Oristano. None of the gentry moved a straw, though I had sometimes pulled the milk teeth of their children; but when the poor people heard that I was going to prison, they rose in a body and marched to the syndic, and they said: 'The Daughter of St. Anne shall not go to prison; she has had compassion for us, and we love her. The government is a thief, — it would draw blood from a stone. The grapes have failed, and you know whether we are a race of miserables; but if your *signoria* has the heart of a human being, he will feel compassion to wait while we bring the money

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for this fine as we can. We will pay it, every centime, rather than have the little frock go to jail.' "

"And they paid it?"

"Thank God, the government had mercy. They said I had done it for never a soldo of gain, as a pious work, and this once I should be pardoned, if I promised never to do it again. Now a man with a diploma has settled in Oristano. I am glad they have some one; but they all say that though he may have science, assuredly he has no manners."

While the rain pelted incessant she told of life in Oristano, where one never went a week without a chill and fever, and nursing never lacked. She was no less interested in me than I in her, and her mind had an alertness and a breadth which must have been quickened by her unselfish ministrations; for her spirit was a complete contrast to that of another ex-nun, whose boast is that, having left her convent at twenty-five with "a waist like a needle and shoulders like a hogshead," she has traveled the length and breadth of Italy *without ever lifting her eyes or seeing a single thing.*

My little sister of the poor took a humble view of her own vocation as an active nurse, and spoke with reverence of the sisters who lead the religious life of meditation and prayer. Her father had opposed her becoming a nun; but she had persevered with girlish enthusiasm, thinking she was only joining a wider family. One day after entering the convent, when home letters came to her, and the abbess burnt them unread before her eyes, the narrowness of her renunciation burst upon her. She was swept with a storm of regret: she had thought to enter a wider sphere, and she was first called upon to shut out those she loved best. So she suffered the disappointment in her ideal. But when the years of novitiate were over, and she might have given up the monastic life, she was too busy and too much bound to the convent to avail herself of the possibility.

We still talked, and the train crept on through inky darkness and prevailing waters, when the captain returned, bringing a whole gust of youthful vitality, and at once the little sister slipped back from the human being into the suppressed ecclesiastic But her presence was no longer a reproof. I knew that under the dark penthouse of her veil glowed two soft eyes full of feminine sympathy. To the sombrely clad we were a fairy-tale prince and princess; her heart was afire with altruistic romance.

I was dreading an impending transfer where the line had been swept away by the inundations, and the captain soon drew from me my anxiety for my delicate father. A whole wealth of reliability sounded in his gentle assurance: "Be quite tranquil. I will think for your father."

The train stopped in a black waste of waters, and a few lanterns only emphasized the weird, shimmering darkness. The lurid light made the swarthy, ragged Sardinians in charge of the transfer look like demons, and above them towered, serene and strong, the stalwart figure in the long gray military cloak. He helped the nun and me down as if we had been his sisters, turned the luggage over to the least disreputable porters, possessed himself of a lantern, and requested my father to do him the honor to take his arm. Exquisite deference robbed his strength of any flaunting quality; the invalid's sensitive pride took no umbrage, and he was safely guided over slippery places.

The porters raged like harpies over our luggage, but made no demands for carrying the birds, canaries, and sacks of the Daughter of St. Anne; and when she proffered some coppers, one replied indignantly, "Do you think, sister, we have the hearts of beasts, to take your pence?"

At the Gulf of Oranges, where we went

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aboard the steamer for the mainland, only the little nun traveled second class, so we parted; but when, next morning, we landed at Civita Vecchia, it was as old friends our quartette met again. Only the officer wore his uniform point-device and bore himself with wonted bloom. My Angelical was more than ever like white ostrich plumes, and the pale, wilted nun, saying beads of thankfulness unostentatiously in one corner, looked as if she had been recklessly sat upon. With difficulty I extracted from her that she had not only been sick herself all night, but had taken care of two children for a poor woman on board, who had four others.

We had the comical air of a family party, as we all four breakfasted at one table in the forlorn buffet of the Civita Vecchia station. When the Daughter of St. Anne drew forth her shabby purse, the Angelical Doctor waved her gently aside. "It is nothing, sister; we all help one another, for we are children of one Father." And she replied, "May the Lord render you his grace for your kindness."

It would have horrified the pious Catholic to know she had broken bread with an Evangelical minister, but their spirits were singularly in unison.

Our fellow travelers had to wait for the north-bound express, and as our direct train for Rome steamed up, I only had time for a close hug of the little Daughter of St. Anne ere I was bundled into my place, and my calm Angelical embraced the captain in no less demonstrative Latin fashion, while the latter thrust a card into my hand, saying: "This is the list of Italian books I suggested. Farewell, signorina. Be sure the sister shall be my care until she is safe in Genoa."

My last view of them was waving and bowing together on the platform: the captain all delicate gray and gilt glistering in the sunlight; the shabby Daughter of St. Anne with a blue-check handkerchief to her eyes, chickens, canary cage, and bundles about her feet. On the card, under the officer's name and the book titles, was penciled in lilliputian characters: —

"Adieu Suzon, ma rose blonde,

. . . . . .

Les plus courts plaisirs de ce monde
Souvent font les meilleurs amours."

Mary Argyle Taylor.

THREE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ROMANCES.

No single work of an American novelist is likely to present an adequate treatment of so large a theme as the war of the Revolution; we have not yet produced a Victor Hugo or a Thackeray. Some phases, however, of our national experience in that essentially romantic period have been utilized to evident advantage for background and incident in recent fiction, and it is likely that this field will be industriously cultivated.

The story of Janice Meredith,[1] by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, opens quietly, like some staid novel of manners, disclosing the domestic life of a Tory household near Brunswick in the province of New Jersey, in the year of grace 1774. But the Sons of Liberty are soon in evidence; and the protest against the tea-drinking habits of the Merediths, the midnight drilling of raw militia, particularly the rude introduction of Squire Meredith to the village stocks, — these lead naturally to the vigorous action of deep historic interest which follows.

Janice, the heroine, is a vivacious maid

[1] *Janice Meredith.* By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

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of fifteen at the time the story opens. Naturally unsophisticated, she is by no means artless. "What a nice time we could have," she confides to her discreet little Quaker intimate, Tibbie Drinker, "if women were only as easy to manage as men!" Their interest in the grand passion, stimulated by a clandestine acquaintance with the Tragic History of Sir Watkins Stokes and Lady Betty Artless, along with a partial perusal of the Adventures of Alonzo and Amaryllis, is at first purely scientific, — and properly so, at fifteen.

"'T is a pity thee hast to go before Friend Penrhyn hath spoken,' said Tibbie regretfully.

"'Is n't it?' sighed Janice. 'I did so want to see how he 'd say it.'

"'You may — perhaps Charles' — brokenly but suggestively remarked Tibbie.

"'Perhaps,' responded Janice, 'but 't will be very different. I know he 'll — well, he 'll be abrupt and — and excited, and will — his sentences will not be well thought out beforehand. Now Penrhyn would have spoken at length and feelingly. 'T would have been monstrously enjoyable.'"

And when, later, this suggested possibility is fast ripening into fact, the incoherent disclosures of the hero are indeed "monstrously" enjoyed by his listener. "'T is as good as a romance," she mentally declares; "how I wish Tibbie was here!"

Who can resist becoming interested in such a portraiture of frank and genuine girlhood as this? Even the beguiling of this romantically inclined maiden by the despicable Lord Clowes, the spy, with its consummation in the elopement, is not inconsistent with the conditions; although the incident is a most unhappy escapade, it is well handled, and proves the wise and certain way of escape from the snare.

But Janice Meredith blossoms into womanhood, and here we feel that Mr. Ford deals in some sense unfairly by his heroine. The shock of actual conflict should have been the rough awakening from the conceits and vanities of youth. Amid the exigencies of her environment, we expect to find her irrepressibly vivacious; we admire her absolute fearlessness and the filial devotion which never wavers; we are even prepared to view with interest all the sudden twists and turns, the advances and retreats, which are the undoubted prerogative of a heroine in love. But her exploits are too promiscuous. Mistress Janice passes through the period of storm and stress, meeting the distinguished ones among the combatants of both the armies, achieving a tale of conquests that would have made the fame of any single regiment, colonial or British. Indeed, to the astonished reader it seems as if Mr. Ford's sprightly heroine must have been the veritable storm centre, around which beat the heaviest gusts of the Revolutionary struggle. Is it not Janice who subdues British hearts at Philadelphia during that memorable winter of occupation, is it not she who is the life of the captives in Virginia, and does she not conquer both foe and friend in the very trenches of Yorktown? Janice Meredith is indeed the centre and heart of this romantic narrative; and if the later portraiture is less convincing and less attractive than the earlier, we must admit that the story of her varying fortunes is capitally told, and that the reader's interest is thoroughly enlisted in seeing Janice through to the end of her troubles. Had she been wrought from that sterner stuff out of which the patriotic heroines of our early history were made, we might have sympathized more deeply in her conquests; and yet we are by no means indifferent to the lady as she is.

Mr. Ford has proved himself a clever delineator of character in other types. The testy but brave and honest Tory squire, Lambert Meredith, is exceedingly

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well drawn; so, too, in lesser degree, is his rival and foil, the time-serving, self-seeking, traitorous Squire Hennion. There is a deal of humor in the encounters of these two. John Brereton, the quondam "redemptioner" of Squire Meredith's household, later officer in the Continental army and aid upon the staff of Washington, fills acceptably the rôle of romantic hero in the story. He performs deeds of incredible valor, appearing and disappearing with the puzzling facility common to his kind, acting more than a man's part in both love and war. Out of his personal history the author develops the principal plot of his romance, and through the mystery of his birth and early connections ingeniously secures some degree of unity for his narrative that might otherwise be difficult to attain. We can but feel that the incident of the altered letter is a blemish in the characterization. Brereton is essentially a romantic hero, and if this be intended as a touch of realism, the act itself is inconsistent and unpardonable.

The background to Mr. Ford's romance is admirable. There seems to be no dissenting voice in the general commendation of the novelist's use of history. His acquaintance with the facts and the spirit of Revolutionary days is so well known that it hardly calls for reassertion here. Those who enjoy the appearance of historical characters in fiction will find pleasure in the sketches of Washington, Howe, Cornwallis, André, and the rest, although no close study of character has been attempted in any case. The introduction of Washington is fairly justified in the serious treatment of the great leader, although there may be, perhaps, a protest against the apparent oversoftening of traditional austerity in intercourse with Janice. A fine dramatic entrance is provided in the tavern scene, — one of the most happily constructed scenes in the novel, and well adapted to stage use.

The special merit of the author's work lies in the extremely probable reproduction of the troubled spirit of those trying days. In such books as Janice Meredith, rather than in the ordinary texts of history, will young readers, and older ones as well, realize the uncertainties and discouragements which were enough to appall even the bravest in that day. "These are times that test loyalty to the full, and there has been many a waverer in the land," are the words which the novelist puts into the mouth of Washington. No small commendation is deserved by an author who reproduces in narrative, interesting, impartial, wholesome, the spirit and atmosphere of that historic time, and lends to sober details the vivid impressiveness and nearer realities of human motives and passions.

The quality of Mr. Ford's novel is distinctly feminine; a decided masculinity pervades the work of Mr. Winston Churchill. As its name implies, it is the story of a hero, not that of a heroine; and Richard Carvel,[1] as to the manner born, takes his place at once among the distinguished gentlemen of romance. All that Mr. Ford has done for the more northern colony Mr. Churchill has not attempted to do for the scene of his narrative, but he has given us a very illuminating although a partial glimpse of society in the Maryland province at the time when trouble was brewing in the fifties and sixties, just before the war of the Revolution.

The story opens somewhat heavily: perhaps the effort is more conspicuous in the early movement than later; perhaps the author dwells overmuch upon the sentiment suggested in the motive of his work. However that may be, the quiet, painstaking preparation of the first twelve or thirteen chapters is amply justified in the perfect consistency and brilliant action of the subsequent events. The device of autobiographical narrative

[1] *Richard Carvel.* By WINSTON CHURCHILL. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

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in fiction is not without its disadvantages. The obvious difficulty of sustaining in vocabulary and general diction a natural and unstrained style, while attempting to reproduce the vernacular of the contemporary time, is intelligently met by Mr. Churchill; his style has just sufficient flavor of the old to suggest the age agreeably, without dropping into the fantastic phrasing and distorted archaisms which not infrequently pass current as the proper speech of a generation gone. But there is another difficulty in this method of narration, — the difficulty of presenting one's hero, who is compelled by the necessities of this device to herald his own achievements and make record of his own fine qualities of mind and heart, as endowed with the very desirable grace of modesty, a quality insisted upon in modern conceptions of the hero as a type. Now this is not always easy to accomplish. Of course, in the relation of some adventure or in recounting some deed of physical force or daring, the problem is comparatively simple; but when the matter takes a subtler turn, and we have to deal with the higher emotions and experiences of the soul, the task is far more delicate. Even Henry Esmond becomes priggish on occasion, and in spite of frequent protestation Richard Carvel is often forced into the same rôle. "Modesty, my dears, does not permit me to picture the enthusiasm of these good gentlemen." Never mind, Richard, we do not see how we could have known had you not hinted it.

Mr. Churchill's familiarity with the early history of Maryland is sufficient to give historical value to his scenes; the pictures of life at Carvel Hall and of colonial society in Annapolis are bright and interesting. Lionel Carvel, the hero's grandfather, is an especially attractive figure, — a free-hearted, open-handed gentleman of the old aristocracy, with his calm and dignified demeanor, and the spirit of *noblesse oblige* strong in him. "An oath is an oath, sir, and we have yet to be false to ours. And the King, say I, should, next to God, be loved and loyally served by his subjects!" It is a well-finished portraiture, rounded out by touches that go with the highest art. There is the wit that dares an epigram in the presence of the great Dean Swift. "'Tell me,' remarked the Dean contemptuously, 'is genius honored among you?' 'Faith, it is honored, your Reverence,' said my grandfather, 'but never encouraged.'" The whimsical sentiment that never forgave Addison the death of Sir Roger is delightful. The loving tenderness of the old man for his favorite son's son, and the pathos of his humiliation in the end, — here is a character indeed, one whom it is a privilege to know and a pleasure to recall.

The characterization of Richard Carvel, frankly romantic as it is, is unmistakably one of the very best of its type in the fiction of recent years. The incident of the abduction, with the consequent experience on the slaveship ending in the rescue of the hero by Captain John Paul, seems to strain the unities in some degree; but it introduces us to what, in our mind, is not only the most interesting part of the narrative, but the part of greatest value in the book: we refer to the descriptions of London at the period, as presented in chapters xxii. to xlii. One would hardly have looked in an American novel for so complete and picturesque a panorama: the sponging house, with its pathetic mingling of comedy and tears; the wild extravagance of wit and folly at Brooks's; the formal splendors of the drum major at Lady Tankerville's; the hideous shadows of vice and shame in the purlieus of Drury Lane by night; the social call on Garrick in the green-room of his theatre; an all-night session of the lower house under the spell of Burke and Fox; Hyde Park; Vauxhall, with the duel in the darkness. These vivid scenes lend themselves easily to the current of the story, and are something

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more than background in the reader's thought. Amid these surroundings Carvel bears himself to admiration. In some of the polite vices of the age he shares as a gentleman would, and practices some virtues which many of his contemporaries eschew. He is somewhat lacking in the sense of humor, but he possesses a very pretty wit, and his repartees are notable. He is inclined to rely overmuch upon the impressiveness of his person, but his rank is obvious, and he is peer among the best.

The characters of this story are too numerous to be commented upon in detail. The heroine, Dorothy Manners, is a coquette. (Is it inevitable that the heroine of historical romance should be a lady of this type?) She has an excellent foil in the person of Patty Swain, and there is no finer scene in the book than that in which Richard offers her his hand, and Patty reads his heart. Grafton Carvel, the far from reverend Bennett Allen, and the infamous Duke of Chartersea form a disagreeable trio, any one of whom might be relied upon to supply adequately the meed of villainy essential to a romance. Hearty, reckless, amiable young Lord Comyn is a pleasant relief, and Captain Clapsaddle, although too strictly subordinated to be impressive, is so attractive that we wish his part were more conspicuous than it is. The glimpses of Lord Baltimore, of David Garrick and Horace Walpole, are brief, but effective. Two others, evidently, besides Richard Carvel, hold high place in the author's imagination, — Charles James Fox and Captain John Paul Jones. The latter plays the more prominent rôle in the romance, but we think that the portraiture of Fox is the more convincing of the two.

The great climax of the narrative, the victory of the Bon Homme Richard over the Serapis, is splendidly described; and the superb achievement of Mr. Churchill's gallant hero is most impressively reported in this account.

Miss Mary Johnston's latest work, To Have and to Hold,[1] finds its setting in a period of American history more remote than that of the Revolution. Its scene is the Jamestown settlement, and the hero, Ralph Percy, who is now in the prime of life, has been a comrade of the redoubtable Captain John Smith, and a close friend of John Rolfe, who also appears, although only a lay figure, in the narrative.

This work is no mere "study:" it is a *story*, with all the delightful possibilities which that word suggests. Its predecessor, Prisoners of Hope, while weakened by some natural defects of a first essay, was so clearly characterized by sympathetic insight and unusual imaginative power, combined with a notable grasp of historical detail, that readers of that story were even more impressed with its promise than with its performance. That earlier promise is now abundantly realized.

To Have and to Hold is interesting throughout. Miss Johnston already commands a style so full of dignity and grace, so picturesque in descriptive power, that it is worth more than passing comment. Note the opening paragraph of chapter i.:

"The work of the day being over, I sat down upon my doorstep, pipe in hand, to rest awhile in the cool of the evening. Death is not more still than is this Virginian land in the hour when the sun has sunk away, and it is black beneath the trees, and the stars brighten slowly and softly, one by one. The birds that sing all day have hushed, and the horned owls, the monster frogs, and that strange and ominous fowl (if fowl it be, and not, as some assert, a spirit damned) which we English call the whip-poorwill, are yet silent. Later the wolf will howl, and the panther scream, but now there is no sound. The winds are laid, and the restless leaves droop and

[1] *To Have and to Hold.* By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

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are quiet. The low lap of the water among the reeds is like the breathing of one who sleeps in his watch beside the dead."

This is no sentimental "fine writing," no straining for effect; it is the casual — not careless — expression of a poet who interprets nature in impressive terms, and is an element to be welcomed in the work of American novelists, where it has been but feebly in evidence of late. From beginning to end this vigorous tone is evenly maintained. Compare the last paragraph in the book with the first, just quoted. Have we said too much?

The arrival of a shipload of honest English maids, by the good offices of Sir Edwin Sandys beguiled into taking the western voyage in confident expectancy of good homes and endurable husbands in the new country, is a golden opportunity to a prospector in the region of romance. It is an odd freak of fancy that leads the sturdy, hard-sensed soldier of fortune, now landowner and strong arm of the settlement, to cast his future on the throw of the dice, but in perfect harmony with the spirit of romance that rules his life. It is in keeping, too, with this that there should be a great lady, of much renown and very fair, among these ninety errant maids, and that these twain should encounter, and within the hour be made one.

In the construction of her plot the author is happier than in the earlier novel. She pays more reasonable regard to the probabilities; her exuberant invention is under steadier discipline. Like Stevenson, the lady is fertile in incident and in the excitement of sustained suspense. There is an abundance of action, and that dramatic; but the story is stronger for the absence of those impossible achievements of endurance and those exhausting draughts on the reader's sympathy as well as his credulity, which lessened measurably the effect in Prisoners of Hope. To be sure, the privateering cruise to the Indies — naming it by the gentlest possible term — is an audacious episode, and the least convincing portion of the book. We are not assured that in this way only lay relief and rescue for the shipwrecked wayfarers. It is distinctly incongruous to find Captain Percy in such a situation, and it looks as though a sneaking inclination to go a-pirating were alone responsible for the exploit.

Captain Percy himself is a hero of flesh and blood, endowed with all the qualities that endear a hero to the reader's heart. He is witty, chivalrous, wise, and brave. He is so human that there are evident limitations to his abilities; there are times when he is actually faint from the stress of exertion; there are occasions upon which he is baffled, and once he is outrageously tricked by a device so transparent that it could hardly have deceived — a reader. But these streakings of the common clay do not detract one whit from his attractiveness as a romantic creation: it is a fine portraiture that Miss Johnston has given us in her hero, — an adventurous, resourceful, finely tempered gentleman, courteous, gallant, and genuine to the core.

The Lady Jocelyn Leigh, later Mistress Percy, is by far the most interesting of these idealized heroines of the past. The manner of her advent is pathetic rather than grotesque; her deportment and her spirit are unexceptionable. She is no Katharine to be tamed, nor a Lynette to be shamed into reasonableness. Her acceptance of the situation is heroic, and she displays not one of the foibles which might easily have made the scene ridiculous. She is an imperial beauty, insistent on her rights; her high mettle and pure mind are never cowed by force nor soiled by vice; yet her proud spirit bends graciously and not too quickly to respect and love. The author's handling of her heroine is beyond praise. Janice Meredith is never other than a frivolous girl by the side of

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Jocelyn; Dorothy Manners is a vain coquette.

The villainous Lord Carnal, the minion of the king and type of the viciousness of the court, is well drawn, and there is a poetic justice in his fate which is more satisfactory than personal vengeance could possibly have been. His disposal of himself is a striking touch. Jeremy Sparrow is a most happy achievement. Sometime play actor, companion of Burbage and Shakespeare, adventurer turned parson, lamenting his powerful frame which incases a spirit too humble to be served thereby, the heart within his giant body as tender and as loyal as a woman's, Master Jeremy works his good-natured way straight to the reader's affections.

The historical motive in her plot Miss Johnston takes from the Indian uprising under Opechancanough, and her portrayal of Indian character is interesting. It is the idealization of romance, and it is well-nigh an impossible task to make such portraiture impressive in the fiction of to-day. Nantauquas belongs to that shadowy type born from the romance of the forest which Cooper gave us long ago. The author's rare descriptive power does not fail her here: the picture of the wily Opechancanough, his body sleek with oil, glistening all over in the sunshine with powdered antimony, speaking fair words with a smiling face, while the inner devil looks through his cold snake eyes, — this is very fine.

The unity of motive, which operates in the development of a unity of interest on the reader's part, is more evident in Miss Johnston's work than in Mr. Ford's; she has done wisely as a story-teller to limit her territory by the natural bounds. Her sense of humor has asserted itself. He who separates the comedy of history from its tragedy greatly errs. Not only do we need the relief of humor amid the sombreness of the tragic strain, but without it we miss the true completeness of that romance of history which is after all but the romance of life. The lack of this saving sense of humor is as fatal as lack of imagination itself; indeed, the imagination that ignores its existence conceives images which are almost sure to be grotesque. In the creation of romantic characters this instinctive perception of the appropriate relations of things is, if anything, more indispensable than in the field of realism. Miss Johnston's work shows a notable improvement in this particular. Her further contributions to this or other departments of literature will be awaited with lively interest.

William E. Simonds.

HORACE BUSHNELL.[1]

A NEW biography of Horace Bushnell has been wanted for two reasons. The appreciative and affectionate memoir given to the public, not long after his death, by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Bushnell Cheney, with the coöperation of her sister, Miss Frances Louisa Bushnell, and loving friends of Dr. Bushnell, is out of print. Its publication, we are told, is discontinued. Moreover, the time has come for a biography which attempts, as that did not, a compendious presentation of the man in his office of preacher and theologian. Of such an estimate perspective is an essential condition, — emphatically essential in the case of one who died while the disturbing

[1] *Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian.* By THEODORE T. MUNGER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

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controversy he provoked, although less turbulent than formerly, was still seething over unquenched fagots of misunderstanding, pride, and bitterness. The interval has favored cooling, precipitation, analysis, and measurements.

The withdrawal of the earlier book is regrettable. After reading Dr. Munger's volume we turned to the Life and Letters for more, perusing it without sense of surfeit. The two volumes are, in a way, complementary. Together they afford a nearly complete and satisfying view of the man and his work. Still there is something wanting. Neither sets forth adequately the robust patriotism and large civic usefulness of Dr. Bushnell. He filled his office of religious teacher and shepherd with copious, overflowing energy, keeping steady outlook upon the world's social and political life, — the neighbor life as well as the national and universal life, — and not infrequently he sent forth messages that commanded serious attention. A biography that shall portray his amplitude of power, his variety of service, in juster proportion and completeness may never be written. Yet this career had a quality of distinction, a unique productiveness, an exemplary virtue and loveliness, that may conspire to give it life beyond life in the affection of humanity. Such immortality is not unknown, although it cannot be foretold. Each generation culls for itself from the world's past the heroes and saints of whom it has need.

Dr. Munger has undertaken to combine a critical analysis of Bushnell's theological work with a biography that shall take the place of the Life and Letters. The difficulty is obvious; and the organic difficulty is intensified by attempting to accomplish the double purpose within the compass of a duodecimo volume of four hundred pages. Presumably, this limitation was prescribed for reasons that were controlling. Consciousness of inadequacy in one part is suggested by the modest, almost apologetic phrase of the preface, — "a biographical sketch." Dr. Munger is a literary artist with a nice sense of proportion. The hard task undertaken is as well performed, probably, as it could have been done by anybody. It is, indeed, admirably done. Conceding that the thing most needed was an exhibition of the preacher and theologian, his book affords large satisfaction. Necessarily, the motive dominates the treatment and flavors the tone of composition. The result is that it seems to be a book written especially for the profession. It should not be inconceivable that persons may have great admiration for Horace Bushnell who do not care supremely for his theological speculations and debates. His character had a guiding, nourishing, energizing force, potential for uplifting the community of souls.

It happened that he was called to vindicate God's revelations of himself from prevalent misconceptions, to liberate human hearts from thralldom to a hard and oppressive dogmatic theology, and he delivered his message from, or as from, the pulpit. No blame to the theologians for claiming him and exalting him. He was enrolled in their order; his vocation was in their vineyard; their cults engaged his chief attention, whether protesting or proposing: but they need not appropriate him too exclusively. He was so broad, so human, so spiritual, so practical, it is not meet that he should be laid away finally on the shelf of a divinity school library. That he was great in his vocation will hardly be gainsaid; but he was great in his avocations, also, and above all he was great in the sum of qualities and accomplishments, the character. Hence, for example and inspiration, the life is more important than any phase of his achievement. This man would have been a discoverer of new truth and a liberator in whatever station he was set. By instinct he was a pioneer, adventurous,

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fearless, requiring no leader, content to stand alone and to advance alone if deserted by followers.

It is not proposed to pursue specifically the development of Bushnell's theological opinions. That they were not common opinions when promulgated, nor set forth in feebleness, is proved by the prodigious ferment caused by their proclamation, and the long, intense, uncharitable antagonism he endured. What is pertinent here is to show the essentials of Dr. Bushnell's achievement in the domain of theology as Dr. Munger estimates it. Whether his estimate be correct and final in all respects is a matter that we shall not presume to discuss. As the judgment of one peculiarly qualified to form a just opinion, it must command general respect, if not complete assent.

Early in the book, — chapter iii., — within the space of a dozen pages, is given a panoramic presentation of the points of controversy in the orthodox church of New England from the day of the elder Edwards to that of Professor Taylor, of the Yale Seminary, who was Bushnell's instructor, although Bushnell was not his disciple. It is a swift summary of disputations that gave to the first Jonathan Edwards and his son, to Bellamy, Hopkins, Emmons, Dwight, and Taylor, their distinction as definers of doctrine. Dr. Munger, however he may respect their religious character, is pungently critical of their opinions and methods. What he says of the method of Edwards discloses, by inference, his own radically different motive, which was Bushnell's habit as well: "The general criticism to be made upon Edwards' work as a whole is that his avowed purpose was the overthrow of an alleged heresy. He thus incurred the inevitable weakness of the negative method. He assumed that if Arminianism were overthrown Calvinism would hold the ground. The mistake was a fatal one, because it substituted controversy for investigation. The search was not for the truth, but for the error of the enemy, who, in almost any theological controversy, holds enough truth to embarrass the other side." Bushnell's search was for higher truth, larger truth, the whole truth. He tested propositions by their inclusive rather than their exclusive force. He cultivated what in a fine phrase he called "a vein of comprehensiveness." He aspired to rise above the incidents of antagonism, and to embrace the saving good of conflicting partial statements in some superlative expansive suggestion that would uplift the understanding, and deliver souls from confinement to low prospects bounded by artificial hills.

Taylor's assertion of the self-determining power of the will startled the orthodox camp like a midnight alarm, and was the provocation of "as intense a theological war as the nineteenth century is capable of." This war was young when Bushnell began his theological studies (1831), and was in full fury when he was settled over the North Church in Hartford. The church contained partisans of the old doctrine and the new, who held together only by dint of Christian love and shrewd tactfulness during the critical period of installing their shepherd. The later conflict followed hard upon a revolt from Calvinism and the Edwardsian modification of it that rived the New England church in twain, and established the Unitarians as a distinct sect. Of this defection Dr. Munger says: "On theological grounds it was more than half justifiable; on ecclesiastical grounds it was schismatic, and had the weakness of schism." Dr. Bushnell's work was for these as well as for the unseparated disputants of his own communion. "With no antecedents or environment to account for him, he stood out between the two parties under the impulse of his own thought, but having a common message for both. . . . It is not yet easy to realize the importance

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of the position maintained by Bushnell. Less and less will his theological opinions be quoted, though they will not soon be forgotten; but his stand and method will more and more take on the form of a deliverance for orthodoxy." A deliverance, that is, from stifling and oppressive dogmas so at war with human nature, awakened to truer conceptions of itself by the potency of new knowledge, that earnest men and women, especially the young, were abandoning the ecclesiastical house of their fathers, in search of vital air and freedom to live hopefully.

"Relief was needed at four points: first, from a revivalism that ignored the law of Christian growth; second, from a conception of the Trinity bordering on tritheism; third, from a view of miracles that implied a suspension of natural law; and fourth, from a theory of the Atonement that had grown almost shadowy under 'improvements,' yet still failed to declare the law of human life. The time had also come when a rational, scientific, cause-and-effect habit of thought was imperatively required, not only on these four points, but in the whole realm of theology. But the doctrines, even as they were held, were not to be cast out and trodden underfoot. They sprang out of great and nourishing truths, the germs of which still lay within them. Bushnell undertook to reinterpret these doctrines, and to restate them in the terms of life itself; to find their ground in nature and revelation, and in the processes of the human spirit."

As a substitute for — or better, a correction of — the too great dependence of the churches, for their replenishment, upon so-called "revivals of religion," Bushnell asserted the possibility and duty of so educating the souls of children that they will develop characters in harmony with the divine character, cheerfully obedient to the Christian law of life, and gravitating to acceptance of the responsibility of church membership in due season, without awful paroxysms of conscience or cataclysmal drenchings by the Holy Spirit. He denied that the change of heart, theologically termed conversion, must be "the product of separate and absolutely independent choice." The scope of his thought on this theme was concentrated in a volume entitled Christian Nurture, which received its final form in 1861.

Earlier utterances, beginning with a newspaper article in 1836, aroused an *odium theologicum* which pursued him to the end of life, finding new motives in his several publications of unfamiliar doctrine. The opposition never daunted his will to speak the truth as he apprehended it, nor induced him to indulge in covert or surreptitious expression. When the rage and the growling were fiercest over any last utterance, he was apt to distract his critics by flinging down a new theme of contention. Only once or twice did he condescend to take any defensive part in the controversies aroused.

Those who would know the full significance of this teacher's opinions, and why they were so disturbing, must go to Dr. Munger's book, or to the books in which Bushnell has set them forth. Concerning the Trinity, the Atonement, the Incarnation, the books to be read are God in Christ, Christ in Theology, and The Vicarious Atonement, which in its final form comprises Forgiveness and Law, first published separately. Regarding the miracles and all cognate themes, Nature and the Supernatural is the profound and splendid exposition of his philosophical reconciliation of God's various ways of revelation. In his own words, his purpose was "to find a legitimate place for the supernatural in the system of God, and show it as a necessary part of the divine system itself." Dr. Munger calls this "Bushnell's most thorough and complete treatise." His explanatory and critical treatment of it, both in chapter xiii., which is devoted

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to it, and in the concluding chapter, while appreciative, is discriminating. Since this is Bushnell's most original and ambitious contribution to theology, it is fitting to indicate its character by quoting from Dr. Munger somewhat generously, premising that his full thought and felicity are necessarily mutilated by excisions: —

"The doctrine of miracles has been held in two leading forms: first, that they are to be accepted on the strength of the evidences as stated in Scripture; second, that the character and teaching of Christ are internal proofs of the reality of his miraculous works, — Christ carries the miracles, and not the reverse. . . . It was getting to be felt that the laws of nature could not be regarded as set aside, as in the first view, or ignored, as under the second view. Bushnell saw the difficulty with each, though recognizing a certain force in them. . . . He saw that nature and the supernatural could not be put in essential antithesis, but must form 'one system.' His method, however, was, not to bring the supernatural down into what is called the natural, but to lift the natural into the supernatural. The point of contact was anthropological: man is supernatural by virtue of his will; his consciousness of free agency delivers him from the grasp of endless causation, and makes him one with God in freedom and creative energy. . . . This view of man as a supernatural being, and of 'one system,' seems to have come to stay, at least in its main features. . . . It is true that there still prevail conceptions of miracle as the violation of natural law, and also a crass rejection of the supernatural as a superstition, but the best thought of the day links them together and leaves them by the wayside. This thought, of which Bushnell saw the early gleam, and was the first among us clearly to herald, stands before nature, the revelations of science, and the unfolding nature of man, in wonder and silence, confessing that God is behind and in all, and that his laws, like himself, are one."

Turning now from the supreme phase of Bushnell's life work, we may attempt a more general survey of his personality and achievements. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, April 14, 1802, of ancestry that had long habitation in the state. When he was three years old the family removed to Preston, not far away, where there was a factory for making woolen cloth, in which the father found occupation at the trade that his own father had followed before him. In this factory the youth Horace was early employed. In addition the family cultivated a farm. By such double industry they enjoyed an humble prosperity, not far removed from poverty, never releasing the members from the necessity of toil. Service was the duty of each. Idleness was esteemed not only unprofitable, but sinful. Father and mother were persons of strong character, and of exacting fidelity in every relation. None the less was it a home of cheerfulness, of robust affection, of gentle influences, and of noble aspirations. The religious conditions were adapted to inculcation of toleration and charity. The father had imbibed from his mother Arminian predilections; the mother was reared in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Nevertheless, both joined and supported the one institution of religion in the town, a Congregational church, where hard doctrines were stoutly preached. The home was a nursery of sincere piety, free from bigotry and arrogance. Mental independence was respected. Individualism had a fair chance. Here was germinated the seed which later blossomed in Christian Nurture, and that noble address The Age of Homespun. He was always proud of the fact that for five years before reaching manhood's age he had done a man's full daily work. Nor had the intellectual part been stunted. He was a lover of books and men, of all life, and of grand

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action. He found in the beautiful nature of the region inspirations of joy and thoughtfulness. Between his healthy soul and the spirits of the hills, the fields, the woods, and the streams there was rare facility of communication. The deep sources of his power were already acquired and stored before he determined to go to college.

The privilege of a liberal education was open to him early, but was rejected then because his mind, which had a native bent to mechanics and structural work, was well satisfied with the opportunities afforded in the mill. And modesty had something to do with the decision; "for how," he later explained, "could an awkward country boy think of going in among the great folk of a college?" Nevertheless, he continued school work as he had opportunity, and when sixteen years old began studying Latin. When he was eighteen he united with the village church. From that time a desire for education grew in him. Five years after he had refused it he asked for it. But the homespun manufactured in the mill was going out of use, and the family fortunes were on an ebbing tide. His mother, however, would not relinquish her yearning. She called, as he has gratefully narrated, a family council, "where we drew the calculation close and made up our bill: I to wear homespun to the end, use only second-hand books, and pay the bills of my last year myself; the family to institute a closer economy for my sake."

He was in his twenty-second year when he began his course at Yale, with scant preparation in scholarship, but in physical hardiness, in mental discipline and judgment, a man among boys. He soon came to the front in the classroom, and was leader also in the athletic sports of the time. All reports represent him to have been an industrious, independent worker, cheerful and influential, and respected in the college life, though debarred, of course, from the festive sociality that requires money for its indulgence, and a stranger to the domestic society of the town. He had some proficiency in music, and founded, for the benefit of the chapel choir, the Beethoven Society, which has maintained a useful existence ever since. His religious life was shadowed by a partial eclipse of faith. The questionings of Christian facts and doctrine then rife made an appeal to his reason that was not overcome for many years, although he engaged in no offensive revolt, and kept the path of righteousness of life.

Making it his first duty as a graduate to pay his debts, he began teaching in Norwich. He was not unsuccessful, but he disliked the work, and soon left it to go to New York as assistant editor of the Journal of Commerce. There he labored zealously for ten months, being practically in charge of the newspaper most of the time, owing to the illness of his chief. He wrote much, and with so great ability that, in a reorganization of the property, he was offered a proprietary interest to remain as editor in chief. The flattering offer did not win him. He said it was "a terrible life," and having paid his debts, and saved somewhat besides, he returned to New Haven to begin the study of law. In the following summer he decided to go West, work into a law practice, and ultimately into politics. While making his preparations at home he was offered a tutorship in the college. He promptly declined it; but later, yielding to his mother's suggestion, he reconsidered, and accepted. But for this, another biographer — for presumably he would have had one — might have entitled his volume Horace Bushnell, Jurist and Statesman. Whether there has been gain or loss, what mortal can demonstrate? His own maturer judgment was, "No other calling but the ministry of Christ, I am obliged to feel, could have anywise filled my inspirations."

While tutoring he completed the course

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for admission to the bar. He was still in spiritual darkness. Dr. Munger says his state might be described as "sound in ethics, but skeptical in religion. . . . His doubts grew into positive unbelief, which was held in check by his conscience." In the winter of 1831 the college was solemnized by a revival. The life of the place was aglow with the fervor of consecration. Bushnell gave no sign of sympathy; nor any sign of opposition, except silence and aloofness. He was no mocker of the faith precious to others. His own pupils copied his attitude. The band of tutors held religious meetings daily, but without him. All feared to interfere with the strong man's self-striving. He knew their hearts, and finally said to one of them: "I must get out of this woe. Here am I what I am, and these young men hanging to me in their indifference amidst this universal earnestness." He invited his pupils to meet him, laid bare to them his position and their own, his determination and the one they should make. He joined his fellow tutors in the meeting, confessing the power of the doubts he had nourished, adding: "But I am glad I have a heart as well as a head. My heart wants the Father; my heart wants the Son; my heart wants the Holy Ghost; — and one just as much as the other. My heart says the Bible has a Trinity for me, and I mean to hold by my heart. . . . But that is all I can do yet." Long afterward, referring to the period of his aberration, he said: "My very difficulty was that I was too thoughtful, substituting thought for everything else, and expecting so intently to dig out a religion by my head that I was pushing it all the while practically away."

He entered the theological seminary, completing his course there, not by any means accepting all that was taught as very truth. Nevertheless, he was licensed, and in May, 1833, he became pastor of the North Church in Hartford. He was married in the same year to Miss Mary Apthorp, of New Haven, a descendant of John Davenport, the colony's first minister, — a happy and helpful union that fitly nourished the strength and tenderness of his character. When ordained he was thirty-one years old, a broadly, sanely, maturely developed man, with an exceptionally various and liberal training, versed in labor, self-denial, and suffering, all his wisdom of knowledge and experience resting on basic talents that in happy combination constituted a power akin to genius, if not genius itself. His definition of genius was, "The power of mental application." This he surely had.

Was he a great preacher? Not by every standard. He preached great sermons. The contents of his published volumes, even those not specifically called sermons, are in large part the thoughts that he had first broached to his Hartford congregation, and in much the same language; but he did not attract the multitude in throngs to hear him. Persons of more emotion than reason were not spellbound by his utterance. They might be conscious that high thoughts, sentences of weighty import, surcharged with conviction, grandly phrased, were sounding in their ears; but it must have required an eager and sympathetic intelligence to apprehend the height and the depth of the deliverance, to compass its broad significance and mark the flight of his swift suggestions. Dr. Munger cites a remark, *in colloquio*, of Professor George Adam Smith, that "Bushnell is the preacher's preacher, as Spenser is the poet's poet. His sermons are on the shelves of every manse in Scotland." The Scotch ministers are no mean judges of the intellectual quality of sermons. He was not altogether and only this kind of a preacher. He fed his flock, holding his church and congregation in loving confidence and support through twenty-six years, much of the time amidst such storms of outer hostility and distrust as few churches

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have fared through without disruption or exhaustion. No man could have made this record in a denomination where the organization and prosperity of the individual church depend so much upon the pulpit service, unless he was a great preacher to his own.

Of his early pulpit manner Mrs. Cheney says: "His preaching had in those days a fiery quality, an urgency and willful force, which in his later style is still felt in the more subdued glow of poetic imagery. There was a nervous insistence about his person, and a peculiar emphasizing swing of his right arm from the shoulder, which no one who has ever heard him is likely to forget. It seemed as if, with this gesture, he swung himself into his subject, and would fain carry others along with him. His sermons were always written out in full; never extemporized, never memorized."

Donald G. Mitchell, in American Lands and Letters, characterizes him as "a vital preacher." Describing the impression made by him in later life, preaching in the Yale chapel, he says: "A spare man, — as I remember him, — of fair height, thin-faced, with no shadow of grossness in him, — almost the hollow cheeks of an anchorite, and with a voice that bore one into celestial altitudes. We upon the oaken benches were not great lovers of sermons in those days, or of preachers; but here was a man whose voice and manner held us. . . . In his sermon there was pith; he stuck to the core of things. He was outside and remote from conventionalities, — so remote that you would hardly expect him to say a 'good-morning' as other men did, but to put casual greeting into such fashion as would strike deeper and last longer; a seer looking into the depths that hem us in, with uttered warnings, expostulations, tender encouragements, all wrapped in words that tingled with new meanings, or beguiled one with their resonant euphuisms."

Dr. Munger's testimony is: "He can be fully appreciated only by those who heard him preach. Sermon and delivery fitted each other like die and image. The sincerity of the word was matched by the quiet confidence of his bearing, and the poetry of his diction was sustained by the music of his voice, which always fell into a rhythmic cadence. The flights of his imagination were not rhetorical strivings, but the simple rehearsals of what he saw. His effectiveness was peculiar. If he gained any hearing at all, he won the consent of the whole man, — not agreement always, but intellectual and moral sympathy. He was the most democratic and most human of preachers, and at the same time one of the loftiest and most spiritual. He spoke to men as on equal terms and in a direct way, taking them into his confidence and putting himself in their place, feeling their needs, sharing their doubts, and reasoning the questions out as one of them. He never berates, and if he exhorts, it is in the same spirit of comradeship over the matter in hand. Still he is dominated by the subject and its demands, following where it goes; and if any of his hearers falter, he does not stop with them, but leads the rest on to the final solution, or up to the last look into the mystery."

His published sermons live. Wanting the interpretation of his voice and glance and gesture, they are still vital, inspiring, grand, testifying to his primacy among contemporaries and his enduring sway. However familiar his speculative opinions, once novel, may become, or whether they become obsolete, the message of his best sermons will not grow dull nor trite. It addresses the verities of being, temporal and eternal. And literature will be apt to treasure some of these sermons, with many of his essays and addresses, as choice trophies of achievement in the art of English expression.

During the whole term of his pastorate, and until the end of his life, he was the public-spirited citizen, actively pro-

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moting the prosperity of his city and state, and giving to the affairs of the nation earnest attention. He kept abreast of the current social and political movements of a history-making epoch, and when occasion served gave valorous help to the righteous side. His first published sermon (1835) was entitled The Crisis of the Church. In it he arraigned slavery as an impending peril. "It has its seat in the will rather than the conscience; and all its moral affinities from the first have accordingly been adverse, and have operated to depress that noble virtue that gave birth to our institutions. . . . The whole material of slavery, all the moral elements which it supplies to our institutions, are inflammable and violent. At almost any hour it may explode the foundations of the republic."

From that time onward to the outbreak of the slaveholders' rebellion, and through the agony of the war to the final overthrow of the "dire evil," — final in respect of its concrete organism, — he kept his influence steadily useful to the party of freedom, crowning this devotion by the majestic solemn oration on Our Obligations to the Dead, at the commemoration by Yale College of her sons who had fallen in the war for the preservation of the Union.

In this oration, delivered (1865) before reconstruction measures were enacted, he proposed an amendment to the Constitution, providing that "the basis of representation in Congress shall be the number, in all the states alike, of the free male voters therein." He divined that, under such an amendment, political interest, without other enforcement, would establish impartial suffrage securely. Something like this has been proposed lately as a remedy for the evasions that have been accomplished in defeat of the purpose of the amendment that our lawyer statesmen produced with so much travail.

In 1840, sixty years ago, he uttered a denunciation of the immoral spoils system of party government that has not been bettered in the long interval since: "Let me take you to the scene where your Lord is crucified; and after the work is done, I will point you then to four men, not the most worthy, sitting down to parcel out the garments of the crucified Saviour, and casting their lots for the seamless robe he wore. These too were receivers of the spoils." If the doctrine of the spoils is to be the universal doctrine of politics, "then we shall have a scene in this land never before exhibited on earth; one which would destroy the integrity and sink the morality of a nation of angels. It will be as if so many offices, worth so much, together with the seamless robe of our glorious Constitution, were held up to be the price of victory. . . . Only conceive such a lure held out to this great people, and all the little offices of the government thus set up for the price of victory, without regard to merit or anything but party services, and you have a spectacle of baseness and rapacity such as was never seen before. No preaching of the gospel in our land, no parental discipline, no schools, not all the machinery of virtue together, can long be a match for the corrupting power of our political strifes actuated by such a law as this. It would make us a nation of apostates at the foot of Sinai."

He was an earnest ally of public education in its lower and its higher realms. At a time when the Hartford schools were in a low state he was active in stimulating public opinion to lift them up, and his effort produced great and permanent effects. No one has more clearly perceived the high public uses of common schools for all classes of the people. During a year spent in California, sick man that he was, he devoted himself with ardor to forwarding the project of a university, giving impulse to a nascent public sentiment which has blossomed gloriously. This is only one of the ways in which he exerted a beneficent influ-

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ence in moulding the young commonwealth, whose promise he measured with a statesman's prescience.

Rev. J. H. Twichell, of Hartford, has said, "Bushnell lies back of all that is best in the city." Another says, "Hartford is largely what he has made it." In a time of stagnation and discouragement, he roused the citizenship to confidence and fresh endeavor by a notable sermon entitled Prosperity a Duty. When the community had been induced to substantial agreement to build the new State House on an unfit site, he went into a public meeting and made an address which changed the aspect of the matter so decisively that the scheme was no longer tolerable. By a labor begun almost alone, and continued through years as tactfully as persistently, he prevailed in reclaiming an unsightly and nauseous region in the heart of the city and transforming it into a park, which, while he lay dying, was by vote of the city government named Bushnell Park. All these things, and many more that cannot be enumerated, were accomplished by sheer ability to impress his better judgment on the conviction of men of affairs. What has been said herein of his active concern in civic affairs and in the moral aspect of political issues, which is the aspect sound statesmanship must perforce consider, hardly suggests the resources for fuller treatment available to an unhampered biographer. But it must suffice.

No just notion of the peculiar power and beauty of his writing at its best can be formed from description, nor from such meagre examples as have been quoted in illustration rather of the substance of his opinions than of his genius for expression. The style was the product of all his experience, more a natural than an artificial instrument, and susceptible of his various moods, — sincere, playful, earnest, struggling, aspiring, exalted. It had a racy Litchfield County strength and sweetness for the soil of it, upon which the culture of the scholar and the imagination of the poet, spontaneously springing and flowering, wrought some noble developments of grace and splendor. He was a trained logician, but he made little use of dialectic, being persuaded that religious truth is not so demonstrated to the soul.

Late in life, to one who inquired whether certain traits of his style were the results of any peculiar method of training, he wrote that, after a "strong lift in religious experience," he found he had no language to serve him in his higher thoughts. "In this mood or exigency, I discovered how language, built on physical images, is itself two stories high, and is, in fact, an outfit for a double range of uses. In one it is literal, naming so many roots or facts of form; in the other it is figure, figure on figure, clean beyond the dictionaries for whatever it can properly signify. . . . Writing became in this manner to a considerable extent the making of language, and not a going to the dictionaries. I have dared sometimes to put myself out on my liberty. Finding the air full of wings about me, buoyant all and free, I have let them come under and lift. The second, third, and thirtieth senses of words — all but the physical first sense — belong to the empyrean, and are given, as we see in the prophets, to be inspired by. Of course they must be genuinely used, — *in* their nature, and not contrary to it. We learn to embark on them as we do when we go to sea; and when the breeze of inspiration comes, we *glide*. Commonly there will be a certain rhythm in the motion, as there is in waves, and as we hear in Æolian chords."

He added these practical precepts: "Never take a model to be copied. When that is being done, no great work begins; the fire is punky and only smokes. Never try to create a fine style or say things beautifully. Go to the tailors for all the appearings. But if we can have great thoughts, let these burst the shells of words, if they must, to get expression.

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And if they are less rhythmic when expressed than is quite satisfactory, mere thought, mere headwork, will, of course, have its triangulations, and ought to have. Add now great inspirations, great movings of sentiment, and these, just so long as the gale lasts, will set everything gliding and flowing, whether to order or not. But let no one think to be gliding always. A good prose motion has some thumping in it."

In the first of these quotations is a brief presentation of his favorite theory of the symbolism of language. It is elaborated in an essay prefixed to the argument of the book God in Christ; and he frequently reverts to it, as the right method of inculcating theology, and the key to the interpretation of the Scriptures. He speaks of this symbolism as his own discovery, and so undoubtedly it was; but it had been discovered also by others. Emerson definitely formulated it in the fourth part of Nature. It is a corollary of Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences, and in Emerson's essay on Swedenborg the root idea is tracked back to Plato. Bushnell affirms that "the whole universe of nature is the perfect analogon of the whole world of thought or spirit." This differs only in form from Emerson's statement, "Nature is the symbol of the spirit."

Of Dr. Bushnell's personal traits there is little space to speak. That he was a man of uncommon affection and tenderness appears in the tributes of those who knew him intimately, and in the charming family letters, of which many are given in the earlier memoir. He began his ministry and the establishment of a home on a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, with a resolution, which he kept, never to incur a debt which he did not know how he was to pay. His domestic life, of which one of his daughters gives report, was of the sweetest type, simple, familiar, cheerful, and considerate. He was punctual in business and in duties. His conversation with friends was cordial, meaty, entertaining, often brilliant. Neither health nor inclination, to say nothing of his constant serious occupation, permitted much participation in social festivity. He had innate dignity and courtesy, although sometimes abrupt to the point of brusqueness, and when the provocation was great he could be sternly severe. He bore affliction with resignation, and crosses with patience. His favorite recreations were gardening and fishing. One may surmise that his scholarship was excursive and liberal rather than exact or profound. Dr. Munger says it was a peculiarity and a weakness of Bushnell, if regarded as a professional theologian, that he "not only wrote, but published first, and read later, with the result of a real or apparent modification of his opinions."

While he was glad of approbation, he was not dependent upon it, nor was he deflected by it. He consulted with himself. He leaned on conscience. Feeling God at his back, he encountered human favor and blame with an equal mind. Except in some of his theological works, he seldom felt a need of reinforcing his opinions or illustrating them, much less of adorning them, by quotation. If he sometimes made his argument overstrenuous, it was through urgency of zeal rather than in pride of power, and never in malice of temper. He cherished no animosities, and courted peace rather than strife, but not at the price of suppressing the message he was charged to deliver. His familiar and trusted friends were neighbors, or not far away, and his correspondence was not voluminous. A very dear friend was Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, with whom he had extended, intimate correspondence of a delightful quality, perfect in mutual confidence. The distrust and non-intercourse which were the penalties of his heresies had no effect to sour his disposition, however keenly they were felt. For thirty years he was in broken health that interrupted

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his loved labor, and kept him for long periods from home. This, too, was patiently borne, in a way that wrought mellowness and spirituality of character. It is pleasant to know that he lived down in large degree the personal hostility provoked by his bold divergence from accepted standards. In later life he was invited to pulpits that had long been shut against him, and his last days were comforted by evidences of generous appreciation and affection. In part, the changed conditions were due to the growth of liberal opinions; still more to a life which exemplified the Master's instruction.

His theology was a lift forward, a contribution to progress, not a finality. One who said, "As nature becomes truly a universe only through science revealing its universal laws, the true universe of thought and spirit cannot sooner be conceived," could not have hoped to speak the final word. Already his work in this department, important as it was in his day, is being overwhelmed by an influx of new knowledge and light. Its fame must be intrusted to the historians of religion. A longer life in common remembrance will be the fate of his strong, spiritual, rejoicing sermons; and the contents of such books as Work and Play, Moral Uses of Dark Things, and Building Eras have perennial worth and ministration. All in all, he must be accounted a man of noble stature, whose work promoted that conception of God as love which

> "Would change the hue of intermediate things
> And make one thing of all theology."

Walter Allen.

A GROUP OF LYRICS.

THE COMING OF THE DREAMS.

WOULD you look on Paradise,
It must be with closèd eyes.
On beyond the meadow flowers,
On beyond the forest bowers,
On beyond, beyond, it lies.
Close, oh, close your eyes!
One by one, the dreams come on,
Glimmer, glisten, and are gone.
See them while you may;
None will come another day.

Would you hear the singing spheres,
Lie and list with closèd ears.
'Neath the wind-harps in the bowers,
'Neath the feet of happy hours,
Sweet as thought on other years, —
Shut, oh, shut your ears!
One by one, the dreams come on;
A breath, a whisper, — they are gone.
Hear them while you may;
None will come another day.

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WIZARDRY.

THE little cloud curled on the hill,
Night's filmy dream-shape, lingering still;
Some glint from out the shining day
Which would not follow him away,
But wanders yet by wood and stream,
Betwixt a shadow and a gleam;
The subtile breath of thicket bowers,
Sweet as with spirits of the flowers;
The airy hammers of the rain,
Tapping, then instant still again;
The timid, whispered minstrelsy
Of winds beginning in the tree, —
Could I repeat what 't is these say to me,
Then would I be high priest of wizardry.

IN THE NOONTIDE QUIET.

So fickle are the little winds
One may not say they blow;
The balanced leaves, they tremble, wait,
Not sure which way to go.

So fare my fancies. Fluttering soft,
As out of sleep they start;
The while they think to drift away
They die upon my heart.

DUSK AND DREAM.

THE glories falter on the mountain crown,
The smooth blue heavens let their quiet down;
And up the wood path, wandering in and in,
Now dusk and dream their ministry begin.

Blithe shapes peer after them, but well they know
They never may that slumbrous journey go;
The little wondering lights no longer leap,
And leaf on leaf the cool trees droop in sleep.

Silence, all silence, save the far-off sound
Haunting for aye the darkened forest-ground;
Memory of sweetest wind and bird that sing
Lives on, lives on, mixed in the murmuring.

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"THE DARKNESS UNDER THE LIGHT."

THE darkness under the light,
The gleaming under the night,
The sleep 'neath the autumn breath,
The leap from the winter death,
The beat of far-away wings,
The greetings, the vanishings, —
These haunt me, and will not go;
I dream, but I cannot know.

A LOVELY THOUGHT.

FLUTTERED near a lovely thought;
It set my heart a-swinging.
Out I reached: 't would not be caught,
Yet still I hear it singing.

What it says I cannot tell;
Than thought there 's nothing fleeter.
Off it flew, but know I well
That only love is sweeter.

THE WAY TO TELL.

THE way to tell how well I love you, Dear?
Ask any of the gossip winds that blow,
The thousand flowers that burn it where they glow;
Ask all the things that love's close secret hear;
Inquire of sound and silence far and near,
Of brooks that sing it or must cease to flow, —
All ministers of love above, below.
Their answer, Sweet, — of that I have no fear;
For I believe all life below, above,
Is leagued with love as light is with the day,
That heaven and earth aye take the lover's part.
But should all other voices mock my love,
You will not heed them; you will turn away,
Content to have the answer of your heart.

LOVE AND GRIEF.

WOULDST hear strange music only the dreamer knows,
Breath sweeter than breathing of winds that have been with the rose?

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Wouldst see strange light that deep in the shadow plays,
Wouldst pluck the secret from out the heart of the days?

Then follow Love and that other who feeds on her sweet;
Yea, follow Love and Grief, and fall low at their feet.

BLANCHE GAYLORD.

COULD I put up my hand and pluck a star,
I would give that power
To be one hour
Where you, Blanche Gaylord, love and beauty are.

AT A GRAVE.

As out of the dark the stars,
Broke forth the heavenly bars
Of passion strong,
The wild bird's song,
Borne, wave on wave,
From a branch above a grave.

Mute heart, you, listening, heard
The music of the bird;
'T was in your cry, —
"A song had I,
But oh, I know
Of the dead asleep below!"

LOOK UP.

ENOUGH of sweet and fair
Hovers for hope to see;
Enough for hope is the summer air,
The song in the summer tree.

Fair things in plenty spread,
They fill faith's quiet eye;
The heart that hungers and is fed
Fears not the by-and-by.

Fixed be the upward gaze,
The lifted eyes of trust;
The green looks up from the April ways,
The daisy from the dust.

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BEAUTY AND DREAM.

BEAUTY and Dream, I fled from you, one day,
And down a new path wandered on and on.
Had you not followed softly all the way, —
I knowing not, — oh, whither had I gone!

MY FAITH.

I TRUST in what the love-mad mavis sings,
And what the whiteweed says whereso it blows,
And the red sorrel and the redder rose,
The power that puts the honeybee on wings,
And in its socket sets the rock, and rings
The hill with mist, and gilds the brook, and sows
The dusk, is on the wind that comes and goes,
The voice in thunders and leaf-murmurings.
I trust the might that makes the lichen strong,
That leads the rabbit from his burrow forth,
That in the shadow hides, in sunlight shines.
I trust what gives the one lone cricket song,
What ranks and hauls the wild-goose harrow north,
And snows the wild white on the silent pines.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

WE act the part allotted; right or wrong,
We robe us, and the prompter's call obey.
Between the acts I sit and pipe away —
Quite unregarded — at an artless song.

John Vance Cheney.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Stevenson from a New Point of View.

WE have grown used to taking for granted the affection with which Stevenson is regarded by the entire reading world. Hence it was with interest and considerable amusement that I lately made the discovery that different circles in this same reading world have different gods, and that there is at least one in which the name of Stevenson is known and not honored. This new light on his reputation came to me in the course of an evening spent at a literary society.

The evening's programme began with a biographical sketch of Stevenson, given by an elderly woman, who said that she had never had any esteem or liking for him, but she felt bound in fairness to

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admit that, on looking up the facts in his life, she had become convinced that there must have been something attractive about his personality to make so many people speak well of him.

It devolved upon another elderly woman to give her opinion of The Master of Ballantrae. She declared that the book did not contain a single pleasant paragraph. It was the sort of thing, she thought, which perhaps would interest boys. Here, the president of the Foreign Missionary Society, a portly woman, with decided views on all questions involving a moral principle, broke in with, "And no doubt the boys would be the worse for it." Resuming after this interruption, the speaker told the incidents in The Master of Ballantrae, with so little attention to their relative importance that the result was a bewildering chaos of persons and events. The impression made upon her hearers was anything but favorable to the book. Nods of satisfaction were exchanged among some of those present who, without reading Stevenson, had always known that they should not like him.

A retired school-teacher, who had been asked to give her impression of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, said she had found the literary style of the book very faulty in some respects. Many of the sentences ended with prepositions. With regard to the story considered simply as a story, she hardly knew what to say. It was a very disagreeable book. It might be that Stevenson had had a purpose in writing it. In that case, possibly it might do good.

Here ensued a general discussion as to whether the book was intended to have a moral. The question being difficult to settle decisively, the author was generously given the benefit of the doubt, and it was conceded that he might have had a purpose in view, and that the book might be useful to some readers.

An editor read a paper, in which he spoke in the customary strain of admiration for both Stevenson and his books. At the close of his eulogy, which was rather coldly received, the widow of a Baptist minister asked in a significant tone, "What were Stevenson's religious opinions?" The manner of the question clearly implied, "I am sure nothing satisfactory can be said of them." This was evidently, to many present, hitting the nail squarely on the head. The writer of the paper answered that he did not know that Stevenson had anywhere made a definite statement of his religious belief, but he was confident of his being a good man. The president of the Foreign Missionary Society said that, judging from his conduct in the Gilbert Islands, she was not so sure of that. When asked to tell what there had been reprehensible in his behavior in that quarter of the world, she said her daughter could answer the question better than she could.

The daughter, thus brought into prominence, — a returned missionary from some of the heathen islands of the Pacific, — said she had never met Stevenson, although his boat, the Equator, lay for some weeks at the island where she was. She had heard too much of him to wish to see him. (Oh, the irony of fate! that Stevenson should have been anchored before the very door of a woman who did not care to see him, when others would cheerfully have gone as missionaries to the cannibal islands for the chance of meeting him!) When pressed for details, she said that Stevenson's influence over the natives was pernicious, and the example he set them greatly to be deplored. By appearing in the native dress on certain occasions, he counteracted the efforts of the missionaries to make their converts wear the garb of civilization and cease to go barefooted. He also smoked cigarettes in the sight of the islanders. She added that an autograph copy of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, which Stevenson had presented to the library of the Morning

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Star, was thrown overboard by the missionary in charge of the station, because he deemed it unfit for circulation.

There was a shaking of heads over this testimony.

When the meeting adjourned, there seemed a disposition on the part of the members to regard the author of The Master of Ballantrae with charity, and to admit that he doubtless had many excellent qualities; although they agreed with the president of the Foreign Missionary Society, who said, "We must not forget that there is grave reason to fear there was a lack of essential rightness in the man."

American Mysticism from a European Standpoint.

One of the less obvious features of American life that strike the European eye is a growth of mystical sects and imaginations that are in marked contrast with the general atmosphere of absorption in material energies and interests. The European may naturally be set to speculate on this, to wonder if it is a backwater or an undercurrent. In the mechanical ingenuities Europe is slowly following the transatlantic pioneer; Rome echoes the weird moan of the electric car, and the East is being colonized by American hotels. Will Europe, indifferent to religion except where it concerns politics, also adopt American mysticism? Is mysticism to flourish with the progress of society on its present lines? Civilization may blunt curiosity (as it now seems to do in Europe) as to ultimate things, or, on the other hand, it may intensify the craving for ultra-terrestrial exploration. American civilization most probably has the latter effect. In the biographies of the greatest Americans, it sometimes seems as if the white light of affairs were so garish as to drive them to repose in a region of shadow and twilight. Of twilight in any sense an American city is peculiarly devoid; its dominant note is personality, publicity, unnecessary visualization. Externally, it cannot be called soul-satisfying. Even its triumphant modernity produces momentarily a pessimistic reaction, such as overtook John Stuart Mill when he brooded on the vanity of realizing his ideal commonwealth.

It has indeed another aspect, *sub specie æternitatis*. For a mile or two above the Niagara Falls the river is contorted into eternal eddies and fixed writhings. The swirl and thunder of the flood stupefy the onlooker, with a hypnotic quality all its own. But when he stands over the actual drop, everything is swift and clear and silent after the fitful fever of the rapids. The waterfall itself, seen from afar, has the tranquillity of a snow mountain. Similarly, American life seen against the encompassing cloudland of human existence loses its roar and glare. This point of view is in a certain sense mystical, but it springs from a healthy because a negative mysticism, — the mysticism of the north, of Shakespeare, Spinoza, and Goethe. Those who live with the gray mists of earth, sea, and sky are ready enough to turn their eyes to rest on the darkness, from which the sparrow of the old English tale entered the banquet hall only to return to darkness. Nor is it incompatible with the belief that life is worth living, wherever it is lived, and that pessimism generally arises from the failure to grasp the true inwardness of what others are toiling to achieve.

There is little of this in American mysticism. The American mystic prefers, indeed, a positive mysticism, — the mysticism that would map out the infinite into chessboard squares. The Hellenic images of the Revelation, the Latin clarity of the sixth book of the Æneid and of the Divina Commedia, reflect the azure-clear sights of southern Europe. This clarity abundantly satisfies the *curiosité malsaine* of modern humanity, which would fain see magic-lantern views thrown upon the nebulous veil, and then persuade itself that the veil is transparent.

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This demand is met by the enterprising Spiritualist, by Dr. Dowie, General Booth, and others. It is the morbid result of a morbid activity; it is as though the brain found more rest in dreams than in sleep. Unhappily, it seems to be growing, and the same causes may produce the same effects in Europe. Only a civic life, which shall permit of reasonable leisure and exercise for the bodies and minds of all citizens, can breed the clear-eyed idealist. The mystic realist is generally the product of physical and mental ill health.

Dust to Dust.

THE proposed search for the remains of Paul Jones at Paris, with a view to their removal to America, awakens reflections on reburials, actual or possible. While families naturally desire to bring home the ashes of their loved ones, it may be doubted whether municipal or national authorities should be encouraged in such exhumations. John Howard's Russian grave is a fitting seal to his self-sacrificing labors. No American would think of disturbing the remains of Theodore Parker at Florence, nor any Englishman those of Mrs. Browning. The free Italy which she loved is the proper custodian of her grave. It would seem a profanation, moreover, to tamper with the shrines of Keats and Shelley at Rome. Ravenna properly refused to surrender to Florence the dust of Dante. It aptly urged that, in a united fatherland, his dust was no longer in exile. No Briton would spoil Charles Wolfe's noble lines on Sir John Moore by a search for the hero's remains, albeit we should have missed one of Tennyson's finest sonnets if Arthur Hallam's ashes had not been brought to his ancestral village. Nor has England reclaimed from Paris the dust of Sir Sidney Smith, who, Napoleon thought, spoiled his career by preventing his conquest of the East. As for the reinterment of Voltaire and Rousseau in the Paris Pantheon, it was a revolutionary demonstration rather than homage to genius; and for many years it was believed that the sanctity of their new resting place had not been respected.

As for exiled monarchs, the Napoleon apotheosis of 1840 is perhaps the sole instance of pompous reinterments. When Louis Philippe thus honored the Emperor's memory, he little foresaw that he too would die on a foreign soil, and that if his ashes ultimately reached France, they would be privately laid in the family vault at Dreux, as though he had never reigned, but had remained Duke of Orleans.

There was once an idea of exhuming Joel Barlow's remains in Poland, but it evoked little sympathy. There were more cogent reasons for bringing from Tunis to Washington the dust of John Howard Payne, and the reburial, amid the strains of his own song voiced by a thousand lips, was an impressive spectacle. Yet after all, there was some congruity as well as pathos in that African grave, which no English-speaking traveler failed to visit. As I stood on the spot, on an Easter Sunday, it seemed to me not unfit that Payne, who from the age of thirteen never possessed a home, should rest in a strange land. The visitor's first impression, on alighting from the street car, passing under Carthagena gate, pushing open a door in the archway, and mounting a few steps into an inclosure where the custodian is watering some sickly flowers, is that it was a pity to disturb the remains to which thirty years had given a kind of naturalization. But on reflection, standing in the shade of the overhanging pepper tree, and reading the cenotaph, he rejoices that this homeless man has at last found a home. It is a homily of consolation and hope.

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